

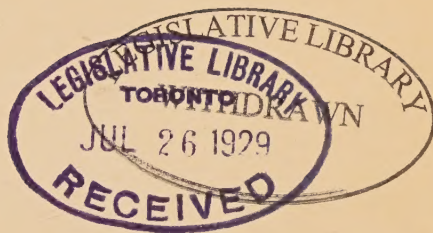
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If Stones could Speak



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# If Stones could Speak

The Old City of London Churches:  
Their Ancient and Romantic  
Traditions, Customs and Legends  
from Earliest Days

With Seventy Half-tone Illustrations

by

J. St. Aubyn-Brisbane

84817

With a Preface by

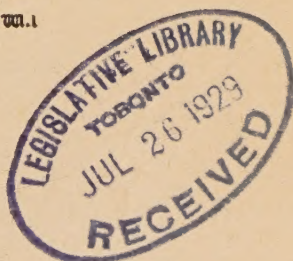
The Very Rev. Chancellor Ponsonby



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DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER

TO WHOSE INFLUENCE, TACT AND NEVER FAILING SYMPATHY

I AM INDEBTED FOR ALL THAT IS BEST IN ME



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## Author's Preface

**T**HE object in my mind is not to give to the world another work on the architecture of the City Churches, or to enter at any length into the history of their foundations. It is rather an effort to gather together legends and stories about these old buildings, with anecdotes and items of interest concerning them—to illustrate as far as possible the title “If Stones Could Speak,” by describing old customs that were once practised, and by explaining the many peculiar objects which one may find within these sacred structures.

Any particular ceremony or custom connected with more than one church is naturally considered but once—even though it may have been used or practised by all the others.

The work has perhaps been a somewhat arduous one on account of the difficulty of finding material of the particular kind I sought in connection with some at any rate of these sacred old edifices. The numerous authorities that have been consulted, including among the more noteworthy “Old and New City Churches” (Daniels), “Church Lore Gleanings” (Dyer), “Lore and Legends of the English Church” (Tyack), and various books about London by such writers as Adams, Southey and Simkinson, are duly acknowledged in various parts of the work.

In conclusion, I would quote a few lines from the Preface to a work by Lionel Weatherby, M.D., and apply them to my own labours : " I have read and reread many books upon the subject ; many are my quotations, but I have tried my best to acknowledge all authors whose brains I have picked. This is somewhat difficult, however, for in reading many works upon one subject, one's mind is sure to gather ideas from this one or that, without at the time recognising the source from which sprang the association of thought productive of some line of argument."

I would like to thank the clergy of the City Churches for their kindness and courtesy in allowing photographs to be taken, and for providing notes, letters and pamphlets, from which valuable information has been obtained. I am especially grateful to the Rectors of St. Helen's; St. Peter's, Cornhill; St. Andrew's, Holborn; St. Mary-le-Bow; St. Mary-at-Hill; St. Stephen's, Walbrook; St. Bride's; St. Clare's; All Hallows, Barking; St. Dunstan's in the East; St. Michael, Paternoster Royal; St. Alphage's; and also to Mrs. Doughty for interesting and helpful letters and notes about St. Peter's, Cornhill.

## Introduction

by the

Reverend Chancellor Ponsonby,  
Rector of St. Mary-le-Bow.

---

MISS ST. AUBYN-BRISBANE has done me the honour of asking me to write a short introduction to her book, "If Stones Could Speak."

I think she has gathered together just the sort of information that will be interesting to the lover of church lore. It has been a labour of love to her, and she has spent many years in collecting the material.

Bearing as she does two great historic names, she has inherited many interests from the past. The St. Aubyns have their origin in Normandy, when Normandy and England had the same Sovereign. And they still own that most interesting relic of olden days, the Castle on St. Michael's Mount.

The family of Brisbane have written their name large not only in Scotland but right round to the other side of the world in that great city, the capital of Queensland, which gives his title to the Archbishop of Brisbane.

Thus, the historic sense and a wide reaching vision are part of her being, and what she has written here will kindle the enthusiasm of those who read it.



She does not profess to be a chronicler of all the parish histories nor an expert architectural guide, but she will help our ears to hear and our hearts to feel the music and the pathos of the past, and to understand the meaning of life as well as the possibilities of the present and the future.

*Gordon Ponsonby*

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## I

**St. Alban's, Wood Street****United with St. Olave, Silver Street**

**A**S we turn into St. Alban's from the ugly and narrow street in which it stands—a lane filled with tall and dingy warehouses and business premises, we are struck by the rich and vivid colouring of this little church. Here there is nothing dark or gloomy, but chancel, ceiling, pillars, walls—all are bright and pleasing to the eye.

To some perhaps there might be too much brilliancy and variety in the greens and pinks and reds and yellows, but when we remember that the majority of those living in this neighbourhood have probably but little brightness or beauty in their own homes and may on that account be induced to come here now and again, we shall scarcely find fault with those responsible for the decorations of the church.

The original building is of very ancient date as has been proved by the Roman bricks found in the walls. It is believed by some to be the first church erected by Alfred the Great after the expulsion of the Danes from England.



In 1632 it had become so dilapidated that it was deemed advisable to pull it down and Inigo Jones was the architect to re-erect it, but unfortunately it suffered so severely in the Great Fire that it had once more to be re-built—this time by Wren—and was then united with the parish of St. Olave, Silver Street, as that church had been entirely burnt down.

The architecture of St. Alban's is now Gothic. The church contains two aisles, separated from the nave by clustered columns terminating in an apse. In the pulpit, according to an old custom, stands an hour glass.

There is much of historical interest gathered round St. Alban's. Doubtless on this spot, though not within the actual walls, the great King Alfred, that lover of learning, came to offer up his thanksgiving for victories over his country's enemies. Here, too, King Offa, the founder of St. Alban's Abbey, who lived in a palace near-by, came to worship. And here Addlestone, the Saxon king, offered up his prayers day by day.

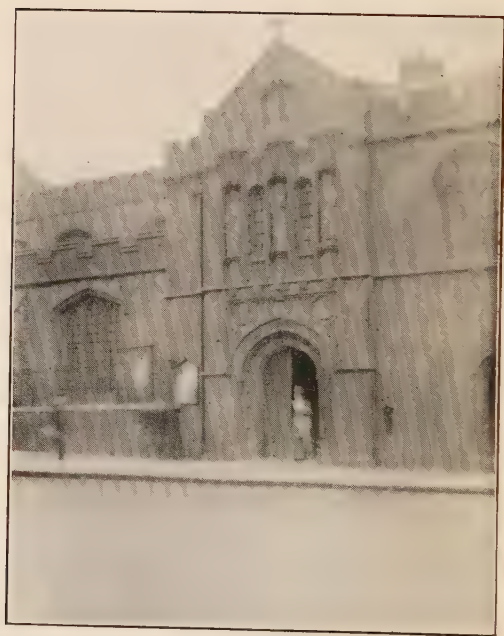
The very name of the Saint to whom the church is dedicated, says one authority, proves its antiquity, for St. Alban was the first in our land to lay down his life for Christ, the first British martyr.

He lived in the time of Diocletian, and claimed Verulam as his native place. Near the site of that ancient city now stands the town of St. Albans. When the Emperor was persecuting the Christians, a priest called Amphibalus asked the Saint—not as yet a convert—to give him shelter. This he did, and





St. Alban's,  
Wood Street:  
The Nave  
and  
Sanctuary



All Hallows,  
Barking:  
The Exterior

afterwards becoming a Christian helped the priest to escape, disguised in his (St. Alban's) clothes. For these acts he was brought before the judge, who, enraged at his constancy, for he refused to offer sacrifice to idols, after scourging him, ordered him to be beheaded.

In the City there is no other church dedicated to this Saint but there are two or three in other parts of London.

Wood Street is in Cripplegate and according to Stow derives its name either from a Sheriff of that district called Thomas Wood, who died in 1491, or because the houses were built of wood in defiance of an order of Richard I who commanded that all houses in the City of London should be built of stone.

King Addlestone's house formerly stood against the East end of St. Alban's and, having a door leading into Addle Street, gave to that street its name.

The only monument of particular interest is that of Benjamin Harvey, Major of the Yellow Regiment of Trained Bands in 1684, who presented the font. The City Trained Bands were established when the fear of the Spanish Armada was in everyone's mind. Stow tells us that the citizens "voluntarily exercised themselves for the ready use of war. Within two years there were about three hundred merchants and others, very efficient and skilful, to train the common soldiers."

Sir John Cheke, tutor to Edward VI, is buried here.

In the demolished church was the following quaint inscription :—

HIC JACET TO SHORT HOSE  
SINE TIMBE SINE SHIRT SINE BREECHES  
QUI VIXIT SINE GOWNE  
SINE CLOAKE SINE SHIRT SINE RICHES

In the churchyard lie, we read, the remains of people who had been put to death for various crimes, and who had been taken to the Barber's Hall nearby for dissection before they were buried.



## II

**All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower**

THE resting place of those executed on Tower Hill. If stones could speak, what stories this church could tell of kings and queens, bishops and priests, saints and sinners, those of high estate and those of low degree, one after another passing before us, as we enter the sacred edifice which is situated near the Tower of London. It derives its name of 'Barking' from Barking in Essex, having at one time been connected with a convent there, founded by St. Erkenwald who lived in the seventh century.

The date of the foundation of this church we cannot discover, but Stow tells us that Richard I built a chapel to Our Lady here and that his heart was placed under the altar, but this, however, can scarcely be true, as we know that Cœur de Lion left a request for his heart to be buried at Rouen.

Tradition has it that before his accession, Edward I was commanded by a vision to erect here an image of the Blessed Virgin, to visit it four times a year and to keep the chapel in repair, and was promised as a reward for his obedience that he should succeed his father on the throne, be victorious over his enemies, and bring

Scotland and Wales to submission.

A Brotherhood in connection with the chapel was founded by Caxton's great friend, John Tiptoft, one of the Constables of the Tower and an adherent of the House of York.

In 1548, both chapel and college were destroyed, and for several years the site remained a garden, where, till the Reformation, pilgrims were wont to assemble on account of its sacred character. At length warehouses were built upon it.

The church as it now stands is one hundred and eighty feet long by sixty-seven feet broad, and consists of a chancel, nave and two aisles, but the differences in its architecture prove without doubt that the chancel must have been erected at a later date than the body of the building, for the clustered columns at the east end seem to be of the fifteenth century, while the western portion of the edifice with its massive Norman pillars and pointed arches is most certainly the product of an earlier age.

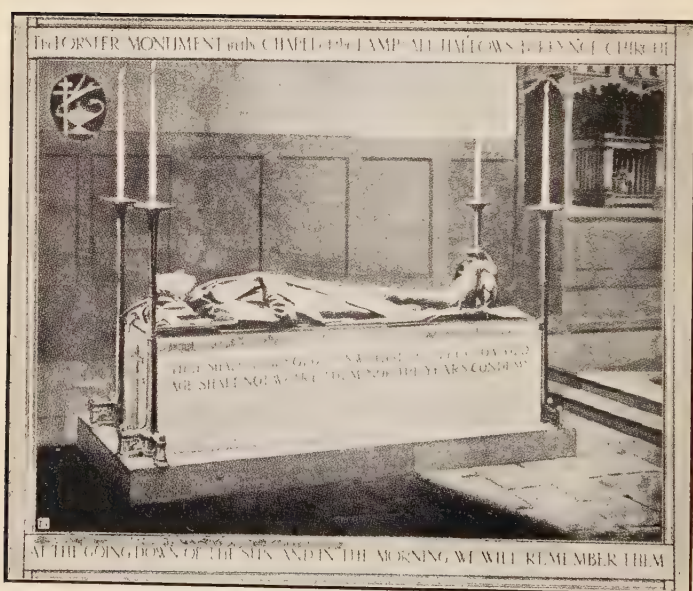
A few years ago the lower part of a wall was discovered crossing the building from north to south, and it is therefore thought that in the first instance the present nave comprised the whole church and that some centuries later, in order to enlarge it, a new chancel was added.

The organ, by Renatus Harris, stands in a gallery in the west end, while the marble font, with its handsomely carved cover by Grinling Gibbons, is in the south aisle.





All Hallows, Barking:  
Brasses on the Floor



All Hallows has been nearly burnt to the ground more than once. On one occasion, owing to a row of shops having at one time been erected against the churchyard wall, one of which was a chandler's, the edifice was almost demolished by an explosion of gunpowder. The tower, indeed, was so damaged that it had to be taken down : it was replaced by the present one in 1649. The occurrence is quaintly described by Leyburn. " In the twinkling of an eye blew up, not only the house, but all the houses thereabouts, to the number of fifty or sixty." It was never known to how great an extent life was sacrificed for on this 4th of January, a dinner had been given at the Rose and Crown, a public-house in the neighbourhood, and an unusually large number were present. For days afterwards men were kept at work digging up such portions of the remains as could be discovered, bodies and heads, arms and legs, and bones of all descriptions. The mistress of the house was found "sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by her side with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke, their bodies being preserved whole, by means of great timbers falling across one upon another."

To the same author we are indebted for the following interesting account of the miraculous preservation of a baby. " There was found the next morning upon the upper leads of Barking Church a young child lying in a cradle as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor cradle having the least sign of fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child she was, so that one of



the parishioners kept it for a memorial. For in the year 1666 I saw the child grown to be a proper maiden, for I came to the man that had kept her all the time, and he told us that she was the child that was so found upon the leads."

In the Great Fire of 1666, the dial and porch only were attacked, but fortunately the flames were extinguished before they took firm hold on the building. In one of the windows are emblazoned the arms of Sir Samuel Stirling, Lord Mayor in 1669, who is buried here. His home was saved from destruction by the exertions of thirty poor men whom he rewarded with two and sixpence between them.

All Hallows can boast of one of the finest collections of monumental brasses in London. The most elaborate (now covered by a mat) is in the nave; it is to the memory of Andrew Evingar, a native of Flanders, and bears the date 1535, but is not in perfect condition. It was damaged either by Puritan iconoclasts or through the carelessness of persons passing.

Another interesting brass is in memory of Thomas Thynne, Clerk of the Kitchen, and afterwards Master of the "Honourable Household of Henry VIII, our Sovereign Lord," and editor of the first edition of Chaucer 1532: the Marquis of Bute is descended from one of his nephews. A former vicar, Doctor Edward Layfield, lies in the chancel, but no memorial marks the spot. He was deprived of his living by Parliament for having placed a cross over the Font and the sacred monogram I.H.S. in the church, but was reinstated

at the Restoration.

The figure of the angel which stood above the Altar and had formerly been on the tower over the clock was burnt as an idol by the Puritans who seemed to think that, notwithstanding God's commands with regard to the beautifying of the tabernacle and the vestments of the priests, they were justified in setting His orders at defiance and making the temples dedicated to His worship as barren and devoid of ornament as possible. Therefore they took a keen delight in destroying all that made "for glory and for beauty." The only biblical characters to whom apparently they did not object were Moses and Aaron, for in church after church in the City we come upon representations of these Old Testament brothers. Why this is so is rather difficult to explain. We should have imagined that of all the created beings Our Lord's Mother would have held the highest place in His House, and that we should have found at least one image or picture of her. However, there are those who think that "to love the Mother is to dishonour the Son."

It is to Brass Crosby, one of the churchwardens of All Hallows, who in 1770 became Lord Mayor, that the press owes its liberty of speech. On a certain occasion the "Middlesex Journal," the "Gazetteer" and the "Evening Post" reported certain debates for which the printers were arrested by order of the House of Commons. Crosby believing these arrests to be illegal, discharged the printers and committed the messenger of the House for false imprisonment.

As a result of his action, he was himself cast into prison to the great indignation of the people. Had it not been for the interference of the Lord Mayor they would have hanged the Deputy Sergeant of Arms. From that day till now the press has remained unmolested, and an obelisk was erected at St. George's Circus in memory of its defender.

Just within the door in the north aisle of the church there is a brass dated 1651, which commemorates George Syayth, Auditor, Archbishop Laud's steward, who left a request that he should be buried near his master.

At the east end of the north aisle stands an altar tomb said to be that of Alderman John Croke, 1547, who was founder of a chantry. In the opposite aisle a similar tomb is to be seen. It is believed to have been an Easter Sepulchre, and though the inscription has become obliterated, there is a small brass with the figure of Our Lord engraved upon it inserted in the stone.

These sepulchres being sometimes used as memorials of the dead thus combined a twofold purpose. Occasionally a picture of the Resurrection is represented upon the brass. We read in the will of Thomas, Lord Dacre, 1531, instructions that his body should be laid in the church of Hersemonceux where it was customary "for the sepulchre to be north of the High Altar and a tomb made convenient for the making and setting of the said sepulchre, and apparel to be made and bought for the said sepulchre, at my cost

and charge, in the honour of the Most Blessed Sacrament."

A slab has been placed in the middle aisle in memory of Joanna Kempthorne whose husband, a distinguished naval man, is frequently mentioned by Pepys.

A certain rector of Coleshill, Warwickshire, John Kettlewell, is also commemorated here by a tablet on one of the pillars. He resigned his living rather than take the oath of allegiance to William III.

All Hallows witnessed the baptisms of two religious leaders who though well known in history held widely different views—Bishop Lancelot Andrewes in 1555, and William Penn. The latter who was christened in 1644 was the founder of Pennsylvania in America. Owing to his father's naval services he had been presented with a piece of land in that continent by Charles II. He died in England of apoplexy in 1718. On joining the Quakers he immediately adopted their unusual dress, and much to the old admiral's astonishment walked into his presence with his hat on and accosted him with the words, "Friend Penn, how dost thee?"

Rather an amusing story is told of his younger days. Being very much in debt, and seeing one of his creditors approaching the house, he concealed himself. The man after waiting some time said to the maid, "Wilt not thy master see me?" The servant answered, "Friend, he hath seen thee and doth not like thee."

If ere leaving this sacred edifice we stand a moment at the door and glance up Tower Hill, we shall



be appalled by the long line of exalted personages, connected with this church, we see approaching us from that terrible spot.

There comes John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester (1470) who lost his head on account of his loyalty to Edward IV. Notwithstanding his being so great a scholar and patron of learning and the donor of many valuable books to the library at Oxford, he had nevertheless been guilty of great acts of cruelty but then he lived in a cruel age.

Following the Earl, though many years later, we see Blessed John Fisher, an old man of eighty, holding a Testament in his hands open at the words, "This is life eternal that they should know Thee, the only true God." To him the day of his execution was as his marriage day, because he laid down his life for his conscience sake. His offence was the denial of the royal supremacy in matters spiritual, a protestation against the King's divorce of Katherine of Arragon, his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and his belief in the prophecy then rampant that Henry would die in seven months if he divorced his wife. In a fit of passion the monarch cast him into prison, but would probably have released him had not the Pope just at that time most unwisely sent him the Cardinal's Hat, which caused the immediate signing of the death warrant.

The body of the Archbishop was laid to rest in this church before being interred in the Tower chapel, but his head, according to the horrible custom of the



age, was set up on London Bridge that Anne Boleyn in passing might see it. There it remained for a fortnight, the colours of the face remaining meanwhile so fresh and lifelike that numbers of people flocked to witness the miraculous sight.

Immediately following the Bishop to the scaffold, we see his great friend Sir Thomas More, another of those who denied the king's supremacy.

A few years later, the poet Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, comes to this terrible spot, accused of high treason for having caused the Confessor's Arms to be emblazoned on his shield, though the accusation brought against him was that of high treason.

One hundred years have passed and now upon Tower Hill, and even upon the scaffold, we see a vast assemblage come together to witness the execution of William Laud—that great Archbishop to whom we owe so much. We hear his pathetic exclamations as he ascends the steps, "I thought that there would have been an empty scaffold—that I might have had room to die." And then as he glances downwards and sees some of the mob through crevices in the boards, "Remove them (the crowd) lest my innocent blood fall upon the heads of the people."

A moment later he places his head upon the block with the words "Lord receive my soul" upon his lips. The axe falls and, his sufferings over, he goes to his reward, "and thus," as an authority puts it, "against the laws of England, for his religious principles, died and was buried—the King and Church's Martyr."

For they could find no true charge against him, though time after time they endeavoured to bring him to trial. At last, rendered desperate by their repeated failures, they accused him of blasphemy in connection with the Consecration of St. Katherine Cree, and on that charge condemned him to death.

And so this life—apparently, but only apparently, a failure—was brought to a close by an ignominious death even as that greatest Life of all, also apparently a failure, ended in that most ignominious of all deaths, even the Death of the Cross. But, surely, surely, there was nothing of failure about it. We who owe him so much can testify to the good he has wrought.

The year 1662 saw the triumph of the principles of the “Champion of the Prayer Book,” as Laud has been called. Our Church then plainly set forth what her Doctrine and her Worship were. She emphatically refused to join any of the Protestant bodies spreading throughout Europe. She refused to break with the Historical Church, and distinctly enforced her claim to be the True Catholic Church in England.

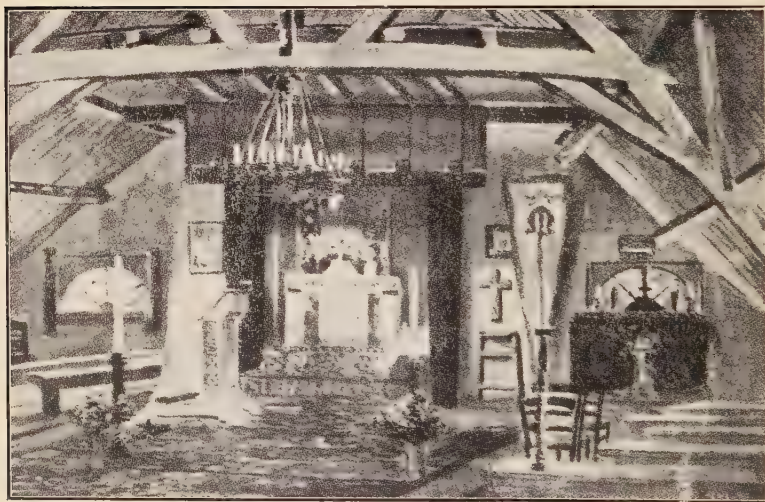
And so, the great Liturgical struggle came to an end at last, and the work, for which the Archbishop had been raised was accomplished. But for Laud, says an authority, “the English Church would have sunk into mere Puritanism and forgotten her Catholicity.”

There are many who have found fault with his rough manner and in some cases his hard way of dealing with people, but, surely, his life and death prove that





All Hallows, Barking:  
Chapel of the Lamp of Maintenance



All Hallows, Barking:  
Upper Room of the Original Toc W. in Poperinghe



this was not due to any want of love for Christ, but rather was it due to the accident of birth in consequence of which he lacked something of the refinement, delicacy and tact which would have been his by nature had he been born in a different sphere.

Laud was laid to rest in this church of All Hallows, Barking for a while, and curiously enough according to the rites of the English Church long after those services had been discontinued, and then his body was removed to Oxford.

Another who lies within this edifice, though no monument marks the spot, is the Lord Thomas Grey, brother of the Duke of Suffolk and uncle of Lady Jane Grey, who was beheaded for taking part in the Rebellion, with his family.

The last two we shall mention are Sir John Hotham and his son, Captain Hotham (1644) who were put to death by order of the Parliament within four hours of each other, charged with conspiracy to give into the hands of King Charles I the town of Hull, of which Sir John was Governor.

### **A Note on Toc B The Lamp of Maintenance**

**T**HIS society which in Britain has its headquarters and Anglican chaplaincy at All Hallows, Barking, originated at Ypres and was instituted as a perpetual memorial to those who fell in the Great War, and, as a great Brotherhood open to all, it more particularly aims at strengthening the youth of the nation by leading them to think more of the work of the Holy Spirit, and





His Power to help them in the practice of all Christian virtues, especially honour, loyalty and patriotism.

The Lamp has been taken as its symbol, not only because "Fire" is emblematic of the Holy Ghost but also because the Lamp was lit "like a torch in flame" out yonder by our own best comrades who,

"Falling, flung to those behind—  
Play up, play up, and play the game."

It is "A Lamp that has to be trimmed and kept ready all the time ('your loins girded and your lamp burning')—the serviceable light which Toc H is bidden not to hide under a bushel ('Let your light so shine before men.')

Like Aladdin of old, we must rub the native lamp within us, polish our wits, clear our imagination and rid our souls of tarnish.

The Lamp is continually passed on by those ending their 'pilgrimage' to the young and living, and it is to be found not only in the home, but on the road ahead when we are out on a job or service. "Therefore the symbol of Toc H is to be the old Christian Catacomb Lamp, with the substitution of the double Cross, instead of the X.P. from the Coat of Arms of Ypres, which Coat, Toc H, by virtue of a formal concession on the part of the mayor and citizens is permitted to hold as its heraldic legacy in perpetuity."

The first Lamp has been presented and lighted by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in memory of his friends. It stands on the ancient tomb of Alderman John Cooke (died 1477) near the place where Richard Cœur de Lion's heart is said to have been laid.

At first Toc H was a nickname. It was the Army form of the initials of Talbot House, and used to distinguish it on the telephone district between T and D.

The first House was opened in 1915 at Poperinghe and another one later appeared in Ypres. They were at first club houses for the Garrison and "Everyman," which were begun by one of the Chaplains, the Rev. Neville Talbot; and the work was similarly carried on by Padre Clayton—one of the first means of helping to keep alive behind the lines that spirit "of cheerfulness, good feeling,

and Christian service, which originated in the trenches—a brotherhood of suffering and sacrifice.” The first House contained a Library, and up in the rafters a tiny Chapel had been built.

In 1919 the Padre determined with the help of a few others to reorganize Toc H, and to establish Houses throughout Great Britain and at his call hundreds rallied round him, and now there are from all classes “ thousands pledged to hand on the Spirit of Comradeship and Service so finely displayed by the ‘ Elder Brethren,’ and to honour them by working for the ideals they might have achieved had they lived.”

At each formal meeting the Lamp is solemnly lit, and as a memorial of “ Those that grow not old,” they all stand for some seconds in absolute silence.

In a typical petition the members pledge themselves “ by serving daily old and young, rich and poor, hale and sick, to cheer the way of the lonely with the laughter that is learnt of friends, and so preserve a living memorial of those who by laying down their lives in the cause of humanity, kindled in the heart of Everyman the embers of the undying fire.”

There are already eight Houses and seventy Branches or Groups, but hundreds more are needed.

“ Toc H, then, is a club of good fellowship for ‘ Everyman ’ who is in sympathy with its aims; it is a Living Memorial to carry on the work of those who died for humanity, and it is a Power-House of service for the commonweal.”

M.D.M.

## III

**All Hallows, Lombard Street****(The "Invisible" Church)****United with St. Benet's, Gracechurch Street,  
St. Leonard's Eastcheap, and St. Dionis Backchurch**

**T**HIS interesting and richly decorated old church so well worth a visit stands near Gracechurch Street, or, as Stow calls it, Grasse Church Street, because the grass market was near by.

It has been called "The Invisible Church," and rightly so, for unless one knows exactly where to look for it, one may wander up and down Lombard Street many times before discovering the way in. It is approached through a small iron gate in the wall, on the left hand side, which gives entrance by a narrow passage to a paved court, at the back of which rises All Hallows. The churchyard was closed and converted into a garden in the cholera years of 1849.

The original building dates back to 1055; it was much injured in the Fire but it was hoped not irreparably, so the parishioners tried to patch it up. In 1694, however, when the Rev. Humphrey Zouch was Rector, Wren was invited to rebuild it at





All Hallows,  
Lombard Street:  
The West End

All Hallows,  
Lombard Street:  
East End  
Showing the  
figure of  
"Time"





the public expense. The parishioners paid for the ornamentation.

It is one of the largest of all Wren's City Churches and is unsupported by pillars, for it contains but one and that in the vestibule. The building which measures eighty-four feet by fifty-two would be extremely dark but for the skylight inserted in 1880.

The tower contains twelve bells, which in the year 1727 were taken from the church of St. Dionis.

Bells have been used in Christian worship from very early times, and, in ancient days, blessing them was a very important ceremony which in some respects resembled that of Holy Baptism. Now though still blessed before being set apart for the service of God, much of the old ceremonial is omitted.

The carving of All Hallows is worthy of special notice for it is extremely beautiful. The moment we enter the south door we are confronted by an old gateway of most elaborate design of which skulls, crossbones, hour glasses, and various other emblems form part. It is placed against the wall, and bears the following inscription :—

" THIS ANCIENT GATEWAY WAS ERECTED AT THE ENTRANCE IN LOMBARD STREET TO ALL HALLOWS CHURCH SOON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON AND WAS REMOVED TO THIS PLACE WHEN THE BUILDINGS ADJOINING IN LOMBARD STREET WERE REBUILT IN 1865."

On passing into the church our attention is arrested by the unique and beautiful reredos, so exquisitely carved with fruit, flowers and a pelican feeding its young with its own blood this last emblematic of Christ feeding His people. " Drink ye all of it, for

this is My Blood." We are reminded, too, of the vision of St. John the Divine—"And being turned I saw seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of the candlesticks One like unto the Son of Man"—for surmounting the reredos are seven golden candlesticks, and beneath, on the altar, the Son of Man comes to visit His own.

The organ in its handsome case is placed to the south, the finely carved pulpit and canopy to the north, and as we examine the beautiful workmanship of the latter, the palm branches symbolical of the saints, the flowers typical of the Resurrection, and the fruit emblematic of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, we are reminded of the great preacher Wesley who stood here, and of a little story about him.

As Wesley was on one occasion about to enter the pulpit he remembered suddenly that his sermon had been forgotten and he turned back towards the vestry, when a woman stepped forward to inquire if he were ill. On his explaining what had happened, she exclaimed, "Is that all; cannot you trust God for a sermon?" This question had such an effect on him that he decided for the future to speak extempore, and returned therefore to this very pulpit without his MS.

And now as we glance at the beautiful font at the west end sculptured with angels and flowers, and surmounted by a handsome cover, an interesting scene rises before us though this was not the one then in use. It is the year 1577, and we see a Jew approach to be baptised in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Whom he openly confesses.

To the left of the altar is a large frame enclosing the following notice :—

“ IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM THERE IS A SMALL BOOK ENTITLED ‘A SERMON ON THE TRUE AND GLADSOME OLIVE TREE,’ BEING AN EXPOSITION ON THE IITH CHAPTER OF THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL TO THE ROMANS. IT IS IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY CHRISTOPHER BARKER, PRINTER TO THE QUEENES MAGESTIE, AT THE SIGN OF THE TYGRES HEAD, IN PATERNOSTER ROW AD 1578. IT CONSISTS FIRST OF ALL OF THE JEWS CONFESSION OF FAITH, WHICH NATHANIEL A JEW BORN (MADE) BEFORE THE CONGREGATION IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ALL HALLOWS, LOMBARD STREET, AT LONDON, WHEREUPON HE WAS ACCORDING TO HIS DESIRE RECEIVED INTO THE NUMBER OF THE FAITHFUL, AND BAPTIZED 1ST APRIL, 1577. THIS IS REGISTERED IN THE BAPTISMAL REGISTER OF THIS CHURCH.”

“ Nathaniel came,” says Fox, “ from the uttermost parts of Barbarie into England, and lived here six years before he was baptized. His confession was written by himself in Spanish, and afterwards translated into English. It is entitled ‘A sermon of the true and gladsome Olive tree mentioned in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans,’ preached at London by a faithful minister of God, John Fox, at the Christening of a certain Jew; translated out of the Latin into English.”

In 1788 two sermons were preached one Sunday in the parish church for the benefit of forty-eight poor children belonging to the St. Ethelburga Society—that in the morning by the Rev. G. Patrick and that in the afternoon by Wesley from the words “ His commandments are not grievous.” The congregation was very large. While Mr. Wesley, then in his 89th year was putting on his gown in the vestry he said to

Mr. Thomas Little, a steward of the Charity : " It is about fifty years since I first preached in this church. I remember it for a particular circumstance," and then he told the story already related.

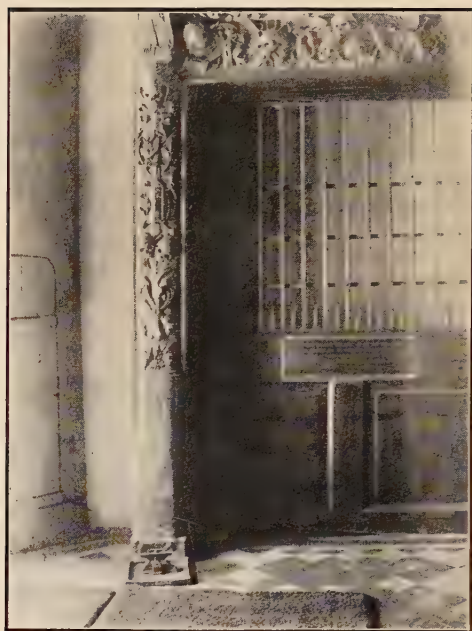
Near the frame is a glass case containing valuable old books brought from St. Benet's, Gracechurch Street, with pieces of chain still affixed to them with which they were formerly attached to some pillar or lectern. A Bible of 1613, another Bible of 1548 containing the Paraphrase of Erasmus, " Printed at London in Fleet Street at the sign of the Sunne by Edward Whitechurch the last daie of Januarie Anno Dom 1548." For in the reign of Edward VI an order was given that in every church there should be a Bible written in English, with a Paraphrase of the Gospels by Erasmus as an exposition.

A handsome carved screen containing two doors with figures of Death and Time above them divides the church from the vestibule.

There was a curious old custom which this church witnessed Lent after Lent till a few years ago. A certain Peter Symonds who lived in the sixteenth century left a sum of money, part of which was to be used for the benefit of the younger boys of Christ's Hospital, sixty of whom were to assemble here for Good Friday, and after a service and sermon (the Rector who preached being presented with a guinea) received a penny and a packet of almonds and raisins, and on Whit Sunday sixty poor persons were to have a loaf of bread given to them on his grave in







All Hallows, Lombard Street:  
Part of the Old Gateway



All Hallows, Lombard Street:  
Chained Books

Liverpool Street. As the railway now covers the site of his tomb, the loaves are now presented in front of the schools in Bishopsgate Street. He also left instructions for his picture to be put near a table in the body of the Cathedral on which twelve loaves of bread were to be placed for distribution among the poor immediately after the service (Andrews).

The ancient practice of funeral feasts part being given to the poor dates back to the Greeks and Romans before Christ. Amongst the Jews it was customary for the friends of the deceased to prepare all needful food so that those in the house of mourning might be saved the trouble on the day of the funeral, and the early Fathers of the Church encouraged the practice amongst Christians because the poor were benefited, and the feast attained a religious character. It was frequently placed upon the tomb itself, clergy and laity partaking together.

In later days the dying person specified the doles he wished bestowed by will.

St. Leonard's, Eastcheap, was not rebuilt after the Fire, but united with St. Benet's, Gracechurch Street, so that when St. Benet's was demolished in 1867 both parishes were made one with All Hallows.

## IV

**All Hallows on the Wall  
London Wall**

**T**O dedicate a church to All Hallows, or All Saints, is of very ancient origin. Newcourt tells us that as early as 608 by order of the Emperor Phocas a Christian church was erected on the site of an old Roman temple called the Pantheon, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and all Martyrs in order that the memory of the Saints should be celebrated on the spot where devils had been worshipped.

The curious title of "On the wall" was added to the name of this church because it was erected on or near the old City wall, a small portion of which may still be seen. The vestry is built, it is believed, on one of the bastions.

It is approached through a churchyard long and narrow, pleasantly shaded with trees and surrounded with seats which in summer are crowded with people.

We cannot discover when All Hallows was founded, for as late as 1455 the land in the neighbourhood was too marshy to be habitable. The edifice escaped the Fire, but, having become dilapidated, was pulled down and re-erected in 1767 by the younger George Dance.

It is a pretty little church, with a beautifully moulded and arched ceiling, supported by Ionic columns, and is broader at the east end than the west. Over the High Altar there is a painting of Saul, or St. Paul, having his sight restored by Ananias. It was presented by a brother of the artist, Sir W. O. Holland. The original by Berritini Cortona hangs in the church of The Conception at Rome. On either side of the Altar are two other paintings of Moses and Aaron. There is a rather curious arrangement with regard to the pulpit which is built against the north wall, for it can only be entered through the vestry. The organ is in a small gallery at the west end, and near the south wall is a sword rest.

The monuments have been preserved from the old church, one in memory of Edmund Hammond bears the following inscription :—

“ THAT WORTHY GENERAL EDMUND HAMMOND WHO DEPARTED THIS  
LIFE 1642 WHO GAVE BY HIS WILL 140 LARGE LEGACIES TO PIOUS  
USES.”

The other is in memory of Joan Bence, 1684.

The parish books make mention of an anker named Symon who lived in or near All Hallows, and in the British Museum may be seen a number of prayers and contemplations on the Life of Christ, translated by him and illustrated with woodcuts. The work which is entitled “ The Truyte of Redemption ” was published by Richard Fitz James, Bishop, and was printed by Wyken de Worde in 1514.

We frequently read of both hermits and anchorites in olden times, the one dwelt in a cell and the other

though at liberty led a solitary life.

The anker or anchorite was usually a priest who had his habitation in a room above the vestry, or in a cell which was attached to a chantry chapel in such a manner that he could see the Altar and hear the service. He never left the church. The door of the cell was frequently walled up and one or more iron barred windows were left open through which he might receive the Blessed Sacrament and the necessities of life.

Both anchorites and hermits were much sought after for advice, which was as a rule given through a little window or grated opening in the wall adjoining the churchyard. Anyone wishing to enter upon this life was first obliged to obtain the Bishop's permission in writing. The Manual and Pontifical after the Salisbury use contains a particular service for the blessing and shutting up of ankers.

Stow tells us that before setting out to meet Wat Tyler in Smithfield Richard II went to Westminster Abbey to the High Altar to pray, and that after this he spoke with the anchorite and confessed himself. Bequests were frequently left to these hermits. One left to the hermit at Cripplegate in 1342 is an instance. In 1345 John de Alesham Mercer bequeathed four shillings to the anker living in the church of St. Peter on Cornhill.

Occasionally, too, there were female recluses. We read of one who had her cell in the churchyard of All Hallows who was allowed a woman servant to wait upon her.



## V

**St. Alphage's, London Wall**

**T**HE Parish Church of St. Alphage stood on the north side of London and was built about the year 1023 in memory of that Saint just after his martyrdom. A portion of the old wall with which the City was encircled can still be seen preserved in the churchyard. This church becoming dilapidated had to be pulled down, and the parishioners were anxious to erect another, but Henry VIII refused his permission, so they asked to have the old church of Elsyng Priory for their parish church.

The Priory itself which had been founded by a man called Elsyng Henry had given to his personal friends. Elsyng was a rich City Mercer, who, about the year 1329 bought a piece of land on which to build a spital for one hundred blind men with a chapel attached for daily services. Later, the Bishop constituted the spital a Priory of the Order of St. Austin, with Elsyng as the first Prior. This church becoming dilapidated the parishioners pulled it down retaining such portions as they could, and upon its foundations built another and dedicated it to the Patron Saint of their former church, St. Alphage.

This again in the course of years needed to be restored, so, after repairing it more than once, they at length pulled it down, and, with the exception of one or two portions it was entirely demolished. The reredos, pulpit and other appurtenances were presented by the Bishop to St. Mary Aldermanbury, and a certain sum of money, the property of the church, was thrown into Chancery. More than half a century later it was decided to erect a new porch on the site of the old—a replica in fact of the ancient Tower Porch. It was completed in February, 1914, and stands on the north side of the fourteenth century tower which formed part of the Priory Church. Between the tower and the porch is an arch through which the cloisters were entered, and opposite it there is a similar arch which formed part of the tower. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, the Company of the Worshipful Society of Curriers, and many other important personages, attended the Dedication in state. The service and music was sung by the choir and children of the Society of St. Alphage. This Society was founded in 1738 for the education and clothing of forty boys and girls who were regular attendants of the church of St. Alphage. The Society still exists, but only twenty children benefit.

There is an oaken altar on three steps placed there for the dedication of the north porch, and above it is a panel with a representation of the Martyrdom of St. Alphage richly carved and gilded, presented by the late Rector, Rev. Glendenning Nash, in 1914.

St. Alphage was consecrated Bishop of Winchester

in the year 984 and in 1005 became Archbishop of Canterbury. He held the city against the Danes for twenty days, but being at length made prisoner he was offered his liberty if he would ransom himself. On his refusal, he was taken to Greenwich where he again refused to buy his life, saying : " You press me in vain. I am not the man to provide Christian flesh for Pagan teeth by robbing my poor countrymen to enrich their enemies."

He was kept a prisoner for some time, until on one of their Feast Days, being again brought before them he was received with the cry : " Gold, gold, Bishop ! Give us gold or to-day thou shalt become a public spectacle." In their rage at his indifference to their demands they would have tortured him to death but a convert named Guthrun killed him with a blow. His body was bought by the citizens of London for a large sum of money and laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral, but his successor, Algenoth, asked for his relics to be taken to Canterbury. In 1023 Knut acceded to the request, but fearing to remove the body except by stealth caused his soldiers to make a disturbance in the City to attract the attention of the citizens. Whilst they were thus engaged a number of distinguished persons placed the remains of the Saint in a boat and with it crossed the Thames to Rotherhithe and thence proceeded in haste to Canterbury.

A church was built at Greenwich on the very spot where he laid down his life.

He was canonized on the 19th of April—the day of his death.

Beneath the entrance of the tower of the church is a richly carved screen, given by the Rector in memory of the First Prior.

In former days the porch was a most important part of a church, and much work was done there of a purely secular character. Frequently, a stone ledge or table was fastened against the wall for the convenience of those transacting certain kinds of business. Lists of Voters, alterations of Poor Rates, assessment of taxes, etc., affixed to present church doors are the survival of those old customs.

In England, till the reign of Edward VI. and in other countries for that matter, the porch was a very usual place for marriages to be celebrated. Persons of note, too, were buried there. Amongst the latter were St. Audrey who died of plague in 669, and St. Chad three years later. In the porch of Wotton Church, Evelyn the Diarist, was taught to read.

For some sins, sacrilege in particular (which even as early as Saxon times was punishable by law) a person was flayed alive and his skin fastened to the door of the church, but offenders frequently gave large sums of money to save themselves from this torture. This money was called “Hide-geld or Hyde-gold” (Church Law). Pepys writes April 10th, “To Rochester, and the Cathedral observing the Great Door of the Church, as they say, covered with the skin of the Danes.”

The vestry books and registers contain some

interesting entries. Amongst other items, mention is made of the altar being removed from the body of the church, where by the wish of the Puritans it had been put, and placed against the wall at the east end to save it from the irreverence to which it had been subjected; it having become a habit of the men to lie against it, put their cloaks upon it, and even to use it for a writing table. It was for this reason that Archbishop Laud issued an order that "Altars should be placed against the wall and protected with a rail" which he called "The Banister Rail."

Among other matters of interest is the marriage of Sir W. Knight to H.R.H. Augusta, daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex and cousin to Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria.

In the seventeenth century there is an entry by the Rector: "A register of those I have certified who have been touched by His Majesty for the Evil." Edward the Confessor was the first English Sovereign to touch for the Evil, and Queen Anne the last.

There is a tablet in memory of a cruelly persecuted vicar of this church which reads quaintly:

"ALL HAIL TO GOD, GREATEST AND BEST!

"JAMES HALSEY, D.D., FORMERLY RECTOR OF THIS PARISH, WAS HAPPILY ERASED FROM THE ROLL OF THIS WORLD AND TRANSCRIBED INTO THE ROLL OF CHRIST ON ASH WEDNESDAY IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1640, AT THE AGE OF 52.

"THEREFORE, SPITE, HOLD YOUR TONGUE, AND AT LAST WORRY NOT MY FATES, BUT BELIEVE THAT MY ASHES NOW SPEAK TO YOU. IT IS ABOMINABLE BARBARITY TO MAKE A RAID UPON THE BURIED, SEEING THAT THE WICKED ARE WONT TO SPARE TOMBS. O WORLD, IT IS ENOUGH FOR YOU TO HAVE HURT ME WHILE LIVING; BUT GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE HAS TAKEN CARE THAT YOU SHOULD HURT NO FURTHER."



Also :

" IN MEMORY OF SAMUEL BREWER, WHO DIED MARCH 20TH, 1684.  
" WORLD ADIEU; FRIENDS ADIEU; LIFE ADIEU. BUT YET HOPING  
FOR A BETTER RESURRECTION, THIS ONLLEY THROUGH YE MERRITTS OF  
OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. AMEN."

In 1653, the Register testifies that payment was made to demolish the Royal Arms of the late King Charles I on the church walls and windows, and for painting the Commonwealth Arms. In 1660, on the accession of Charles II, the Royal Arms were restored.

In 1653, Thomas Doolittle, a Nonconformist Minister, was declared to be Rector. In 1662 he was expelled under the Act of Uniformity as he refused to conform.

In 1601 the parish promoted the " furnishinge and settinge forth of 175 good and sufficient soldiers fitt to sherve her Majesty's Service in Ireland, and for the furnishing of the gallies heretofore agreed upon to be built."

The bells were ordered to be chimed on the following special occasions :—

" 1595. At the returne of ships from Calis."

" 1602. Drawing upp the Stocks into ye Church-yrde."

" 1625. The cominge of Charles the First."

" 1630. Peace proclaimede between Spain and England."

" 1665. For victory against ye Dutch."

In the Registers there are many entries with respect to the Plague :—

" 1592. Redd wandes for the Plague searchers."

" 1605. Redd crosses doores of ryfeted horuses."

“ 1608. For Red wandes for searchers.”

“ 1625. Setting up the crosses.”

“ In 1625, 229 people were buried; in 1636, 63; in 1637, 81; in 1640, 76; in 1637, 81; in 1640, 76; and in 1665, 194.”

## VI

## St. Andrew's, Holborn

## The Poets' Church

THE date of the foundation of this fine old church on Holborn Hill is lost in the obscurity of the ages, but records of its existence are to be found in King Edgar's reign in the year 971, and in the reign of Alfred the Great there was a wooden church on Holborn Hill dedicated to St. Andrew, but the first rector to be mentioned is Richard de Tadlow in 1322.

It escaped the Great Fire, but becoming dilapidated was rebuilt by Wren in 1686 with the exception of the tower, which he simply refaced with Portland stone. It is his largest church and as it now stands is a most imposing edifice. One hundred and five feet long, by sixty-three wide, it consists of a chancel, two aisles and a nave, together with galleries north, south and west, in which latter stands the organ built by Hill in 1905 which incorporates older instruments, of which one is by Renatus Harris, the famous organ-builder of the eighteenth century.

The east window contains pictures of the Last Supper and the Resurrection. The pulpit is of oak





All Hallows on the Wall:  
The Interior



St. Andrew's, Holborn:  
The Interior



and rests upon a marble and stone pedestal upon which are carved the figures of four saints, one being St. Andrew, the Patron.

It has been called the "Poets' Church" on account of the number of poets connected with it.

At the Dissolution of Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII, the living which had been in the hands of the monks of Bermondsey passed to Wrothesley, Earl of Southampton, a hard fanatical man as his actions prove, who was buried here in 1556. He was present when Ann Askew was tortured for her faith.

Enraged at her constancy and the courage with which she absolutely refused to reveal the names of those who had befriended her, he flung aside his gown, and utterly unmindful of either humanity or dignity, helped to turn the rack upon which she was stretched. Though doubtless he was actuated by fanatical motives, we cannot fail to be filled with horror at such an act.

However, when his own time came he was ready to suffer for his faith and, though not actually called upon to lay down his life, he lost his position and was imprisoned in Southampton House till his death.

It was he who was chosen to arrest Queen Katherine Parr, and when at the King's command he arrived to do so, he was to his astonishment greeted with all sorts of opprobrious epithets. He was told among other things that he was a fool and a knave to come on such a mission, for the monarch had suddenly repented of his anger, and was once more on friendly terms with his sixth wife.

Beneath the chancel lies the body of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, a Tory, who on account of certain sermons that he preached was tried and suspended for three years, but afterwards for the good he had done to his cause, was appointed Rector of St. Andrew's, which post he held from 1713 till 1724.

Another rector of note, one of the most learned men of his day, was Edward Stillingfleet, afterwards Bishop of Worcester and Chaplain to Charles II.

While thinking of the clergy of this church our minds revert to a startling scene which took place here in the time of the Civil Wars.

It is Sunday, and the rector, Rev. John Hackett, at one time Chaplain to James I, a man of great courage and calmness, is reading the prayers, when suddenly the door is thrown violently open and a soldier rushing up the aisle presents a pistol at the rector's breast, at the same time commanding him to discontinue the service. The clergyman quietly replies that he shall do what becomes him as a Divine, and that his assailant must do what becomes him as a soldier, and then he continues with the service and, strange to say, without further molestation. The Parliament however took possession of a large sum of money collected by him for the restoration of St. Andrew's, though later when he was raised to the Sees of Lichfield and Coventry he presented to his cathedral £2,000.

He it was who on one occasion having been asked to conduct the funeral of a Dissenter used the Office

of the Church, unknown to the friends of the deceased, and repeated the whole service word for word from memory. What must have been the surprise of those present who were much moved and touched by its extreme beauty when told it was taken from the Book of Common Prayer, a book they held in abhorrence.

Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet, was for a time laid within these walls, his body being afterwards removed to Bristol. The following epitaph, written by himself, is engraved upon his tomb :—

“ TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON. READER, JUDGE NOT.  
IF THOU ART A CHRISTIAN, BELIEVE HE SHALL BE JUDGED BY A SUPERIOR  
POWER, AND TO THAT POWER ALONE HE IS ANSWERABLE.”

Into the details of his melancholy story we have not time to enter. Suffice it to say that at the age of seventeen he took his own life in a fit of despair or possibly madness, finding that he could not earn sufficient to support himself and that beggary and starvation were staring him in the face.

Sadly we gaze upon him as he lies upon his attic bed with the summer sun shining upon his lifeless form, some of the poison still between his lips, and the floor littered with scraps of paper—pieces of the manuscripts he had sought in vain to dispose of. If those same MSS. could be brought to light collectors might vie with each other in their efforts to gain possession of them. Yet he could only obtain ten shillings for sixteen songs and the same amount for a poem of two hundred and twenty lines. £4 15s. 9d. was the result of four month's hard work.

Another poet connected with St. Andrew's whose

history is a sad one was the genius Richard Savage, who was baptised here in the year 1697.

Though his parents held a high position in the world and he had at least one powerful friend, if not many more, and lived, at times, in the greatest luxury, there were days when he had not a penny to buy a meal or to obtain a bed for the night. At such times he used to wander through the streets composing his poems as he went, and writing them with a borrowed pen from some shop on any scrap of paper he could pick up. It is strange that he should have ended his days in a debtor's prison, considering the strong influence he had in high places, strong enough on one occasion to save him not only from a felon's death, but from all punishment for a grave crime though he contended, and perhaps justly, that he had only acted in self-defence.

Be that as it may, he killed a man and was arrested for murder. The judge who tried him being most bitter against him summed up the case in the following words :—

" GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, YOU ARE TO CONSIDER THAT MR. SAVAGE IS A GREAT MAN, A MUCH GREATER MAN THAN YOU OR I, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ; THAT HE WEARS VERY FINE CLOTHES, MUCH FINER CLOTHES THAN YOU OR I, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ; THAT HE HAS ABUNDANCE OF MONEY IN HIS POCKETS, MUCH MORE MONEY THAN YOU OR I, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ; BUT GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, IS IT NOT A VERY HARD CASE THAT MR. SAVAGE SHOULD THEREFORE KILL ME, OR YOU, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ? "

Notwithstanding the evident desire of the judge for his death, the influence in his favour was so strong that he escaped punishment altogether. Till his



imprisonment, says a journal of the times, it was impossible for him to sell his poems, but the day after his condemnation, an advertisement appeared in one of the papers mentioning the works of Mr. Savage "now under sentence of death for murder." They then went so rapidly that the booksellers wrote to the author offering him a large sum of money if he would write his dying confession. The offer was accepted, and though he was released enormous numbers of the confession were sold.

Three other poets buried here are Neele, who in a fit of insanity destroyed himself in the year 1828, John Webster, parish clerk of St. Andrew's and author of "The White Devil," and John Hughes, author of "The Siege of Damascus" (1720).

Tompkins the brother of the poet Waller who was hanged in the year 1643 for plotting against the Parliament also lies here.

We must not forget to mention the marriage of Colonel Hutchinson to Lucy Apsley in 1638, for theirs is one of the prettiest love stories in real life that we have ever met with. He fell in love with her before he had even seen her. He happened to be staying in the house of his music master where many of those connected with the court were wont to assemble. Amongst others was a child who during her mother's absence was having lessons on the lute. Her own home was about half a mile distant, and Mr. Hutchinson, who had taken a great fancy to her, often walked there with her. On one occasion he saw



some Latin books lying about, and on asking to whom they belonged she replied, to her sister.

As the child from time to time talked a great deal about this sister, a strong desire to make her acquaintance took possession of him. She was constantly in his thoughts, and hearing someone remark that she was about to be married, he was so affected that he grew pale and had hurriedly to leave the table. A little later the rumour was contradicted, and when shortly afterwards they met, the liking which was mutual turned to love, and the wedding was arranged to take place when Lucy caught the smallpox. Notwithstanding the terrible disfigurement which was so great that her friends were afraid to look at her, he married her directly she was well enough to leave the house.

Colonel Hutchinson eventually died in prison, having been one of Charles I's judges.

Another marriage worth mentioning which took place in a private house, and is recorded in St. Andrew's Register (though not a happy one like Lucy's) was that between Edward Coke, the Queen's Attorney General and the Lady Elizabeth Hatton in 1598. From all accounts there seems to have been considerable unpleasantness between the pair. On one occasion the husband accused the wife of stealing the plate and substituting a common kind. How the quarrel would have ended it is hard to say had not King James I interposed and managed to bring about a reconciliation. The lady certainly did not possess

a sweet disposition, and the Attorney General evidently had not much respect for her or he would hardly have accused her of dishonesty.

William Hazlitt was married here to Sarah Stoddart and Charles Lamb was the best man in 1808.

One interesting entry in the Register Books is the following :—

“BAPTISED JULY 31ST. BENJAMIN, SAID TO BE ABOUT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, SON OF ISAAC AND MARY DISRAELI. KINGS ROAD—GENTLEMAN. PRIEST NAMED THIMBLEY PERFORMED THE CEREMONY.”

There is a window in this church containing the arms of John Thavies (1348) from whom Thavies Inn (Court) takes its name.

In the porch is a thankoffering from the members of the congregation and the children “For preservation of this Church from enemy aircraft during the Great War 1914–1918.”

In the tower hang a peal of bells which have rung for the victory of Agincourt, and the old Sanctus Bell is still rung to call people to weekday services.

We would draw special attention to the altar which consists of a marble shelf supported on gilded iron legs, and fastened to the wall. The superaltar was in olden times used to display the altar plate on festivals.

The parochial schools founded 1698 still carry on their good work in a quaint old house designed by Wren, with the figures of a boy and girl over the gateway in the dress of charity children of the period (Rev. Bedford).

## VII

**St. Andrew Undershaft****Leadenhall Street**

**A**S we pause a moment ere entering this curiously named church situated in Leadenhall Street, our thoughts revert to scenes in very early times of rejoicing and innocent amusement, for St. Andrew's takes its quaint name of Undershaft from a custom connected with the old May Day revels (which originated with the Romans) when all England kept the first of May as a holiday and season of gladness.

Throughout the land tall poles were set up in conspicuous places and decorated with flowers, and round which throughout the day young men and maidens would dance.

In this parish the maypole, which was higher than the steeple, was erected in front of the church door of St. Andrew's. Hence the sacred edifice gained the name of Undershaft. When not in use it was hung on hooks over the doors of certain houses in Shaft Alley.

Chaucer mentions it in one of his poems. Writing of a boastful man he says :

“ Right well aloft and high ye bear your heads  
As ye would bear the great shaft of Cornhill.”





St. Andrew Undershaft:  
Figure of St. Andrew in the Pulpit



St. Andrew Undershaft:  
Unusual Tomb



Till 1517 the first of May was kept as a day of mirth and merry-making. Unhappily in that year a rumour gained ground that the citizens intended to take advantage of the May Day revels to murder all foreigners. Precautions were taken to prevent anything in the nature of a riot but they were unavailing. From that "Evil May Day," as it is called, the pole in St. Andrew's parish was never again set up, but for many years lay rotting in Shaft Alley. In the reign of Edward VI one of the clergy of the neighbouring church of St. Katharine Cree, a narrow-minded man, intolerant of any one or anything which in his opinion savoured of Rome, preached a sermon at St. Paul's Cross in which he condemned the May Day festivities and "the May Pole Idol" in particular, as he designated the Shaft, recommended that the Popish names of all churches should be altered, that people should abstain from meat on any weekday except Friday or Saturday, and keep Lent at any time of the year except between Shrove Tuesday and Easter Day.

"This man," says Stow, "forsaking the church of St. Katherine Cree, preached from an elm; then forsaking the Altar, sang his High Mass upon a tomb in the North."

Influenced by his words, the people living in Shaft Alley that very afternoon tore the pole off its hooks, and cutting it into pieces divided it amongst themselves, each taking for his portion that part which hung over his own door.

We will now enter St. Andrew's, and from within try to glean something of its history.

The present edifice which Stow tells us the parishioners helped to erect, "either with their hands or their purses," was built in the sixteenth century upon the site of an older one, and entirely escaped the Great Fire.

"STEVEN JENNINGS, MERCHANT TAYLOR, SOMETIME MAYOR OF LONDON, BUILT THE WHOLE NORTH SIDE OF THE MIDDLE AISLE, BOTH OF THE BODY AND OF THE CHOIR AS APPEARETH BY HIS ARMS OVER EVERY PILLAR GRAVEN AND ALSO THE NORTH AISLE WHICH HE ROOFED WITH TIMBER, AND CEILED; ALSO THE WHOLE OF THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE CHURCH WAS GLAZED, AND THE PEWS OF THE SOUTH CHAPEL MADE OF HIS COST AS APPEARETH IN EVERY WINDOW AND UPON THE SAID PEWS; DIED 1524 AND IS BURIED IN GREY FRIARS."

But it was not till 1552 it was completed. It is in the perpendicular style. The nave is separated from the aisles by clustered columns and arches, upon the spandrils of which are some almost obliterated paintings, and unlike the generality of City churches it is well lighted, having besides a clerestory, some large windows. That in the western wall contains full-length portraits of Edward VI, Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, and Charles II.

The organ, the work of Renatus Harris (1690) is south of the Altar. An interesting fact to note in connection with it is that during a period of 116 years—from 1720 to 1836—there were only three organists.

Upon the pulpit there are two small figures of St. Andrew holding his cross. The font is to the extreme west, and we cannot pass it without being reminded of an interesting ceremony which took

place in 1701 when the daughter of a Jew named De Breton embraced Christianity. Her father rushed into the church as the ceremony was proceeding and commanded those present to desist. Finding his orders unheeded he cursed all those assembled, praying that the building might fall and overwhelm them. No disaster having followed his invocation he refused to provide for his child, and the parish therefore undertook her maintenance. In consequence of this incident a petition was brought before Parliament and passed, compelling Jews to support their Christian children.

St. Andrew's abounds in monuments and brasses, both quaint and beautiful, many of which are worth a close inspection. Within the chancel is the altar tomb of Thomas Offley, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor in 1553 and 1556. Stow tells us that though he bequeathed half of his goods to charitable purposes the parish received little benefit. Above his tomb are the following lines :

“ BY ME A LYVELIHOOD BEHOLDE  
HOW MORTAL MAN SHOULD TURN TO MOULD  
WHEN ALL HIS POMPE AND GLORI WAYNE  
SHAL CHAYNGE TO DUST AND EARTH AGAYNE  
SUCH IS HIS GREAT UNCERTAINTYE  
A FLOWER AND TYPE OF VANITYE.”

On the north wall Dame Alice Byng may be seen kneeling at a desk. She was the wife of three husbands all of whom were stationers.

In the south wall is the monument of Sir Hugh Hammersley, another Sheriff, and Lord Mayor in 1618.

He was a man of considerable importance, being President of Christ's Hospital, President of the Artillery Gardens, Governor of the Company of Russian Merchants and of those of the Levant; Freeman of the Company of Haberdashers and of Merchant Adventurers of Spain, East India, France and Virginia. The monument consists of effigies of himself, his wife, and two attendants.

A brass near-by is in memory of a daughter and son-in-law of Sir Peter Paravicini, Pepys' great friend, who, when the Diarist was falsely accused of giving information to the French concerning the English Navy and was arrested, proved his friendship and confidence by standing bail for him.

Peter Motteux who owned an East Indian warehouse in Leadenhall Street and was the translator of "Don Quixote" is buried here, but no monument marks the spot.

On the south wall is a tablet in memory of the great painter Hans Holbein which bears the following inscription :

"TO THE GLORY OF GOD, AND IN MEMORY OF JOHN ALIAS HANS  
HOLBEIN. PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY KING HENRY VIII. SOMETIME  
RESIDENT OF THIS PARISH, BORN 1491 DIED 1543."

He was treated with so much deference by the King, that when once someone remarked in Henry's hearing that even nobles did not have such consideration shown them, he replied : " No, I can make ten Lords of ten ploughmen, but only God Almighty can make one Hans Holbein."







St Andrew Undershaft:  
Stow's Tomb



St. Andrew Undershaft:  
West End and Window of Kings

*Facing p. 47*

Amongst all these tombs, probably the most noteworthy is that in memory of the historian, Stow, to whom we are indebted for so much interesting information. He was a parishioner of St. Andrew's, and died about 1605. It is situated in the north aisle and consists of his effigy seated at a table under a canopy, with a pen in his hand as if in the act of writing, and on each side is a ledge supporting a book. The whole is of marble or alabaster, and is said to have at one time been coloured. The railings with which it was formerly protected have been removed. As we stand examining his tomb we cannot but feel a thrill of both indignation and pity at the treatment he endured, for though a tailor by trade, he devoted his time to the good of his country and future generations by giving himself to writing and research. To him we owe "Chronicles of England" and "The Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster." The only recompense he obtained was a licence to beg, and an annuity of four pounds a year, later raised to ten pounds by the Company of Merchant Taylors. In speaking of his work he said : " It hath cost me many a weary mile's travel, many a hard penny and pound, and many a cold winter night's study. Being by the good pleasure of God visited with sickness, such as my feet which have borne me many a mile have of late years refused for four or five months to convey me from my bed to my study."

Many of the remaining tablets and brasses are for the most part illegible.

The vestry is worth a visit because within it may still be seen some old books which in former times were securely fastened in their places, to one of which is still attached a piece of chain. Before the days of cheap printing many books were as valuable as gold or jewels.

## VIII

**St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe****United with St. Ann, Blackfriars**

**T**HIS church which is situated in Queen Victoria Street is called "By the Wardrobe" because near here Sir John Beauchamp built a house which at his death was bought by Edward IV from his executor as a store-house for the royal garments. After the Great Fire, Beauchamp Street, Strand was the place selected for the King's wardrobe.

We read of St. Andrew's in 1322 when Robert Marsh was Rector. It was destroyed in the Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1692, the parish of St. Ann, Blackfriars, the church of which was utterly destroyed, being united with it. Of this latter Stow gives the following account :

"There is a parish of St. Ann within the precincts of the Blackfriars which was pulled down with the Friars' Church by Sir Thomas Cardew, but, in the reign of Queen Mary, he being forced to find a church to the inhabitants, allowed them a lodging chamber above a stair, since which time, to wit, in the year 1597, fell down, and was again by collection made new

built, and enlarged in the same year on the 11th December."

Vandyke, though buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, was an inhabitant of this parish. His daughter was christened the day he died.

St. Andrew's as it now stands measures seventy-two feet by fifty-nine. The nave is separated from the aisles by square pillars. There is a chapel on either side of the chancel, from which they are divided by iron screens.

The oak table standing beneath the present altar which has been built above and around it is probably of Puritan construction, for when the Puritans were in power they destroyed the beautiful rood-screens and altars, replacing the latter with tables which they stood lengthwise in the body of the church. This was the cause of unpardonable irreverence of one kind or another. For instance, when dogs were allowed in church, one at Taplow on a certain occasion ran away with the bread provided for the Holy Communion, and as more could not be obtained at the moment there was no Eucharist that day. In the course of time the position of the altar or table became a badge of party spirit. Bishop Day of Chichester, was deprived for not allowing the innovation in his diocese.

Before the removal of the rood-screens, altar rails were unnecessary, because the altar was already protected, and shown to be the most holy part of the the church. When Laud became Archbishop he had



the altars replaced in the chancels and surrounded by what Bishop Andrews called "Wainscot banisters."

The custom of making an act of reverence on entering and leaving a church is now once more becoming universal, and is of ancient date. A canon of the Synod of 1640 rules thus: "We heartily commend it to all well-affected people that they be ready to tender to the Lord their reverence and obeisance, both at the coming in and going out of church, according to the most ancient custom of the Primitive Church in its purest times."

As the altar was treated with disrespect and so lost in prominence, the pulpit gained, and becoming more and more important entirely reversed the right order, since in the early days of the Church there were no pulpits at all, and the sermon which was then by no means the principal part of the service was frequently preached from the altar steps. At a later date elevated platforms near the chancel, were erected and from them the Gospel, Epistles, Acts of the Saints, and Discourses were delivered. These platforms in time developed into the lofts on the top of the rood-screens, and were called "pulpetum."

At length, light movable structures on wheels which could be placed on one side when not needed were invented, for in the year 1547 something of the kind was ordered for the reading of the Lessons at the Eucharist, but it was not till 1603 that a law was made distinctly assigning the place for the sermon; it runs as follows: "The churchwardens or questmen at the

common charge of the parishioners, in every church shall provide a comely and decent pulpit, to be set at a convenient place within the same, by the discretion of the Ordinary of the place, if any question do arise, and to be there seemly kept for the reading of God's Word."

Though pulpits were not deemed necessary in early days, this does not imply that the people were not carefully taught and instructed in the Faith. In 1281 Archbishop Peckham decreed :

"Every priest who presides over the people shall four times a year publickly expound to the people in the Vulgar Tongue without fantastical subtlety, the fourteen articles of Faith, the Ten Commandments of the Decalogue, the two Precepts of the Gospel, the Seven Works of Mercy, the Seven Deadly Sins, and Seven Principal Virtues, and the Seven Sacraments of Grace."

Space forbids further quotations, but that one is sufficient to prove that no congregation was in ignorance of the teaching of Christ.

It was not till the end of the reign of Henry VIII that the clergy formed the habit of writing, and then reading their sermons, and it was to help those who were unable to preach that the homilies were written. In course of time it became a custom for people to leave sums of money for sermons to be preached on particular subjects.

The pulpit in this church is specially noteworthy, for it was used by Romaine the great Calvinistic

preacher of the day, one time Rector of St. Andrew's, and for forty-six years Lecturer of St. Dunstan's in the West. He also preached frequently in Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room in Park Street.

His beautiful marble monument by Bacon is in the North Chapel, and consists of a statue of Faith pointing with one hand to a figure of Our Lord, and with the other to a Testament open at the words "Behold the Lamb of God." The whole is surmounted by a bust of the Rector.

In the opposite chapel are two monuments, one in memory of Mr. Goode (1816), the founder of the first City Sunday School, now called "The City Sunday School." It consists of the figure of an angel holding a book open at the words "He was a good man." The other is in memory of Isaac Saunders, Rector in 1836, and is of white marble. Upon the summit is a bust of the Vicar, and, beneath, two angels are represented bearing him up towards a crown. He died suddenly on New Year's Eve. Just as he had ascended the pulpit and given out the text, "Ye are complete in Him," he fell down dead. In commemoration of this every year on New Year's Eve a sermon is preached from the same words. A painting of Mr. Saunders, also one of Dr. Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, hang close by.

The beautiful organ stands in a gallery in the west end. Organs are of very ancient date, and good music in churches was much appreciated, even by some of the most Protestant of Reformers. Martin Luther

on one occasion remarked : " We all know that such music is hateful and unbearable to the devil," and Dr. Westenhall said that the music in his church was such that " No devil could stand against it."

## IX

**St. Ann and St. Agnes**

**United with St. John Zachary  
Gresham Street**

**T**HIS church which stands in Gresham Street near what was at one time known as St. Ann's Lane is thought by some to have taken its name from two sisters who built it. It is quite as likely, however, that it was dedicated to the Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Agnes the Martyr. On account of the willow trees in the neighbourhood it gained the name of "St. Ann by the Willows." It was founded in about 1137.

An amusing story of Sir Roger de Coverley is told about this St. Ann's Lane. Having been sent there on an errand when a boy, and not knowing the way, he asked a passer-by if he would direct him to St. Ann's Lane. The person to whom he spoke, instead of giving him the required information, called him a young Papist, and asked him who made Ann a saint. The lad in confusion asked the next person the way to Ann's Lane, and to his astonishment immediately had his ears boxed, was told that he was a "prick-eared cur," that St. Ann was a saint long before he was born



and would be one long after he was hanged. After these experiences Sir Roger wandered about asking each person he met what that place was called.— (“Spectator.”)

St. Ann's was destroyed in the Great Fire but was rebuilt by Wren. As it now stands it is perfectly square, measuring fifty-three feet by fifty-three. Within this another square is formed by four Corinthian columns, one at each corner. The ceiling is tinted blue and richly gilded. The tower which escaped the Great Fire is surmounted by a vane in the shape of the letter A.

It is a pretty little church on the whole, though, alas! we can still see in some parts the work of the old Puritans, but the more recent paintings of angels on the west wall and the beautiful little picture over the vestry opposite the organ, said to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has given place to a large window of the Ascension, prove that steps are being taken to make this House of God more suggestive of Heaven.

Pictures in our churches are happily coming more and more into use every day. They are of very ancient date in Christian places of worship, and in the times when people could not read were a very common mode of instruction. They were even placed in the porches for the edification of those penitents who on account of some grave sin were for a time prohibited from entering the church. St. John Chrysostom says that “those who cannot read the Holy Scriptures may

be able as they look upon the pictures to call to mind the noble acts of those who have served God with sincerity."

During the sixteenth century the Puritans destroyed much sacred art, and those who were thoroughly consistent included paintings and pictures of all descriptions. "Portraits can in no wise be painted with a safe conscience and a due regard for godliness," says one, speaking of some secular subjects.

In 1551 Hooper issued the following injunction: "That when a glass window within any of the churches shall from henceforth be repaired or made new, that you do not permit to be painted or portrayed therein the image of any saint, but if they will have anything painted, that it be either branches of flowers, or posies taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and that you cause to be effaced all such images as do remain painted upon any of the walls of your churches, and that from henceforth there is no more such."

"It was about this time probably," says an authority, "that whitewash was so lavishly used to destroy as far as possible all that was beautiful." From this church even the font was removed and a basin put to replace it in 1662. If stones could speak what stories this little church could tell of how its altar was destroyed, its cross broken, and its hangings burnt.

The seats have now been made open, the galleries abolished, and round the chancel a low oak screen placed. The organ stands to the north and is surmounted by two mitres and a crown.

St. Ann's has more than once been used for sanctuary; in the year 1414 the Queen's Chancellor, and Archdeacon of Huntingdon, Master John Tibbey was murdered near-by, and the assassins claimed sanctuary here and were allowed to flee the country.

This church has sent two, probably more, to swell the number of those who laid down their lives for conscience sake. Mr. Love, the Vicar, was beheaded for strongly protesting against the execution of King Charles I, and John Claydon was burnt at Smithfield in 1415 for his religious opinions, one of the charges brought against him being absence from his parish church.

There are many quaint entries in the books and records of this parish. When in 1726 the church was repaired and redecorated and an agreement was made with a certain Apollo Harris to keep the roof in order for twenty shillings a year, we find this item: "Paid Mr. Harris his Sallary for Doeing Nothing to the Church this year ten shillings."

In the Parish Register occurs the curious name Quaquoriana Tayler.

A curious bequest was that of a man who left a certain amount of money to the Cordwainers' Company on the condition that they attended a service on New Year's Day at his parish church of St. Ann. This custom is kept up to the present time.

It was one of the Rectors here who made mention in his sermon of the birth of a child to Mary and Philip of Spain, on Whit Sunday, 1555, and described it as

being "most beautiful and fair."

There are also records of "Touching for the King's Evil." One of the clergy here, the Rev. Richard Penn, 1755, preached a sermon to which he gave this curious title: "The reasonableness of Repentance, with a dedication to the Devil, and an address to the candidates for hell."

In the Great Fire the church of St. John Zachary was destroyed and the parish was afterwards united to St. Ann's. It was dedicated to St. John the Baptist and called Zachary after a certain monk of that name, to whom it had been granted by the Canons of St. Paul's in order to distinguish it from another church dedicated to the same Saint on Wolbrook.

In an inventory taken about the year 1250, it is recorded that the church possessed one Chalice, a Breviary, two sets of Vestments, five Veils, a painted Altar Cloth, and a silken Banner, to which was added later two Tankards now in use at St. Ann's, which bear the following quaint inscriptions:

"THIS POTT FOR HOLY WINE,  
THIS WINE PURE BLOOD,  
THIS BLOOD TRUE LIFE,  
THIS LIFE CONTAINS ALL GOOD,  
NOT POTTS, BUT SOULS ARE FIT TO HOLD SUCH WINE,  
SUCH BLOOD, SUCH LIFE, SUCH GOOD  
OH CHRIST TAKE MINE."

And;

"MY SAVIOUR BY AN ART DIVINE,  
CONVEIGHS HIS BLOOD TO ME IN WINE,  
FAITH SPIES THE SECRET, AND REVEALS  
AS MUCH TO LOVE, LOVE CLOSELY STEALS  
MY HEART UNTO THIS POTT WHERE GRAVEN  
THIS STOOD  
THIS FOR THY WINE SWEET LORD, THIS FOR THY BLOOD."

The earliest reference to the Goldsmiths' Hall that we find in connection with this parish is in 1327, when a certain tenement was acquired by a member of the craft and used by the Company, the patron being St. Dunstan.



## X

**St. Augustine's, Watling Street**

formerly called

**"Ecclesia Santi Augustini ad Portam"****United with St. Faith's**

**I**N Watling Street, which derived its name from the word "Atheling" Noble, and was formerly the High street of London, stands the church of St. Augustine.

Previous to the Great Fire there was beneath St. Paul's Cathedral a parish church dedicated to St. Faith, and called St. Faith in the Crypt or St. Faith in the Croudes. The entrance to the old crypt under St. Paul's is just inside the door, and part of the ancient steps of the tower may still be seen.

At the time of the Great Fire the congregation for the most part consisted of booksellers. The sacred edifice was therefore made a storehouse for books and valuable papers of all descriptions, but, says a writer who was a boy at the time, notwithstanding these precautions they were utterly destroyed with the church, and "carried by the wind as far as Eton." St. Faith's was not re-erected, but the neighbouring

church of St. Augustine was rebuilt and completed in the year 1695, when the two parishes were united.

The present edifice is fifty-one feet long and forty-five broad, and well lighted, having in addition to the windows six lights in the roof filled with delicately tinted glass. The aisles are divided from the nave by Ionic columns, and as the west gallery has been demolished, the organ is placed south of the chancel.

There are few monuments of interest, but over the western door is a tablet in memory of Judith, the first wife of the lawyer Cowper, who became Lord Chancellor and was raised to the peerage.

Two well-known rectors connected with this church were Dr. John Douglas, who defended the genuineness of the New Testament miracles against the evidence of Hume, and later became, first, Bishop of Carlisle and then Bishop of Salisbury; and Richard Harris Barham, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, who died in 1845.

It was to this church that in 1532 James Rainham, a barrister of the Middle Temple, came to make public confession. He had been tortured on the rack, and owing to pain and weakness had renounced his Faith, but was unable to obtain any peace of mind till he had repented. "Immediately," says Fox, "the next Sunday after he came here and made a public confession and abjuration of his own weakness."

It was here that on the eve of St. Austin the Fraternity met at High Mass, where every brother having "offered a penny was afterwards ready to eat, or to





St. Ann and St. Agnes:  
The Interior



St. Augustine's:  
The Reredos

revel, as the Master and the Warden directed."

What strikes us as most worthy of note the moment we enter St. Augustine's is the beautiful reredos, with its three panels, typifying the Ascension, to the right and left of which are figures of St. Faith and St. Augustine.

And, surely, pausing awhile before it our hearts must needs be filled with thankfulness and joy as we look upon the Saviour's ascending figure surrounded by adoring angels, and see His Hands outstretched in blessing the disciples who stand beneath with upturned faces, gazing at His fast receding Form, His last command still ringing in their ears to wait for the promise of the Father, and then to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We must call to mind what it means to us that that saint on the right carried out to the best of his ability this command, and how through his means, nay, to go further back still, how through the means of three little Yorkshire slave boys, Christianity became firmly rooted in our land; and now, in our turn, we are being privileged to carry the Gospel news to others.

For as the strength and power of our nation extends from land to land, so more and more we take our share in spreading the Religion of Christ.

Little did St. Augustine and his forty monks think when they were so tempted again and yet again to turn back because of the perils of the way, that the little "unknown island at the end of the world" towards which they were journeying would one day





become one of the mightiest kingdoms of the earth, upon the dominions of whose Sovereign the sun would never set.

It is true that Christianity had been brought to Britain before this, for Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert, was a Christian; but it was weak and wavering, and does not appear to have spread throughout the country, or to have taken firm root.

And now for a moment we will allow our minds to revert to the slave market in Rome, where men from various nations and of all sorts and conditions are assembled. Among these, for the most part dark and swarthy people, are three very fair blue-eyed little lads with long yellow hair hanging over their shoulders. A passer-by struck by their beauty stops to make inquiries about them.

"Of what nationality are these children?" he asks.

"They are Angles," is the reply.

"Angles?" he answers. "Do you call them Angles? They are like the Angels, and should have their home with them. But whence do they come?"

"They come from Britain—from Deira."

"Deira? De ira Dei" (God's anger), he exclaims, "and from God's anger they shall be plucked. But what is the name of their king?"

"Ella, King Ella," he is told.

"Ella, Alleluia," he cries, "then Alleluias—God's praises—shall be sung in their land."

St. Gregory, for it is to him that we have been listening, never forgot this conversation; indeed, he even

started himself for England, but was forbidden by his superior to continue his journey. When, however, he became Pope, he sent St. Augustine and forty monks to our shores, the little "island at the end of the world," whence the lads had been brought.

And now another strange and wonderful scene arises before us. We are in the Isle of Thanet, near Deal, where under a great oak the wild Saxon king is seated, surrounded by his wilder followers, alert, watchful, and ready at a word from their sovereign to spring to their feet and utterly destroy these foreigners whom they have assembled to meet.

And, there, coming up from the shore is the little band of Christians, armed only with the Cross which heads their procession, but strong indeed in the strength of the King Whom they serve and Whose ambassadors they are. Surrounded by His Hosts and chanting His praises, they approach and conquer.

There they stand—those few monks—pointing to the picture of the Redeemer which they have brought with them, and telling through the interpreter the wonderful story of His Death and Resurrection. Without a single blow being struck, but simply through the power of that Resurrection, one of the greatest victories the world has ever seen is won, the victory of Christianity over Paganism, the victory of Christ over the Devil.

It was not immediately that Ethelbert accepted this strange teaching, and his answer to St. Augustine is worth quoting :

“Your words are fair—and your promises, but because they are new and doubtful I cannot give my assent to them and leave the customs which I have so long observed with the Anglo-Saxon race. But because you have come hither, a stranger from a long distance, and as I seem to myself to have seen clearly that what you yourselves believed to be true and good you wish to impart to us, we do not wish to molest you. Nay, rather, we are anxious to receive you hospitably and to give you all that is needed for your support. Nor do we hinder you from joining all whom you can to the Faith of your religion.”—(“Stanley.”)

But the victory was practically won. Soon after this Ethelbert was baptized and, later, ten thousand of his people followed his example. Thus Christianity became established in England.

There is no time to enter further into the story of the conversion of our country, it is a matter of history known to most of us, but surely, surely, we may well believe that those three little heathen lads to whom so many millions of souls owe their union with Christ will themselves find a place near Him in Heaven.

We know nothing further about their lives—where they went or what became of them. Perhaps St. Gregory who was so interested in them kept them in sight and converted them, but this we can only surmise. But though tradition tells us nothing, we cannot but believe that they who were the means used by God for saving others, will themselves also have been saved. It was not by their own fault they were born in a

heathen country, but it was through their sufferings that we have been brought into the way of salvation.

For us who have been taught the Christian Faith it is enough to know that if we hope for Heaven we must follow in our Lord's footsteps and obey His commands. But for those who have never known Him in this world, surely we have no right to say, "His arm is shortened that He cannot save." God is Almighty, and we are justified in hoping that those who follow the little light that is vouchsafed to them here will, if not in this world, yet at any rate in the next, be brought to a perfect knowledge of His redeeming love, for Christ died not to save a favoured few, but all mankind.

## XI

**St. Bartholomew the Great****Smithfield**

IT is almost impossible to condense into one chapter all that could be written of this, the oldest parochial church in London. It entirely escaped the Great Fire and teems with interest, both within and without. The very site on which it is erected is redolent with historical associations, and as we stand a moment and glance round, one incident after another fraught with interest confronts us.

Smoothfield, or Smithfield, now a meat market, was in olden times a place where all grades of society from the Sovereign downwards met together to participate in scenes of joy and revelry but also of horrors and sufferings indescribable.

It was here that the celebrated fair was held which in the reign of Henry II was prolonged to fourteen days and became a carnival. Here, too, in 1390 sixty knights at the invitation of Richard II took part in the Great Tournament which was proclaimed in five different countries. On this spot, again, ordeals by battle and duels were of frequent occurrence, and in



the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth and others, many and many a martyr laid down his life for Christ.

But it is time for us to learn from the church something of its founder and history.

We enter by the north door, and descending a flight of steps stand a moment in perplexity. Immediately in front of us is a screen of delicately wrought iron work through which are visible rows of seats stretching almost to the western wall, not facing east, but north and south. The edifice is grand and lofty—but rather too lofty to be in keeping with its size.

Around us are many arches and numerous pillars, long aisles and wide transepts, yet the building is incomplete. What then is lacking? We take a few steps to the right and passing under a narrow arch find ourselves beneath the organ with the west wall comparatively new and out of place on one side and an oak screen on the other.

As we turn and face the east, light begins to dawn upon us. At the far end, within a semicircle of pillars, forming an apse with five bays, stands the High Altar with an ambulatory behind it. Surely, we tell ourselves, this must be the choir of some ancient cruciform church—ancient, indeed, for look, that great pillar to the right is literally crumbling away—for though on either side of us is a transept forming the arms of the cross, there is no nave.

The light grows stronger as memory recalls some half-forgotten story to our minds, nay, not stories but history. For now we are back in the past, when the

world was eight hundred years younger, and crossing our vision is a procession of the monks of St. Austin. Each as he slowly files into his place is chanting his praises for the now completed church of St. Bartholomew, and as there strikes upon our ears the sound of a vast congregation rising to its feet we turn to see the west wall fading from our sight, and in its place stretching ninety-five feet in length, the nave, filled with worshippers quaintly attired in long flowing garments and pointed shoes.

The altar with its countless tapers is a blaze of light, and the notes of the organ peal grandly forth as the service proceeds, and the voices of the choir take up the great hymn of praise "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." The air is heavy with the perfume of incense which, cloud upon cloud, ascends towards the Throne of the Most High, bearing with it the prayers of this great assemblage, and the whole building is filled with the music of thanksgiving in which unseen angels are taking their part.

The vision passes, and we advance and make a closer examination of the fine old pillars and arches, and note once more the height and massiveness of the edifice. If we could only have seen it as it was in its glory before all but the choir and transepts had been swept away by sacrilegious hands!

Drawing nearer to the altar, our thoughts sink deeper into the past till, as we pause at the steps, our eyes fall upon the tomb of Rahere, the founder of the church.

There he lies, to the left, under a canopy of stone, with an angel at his feet and on either side of him a monk holding a book open at the words : " For the Lord shall comfort Zion, He will comfort all her waste places, He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody be heard."

And what verses could be more appropriate ? For was not Prior Rahere chosen by God to convert this waste place into a garden of joy and gladness ? A Garden of Eden where souls could meet their God, and the Eucharist (the Thanksgiving) be constantly offered. And as we thus stand meditating, something of the history of Prior Rahere together with the story of the founding of this church and hospital recurs to us.

He was an ecclesiastic and a great favourite at the court of Henry I. Though not in his early youth a devout man, he started on a pilgrimage to Rome about the year 1220, but being seized on his way with a serious illness he made a vow that if his life were spared he would build a hospital for the poor. During his recovery he had an extraordinary vision in which he was carried by a winged beast to the mouth of the bottomless pit. Consumed with terror, he cried to Heaven for help, and in answer to his prayer St. Bartholomew was sent to succour him and also to tell him that it was God's will that he should not only found a hospital, but build a church, the means for which should be provided.

On his return to England Rahere at once commenced his work by appealing to the King for a grant of land on which to build a church. Henry presented him with a piece of marshy land called "the King's Market," and Rahere, with his own hands prepared the site by clearing away the pieces of rock and stone with which it was encumbered. Then, with the aid of Richard de Belmis, Bishop of London, he founded both hospital and church, though it was many years before the work was completed.

Amongst other records mention is made of three Greek travellers of noble family, who were present at the foundation and foretold its future greatness and importance.

The following extracts are from the Charter granted by the King to the Priory :

"IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY AND UNDIVIDED TRINITY, FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST, I, HENRY, KING OF ENGLISHMEN, TO WILLIAM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, AND GILBERT, BISHOP OF LONDON, AND TO ALL BISHOPS, ABBOTS, AND EARLS; TO BARONS, JUSTICES, SHERIFFS, VISCOUNTS, AND OFFICIALS; AND TO ALL MEN, AND TO HIS FAITHFUL SUBJECTS, AND TO THE CITIZENS OF LONDON, GREETING :—

"KNOW YE THAT I HAVE GRANTED, AND HAVE BY THIS MY CHARTER CONFIRMED TO THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW OF LONDON, AND TO RAHERE, THE PRIOR, AND THE CANONS REGULAR IN THE SAME CHURCH SERVING GOD, AND TO THE POOR OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE SAME CHURCH, THAT IT BE FREE FROM ALL EARTHLY SERVITUDE, AND POWER . . . EXCEPT EPISCOPAL POWER . . . SO THIS CHURCH BE FREE, AND ALL THE LANDS TO IT APPERTAINING WHICH IT NOW HAS, OR THE CANONS MAY BE ABLE REASONABLY TO ACQUIRE, WHETHER BY PURCHASE, OR GIFT . . . NOW AND FOREVER.

"THIS CHURCH MOREOVER WITH ALL THINGS THAT APPERTAIN UNTO THE SAME, KNOW YE THAT I WILL TO MAINTAIN, AND DEFEND, AND TO BE FREE AS MY CROWN . . . I FORBID ALSO, BY MY ROYAL AUTHORITY, THAT ANY MAN, WHETHER MY MINISTER, OR ANY OTHER IN MY WHOLE LAND BE TROUBLESOME TO RAHERE THE PRIOR OR THE AFORESAID



CHURCH, CONCERNING ANYTHING WHICH BELONGS THERETO . . . I CONFIRM ALSO MOREOVER ALL PRIVELEGES OR DONATIONS, AND CHARTERS, BOTH WHICH IT HAS OR IS ABOUT TO HAVE . . .

"AND ALL THESE THINGS I HAVE GRANTED TO THE SAID CHURCH FOR EVER, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, AND THE WELFARE OF MYSELF AND MY HEIRS, AND THE SOULS OF MY ANCESTORS. THEREFORE I ADJURE ALL MY HEIRS, AND SUCCESSORS, IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY TRINITY, THAT THEY MAINTAIN AND DEFEND THIS SACRED PLACE BY ROYAL AUTHORITY AND THAT THEY GRANT AND CONFIRM THE LIBERTIES BY ME GRANTED TO IT."

This Charter was witnessed by the greatest in the land, and as we read it one important personage after another rises before us. There, on one side, stands Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, Stephen's younger brother, whom a little later we find consecrating Thomas-à-Becket and founding the hospital of St. Cross. Near him is Roger, Bishop of Sarum, the King's treasurer and Stephen's great friend; and beside him Geoffrey, the Chancellor, another of Henry's special ministers. Not far off we recognize in the Earl of Montaigne Stephen himself, the future King of England. Henry's chief butler, too, is numbered amongst the assembly, William de Albini a great friend of the Empress Maud; also Richard Bassett, Milo de Gloucester, Alberic de Vere, who was, as has been said, "the first lawyer who founded a great family in England," and many others.

The first Prior of St. Bartholomew's was Rahere himself, a canon of the Order of St. Austin (St. Augustine of Hippo), whose successors for nearly four hundred years followed him one after another in regular succession till the reign of Henry VIII, when the Priory was dissolved and the whole of the church,



with the exception of the choir and transepts, were sold by him to Sir Richard Rich. The refectory, in course of time, became a tobacco factory.

The figure of the Founder has lately been placed in a niche over the porch which stands beneath the tower, rebuilt in 1628. The latter contains five bells forming probably the oldest peal in London. Each is dedicated to a saint whose name it bears, together with the inscription "Ora Pro Nobis."

The architecture is for the most part Norman, though the clerestory and one or two other portions are in the Perpendicular style. The nave originally enclosed the whole of what is now the churchyard. The cloisters, fifteen feet in breadth, extended round an area covering nearly a hundred feet square. Much has been utterly destroyed and a great deal repaired, but large portions of the ancient work still remain. The organ has been placed at the back of the central tower arch, though the tower itself together with the turrets north and south have been removed.

Ah! If stones could only speak, what stories this ancient church could tell us as we wander round it, lingering here and there to note some crumbling piece of stone or old memorial. How many thoughts of sadness and of joy flood our minds till we scarcely know which predominate.

As we stand in the north transept, now restored, close to the little Altar which has lately been placed there, and raise our eyes to the beautiful windows and lofty ceiling immediately above us, we notice the

discoloration of a large portion and naturally attribute it to the Great Fire. But we are wrong, for this church entirely escaped that conflagration. What then was the cause? There was a time, alas, not so long ago, incredible as it may seem, when the blacksmith's hammer might have been heard and the glow of his fire perceived, illuminating this portion of the sacred edifice which was used as a forge. Doubtless, too, many a rough and profane word defiled this holy place which had been set apart for the worship of God.

To the west is a narrow winding staircase by which the north triforium is reached, and here numberless pieces of stone and relics of an early age are preserved.

Continuing up the north aisle a few yards we reach a spot where a flight of steps led through the wall into a small cottage inhabited by a former caretaker—Mrs. Charlotte Hart—who greatly loved the church of which to some extent she had the charge; nearly the whole of her life was spent there, and in her tiny sitting-room were treasured many pictures of the building. When she died she left £600 of her savings towards helping to restore it to something of its former beauty, and the pulpit on our right has risen, a monument to her devotion, part of the legacy having been used to erect it.

Now, if we pass beneath the old arch facing us we shall see to the left a tiny chapel or recess upon the floor of which a brass cross has been inserted by former pupils of Wilton Grammar School, Norwich, in memory of Sir John Dean, its founder (1557). This man was

the first Rector of St. Bartholomew's after the dissolution of the monasteries. The next chapel contains a stone coffin and part of a leaden shroud.

Having passed another chapel we gain a door leading into a modern sacristy beside which hangs a curious monument to the memory of a physician and chemist, who lived in the reign of James I. He claimed to have discovered a universal remedy named *Aurum Portabile*; it was made of pure gold and was dissoluble in any liquid. Five shillings an ounce was the price he asked for this wonderful medicine. The inscription runs as follows :

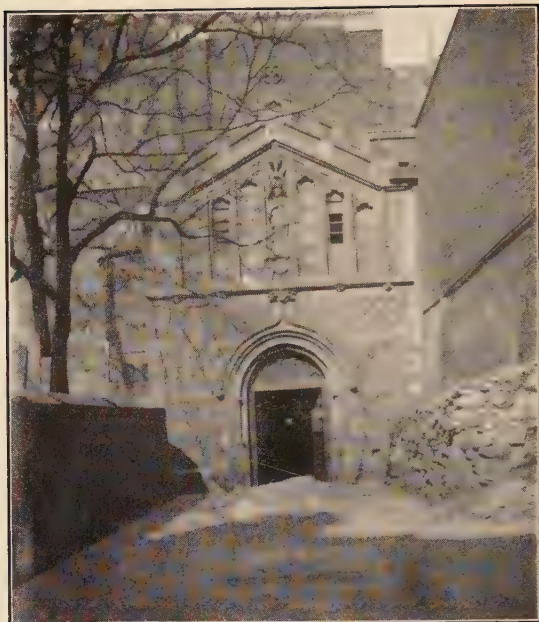
" SACRED

" TO THE MEMORY OF THAT WORTHY AND LEARNED  
FRANCIS ANTHONY, DOCTOR OF PHYSICK.  
THERE NEEDS NO VERSE TO BEAUTIFY THY PRAISE,  
OR KEEP IN MEMORY THY SPOTLESS NAME;  
A THREEFOLD PILLAR TO THY LASTING FAME,  
THOUGH POISENOUS ENVEYE EVER SOUGHT TO BLAME  
OR HYDE THE FRUITES OF THY INTENTION;  
YET SHALL THEY ALL COMMEND THAT HIGH DESYGNE  
OF PUREST GOLD, TO MAKE A MEDICINE,  
THAT FEEL THY HELPE BY THAT THY RARE INVENTION."

" HE DYED 26TH MAY 1623, OF HIS AGE 74.  
HIS LOVING SON, ANTHONY, DOCTOR OF PHYSICK,  
LEFT THIS REMEMBRANCE OF HIS SORROW; HE DYED 26TH DAY OF  
APRIL AND WAS BURIED NEAR THIS PLACE, AND LEFT BEHIND HIM  
ONE SON AND THREE DAUGHTERS."

We have at length reached the large and beautifully restored Lady Chapel, for so many years a ruin. It is now separated from the church by a light iron screen, surmounted by candles; and again we are reminded of the desecration to which this sacred edifice was subjected, for above our heads, projecting right over the High Altar, was at one time a fringe factory. There





St. Bartholomew  
the Great:  
Exterior,  
formerly  
the Nave



St. Bartholomew  
the Great:  
Side Altar on  
the Site of  
Blacksmith's  
Forge



is a crypt beneath which has now been converted into a mortuary chapel.

On the right is the "Masters'" monument where we could spend many an hour dwelling upon the various scenes of interest and excitement through which Ann, wife of Richard Masters, passed during her long life of a hundred years.

To her the face of Cromwell must have been very familiar; possibly she was present at the martyrdom of King Charles I. She beheld the Restoration of Charles II, and survived the terrible Plague which carried off so many thousands. She escaped death when the city of London was burnt to the ground and large numbers were overwhelmed in the flames. She witnessed the Revolution and the death of William and Mary—but we might fill pages if we continued.

Near here is a memorial in memory of the printer of the edition of the Bible known as the London Polyglot in the year 1653, which was edited by Walton, and gives the Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Chaldean, Arabic, Samaritan, Syriac, Persian, and Ethiopian versions of the Scriptures.

But, probably, the most curious monument is that of Edward Cook. It consists of a half-length effigy of him in marble from which in certain conditions of the weather, drops of water fall. It is to this peculiarity that the latter part of the inscription refers :

"UNSLUCE YOUR BRINY FLOODS, WHAT CAN YE KEEP  
Y'OR EYES FROM TEARS, AND SEE THE MARBLE WEEPE—  
BURST OUT FOR SHAME, OR IF YEE FIND NOE VENT  
FOR TEARS, YET STAY, AND SEE THE STONE RELENT."

Near-by, against the southern wall, is the beautiful marble Altar tomb of that rigid Puritan, Walter Mildmay, who was notorious for having been engaged on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. He was also the Founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Emblazoned upon shields at the back are various coats of arms which show the different families with which he was connected.

Above our heads we may see Prior Bolton's Window, projecting out into the church. It is in an excellent state of preservation. It was built by him between the years 1506 and 1532 that from it he might watch the tomb of Rahere as he prayed. It is in the south Triforium, and is reached by a flight of steps from the south transept.

We must not pass the old Font without a glance. In it was baptized Hogarth, one of England's greatest painters; to him we are indebted for several of the pictures of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

There, over the pulpit is an alabaster effigy, now painted black, of Sir Robert Chamberlain, who was in his time considered a great traveller because he had been as far as the Holy Land.

Amongst others of importance buried here are two we must mention—Richard Walden who through his own industry and pre-severance (for his parents were very poor), rose to such great heights as to become Bishop of London, Primate, Secretary to the King, and Treasurer of all England. John Haywood the Historian is another. He was committed to the Tower by

Elizabeth on account of a certain book he wrote, entitled "The History of Edward the Fourth." The Queen is said to have asked Sir Francis Bacon whether he did not consider that the work contained treason. "Not treason, but much felony," he replied. "How and where?" inquired Elizabeth. "Because," answered Bacon, "he hath stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."

And now having reached the west door, we will take our leave with a parting glance at the figure of the founder above it, and one last thought to the scenes of merriment and terrible suffering these old walls have witnessed.

Here, in Smithfield, some of the earlier miracle plays were presented; the clerks performed interludes before Richard II and his Queen, and in the reign of Henry IV some of the plays continued for nine days and were followed by jousts.

Here booths and stalls were set up and amusements of various kinds were provided. Here, also, after the Great Fire, many who had lost their homes were sheltered in tents. Wat Tyler was slain on this spot, and in the reign of Henry VIII these stones saw that most awful of all punishments which was meted out to poisoners—death by boiling.

Yes, Smithfield has been the site of many terrible scenes, but, surely, as we look at Rahere's Hospital, our last thought, ere leaving this vicinity, will be one of thankfulness for the good that it has wrought. How many thousands owe a debt of gratitude to the Founder,

for it is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand persons each year are relieved, if not cured. How many doctors, too, have studied here, and how many discoveries of medical science have resulted from Rahere's piety.

We must not forget to mention the mulberry gardens, the first planted in England, for which the Priory was famous.

The War Memorial which is placed at the entrance gate consists of a Crucifix, and beneath the words : "That they might have life. Hallowed in Christ be the memory of all men and women who fell in the Great War for the freedom of the world : they shall yet stand before the Throne in an exceeding great army, and in the last muster there shall be found these our own beloved."

## XII

**St. Botolph, Aldersgate**

**T**HIS church is situated in Aldersgate Street, the Belgravia of Queen Elizabeth's time, and is near little Britain, so called because the Dukes of Bretagne had their City residences there. But now that fashion has given way to commerce, this neighbourhood may with truth be designated the "Heart core of the City," or, better still, "The stronghold of true John Bullism." (Sketch Book).

Why the old gate demolished in 1792 should have been named Aldersgate is a matter of considerable uncertainty. It is possible that the gate is older than the other gates or that the builder's name may have been Aldrich, or the alder trees which grew round about may be the cause.

There are more than fifty churches in England dedicated to S. Botolph, three of which are in the City of London. Formerly there was a fourth but it was demolished in the Great Fire. The particular one of which we are writing, stands in a beautiful little garden plentifully shaded with trees and liberally supplied with seats. In the midst is a small pond and fountain, which in the heat of summer not only cools the air but is soothing to the eye after the glare and dust of the



streets. It is called "The Postman's Park," and many a weary wayfarer and tired clerk is grateful for the rest and refreshment afforded by this oasis.

The saint to whom the church is dedicated was a native of East Anglia. The town of Boston, or St. Botolph's Town, derives its name from him. He lived in the seventh century.

The edifice though little injured by the Fire in course of time became very dilapidated, and about the year 1790 was rebuilt at a cost of ten thousand pounds.

Probably the first thought which flashes through our minds on entering here has reference to the light, for that is soft and mellow and makes the building in this respect very different from the majority of City churches which are for the most part so dark and gloomy that even in the afternoon it is necessary to feel one's way.

There is nothing very striking about the architecture. The nave is separated from the aisles by yellow tinted Corinthian columns. The chancel is semicircular and is lighted by three windows. The subject of the central one round which curtains are apparently draped being angels ministering to Our Lord after His Temptation. It is rendered extremely beautiful from the way in which the light falls upon certain parts of it, and it is alone worth a visit to St. Botolph's.

As we examine it more closely we cannot but reflect how wonderfully the art of staining and painting glass has developed in the course of time, since artists first drew simple designs with thick black outlines upon blue and red backgrounds.

There are double rows of windows in the north and south walls, the lower ones being nearly all stained. To the north, south and west are galleries, in the latter of which is the organ.

Some years ago St. Botolph's was presented with a staff, the solid silver head being a miniature model of Aldersgate. Staves, now simply carried by beadles and others in procession, had their origin in the fasces of the Roman Governor, and were used for various purposes, amongst others, to correct the unruly and to clear the way before important personages.

There are two or three interesting monuments. There is one to the author of "The whole duty of man," Ann Packingham, a great benefactor in the parish, and another to the physician of Charles II, Sir John Hicklewait, President of the College of Physicians, who died in 1683. Near the door is a tablet in memory of Z. Foxall, which bears the following inscription :

"SPITE OF THE PARTIAL RULE OF VULGAR FATE,  
THE MAN WHO COULD BE HONEST, MIGHT BE GREAT.  
SUCH IS TRUE GENIUS, SUCH WAS THIS MAN'S CLAIM,  
EACH FRIEND COULD PRAISE HIM, AND NO FOE COULD BLAME.  
WHO SOUGHT NO VICE HIS REASON BADE HIM FLY  
WHO LOST NO VIRTUE REASON TAUGHT HIM TRY.  
WHO BLEST EACH GIFT, IMPROVED EACH TALENT GIVEN  
BELIEVED, AND WROUGHT, THE REST BELONGS TO HEAVEN."

And in memory of a lady from America a tablet has been erected bearing this verse :

"TRANSFERRED FROM PENNSYLVANIA'S FRIENDLY COAST,  
A FATHER'S BLESSING AND A MOTHER'S BOAST,  
ON ALBION'S SEA-GIRT SHORE AN EARLY FATE  
POSTPONED EACH TRANSPORT TO A FUTURE STATE.  
DEATH RAISED A BARRIER TO EACH TENDER SCENE,  
MORE FATAL THAN THE WAVES THAT ROLL BETWEEN. 1790."

## XIII

**St. Botolph, Aldgate**

**T**HIS imposing edifice stands in a churchyard near the spot where there was formerly one of the old City Gates, the upper part of which Chaucer the Poet used as a living-room in 1374. In 1760 the structure was demolished.

The first church was built somewhere about the time of Canute, when thirteen knights who had done good service to the State begged the King to bestow upon them a waste plot of land with the liberty of the Guild for ever. He consented provided "they engaged three times in conflict victoriously, and on a certain day did tilt with all comers." This land was afterwards given to the Priory of the Holy Trinity within Aldgate.

St. Botolph's, the third edifice erected on the same site, was the work of the architect of the Mansion House, the elder Dance (1744). It is a little out of the common in that the chancel is to the north instead of to the east. Upon the Altar is a Cross in memory of a late Headmaster, Jenkins by name, which was partly wrought by his own hand. The window above contains a representation of the Descent from the Cross. The windows on either side, together with

the chancel screen, have been presented at various times in memory of different clergy who have ministered here.

Tuscan columns separate the nave from the aisles, round three sides of which there are galleries, for, says Stow at one time the parishioners "increased so rapidly" that the church was "pestered with lofts and seats for them."

The organ, the gift of Thomas Whiting (1676) is in the southern gallery. The ceiling is rather curious on account of the moulded figures of angels surrounding it.

An interesting monument is the half-length effigy in stone of Robert Dowe, who left a sum of money for the tolling of the bell of St. Sepulchre's on the execution of a criminal. He is represented as an old man with a long beard, and hands resting on a skull.

Lord Darcy and Sir Nicholas Carey, who were beheaded on Tower Hill, 1537 and 1538, for being concerned in plots against King Henry VIII, are commemorated by tablets.

St. Botolph's according to the old parish books must have witnessed many curious scenes as some of the following entries testify :

A meeting was held here on one occasion to decide what was to be done with the body of a woman who had hanged herself. After due deliberation it was determined that the most charitable thing would be to have it buried where four roads met, because the roads forming a Cross of themselves would thus be self-consecrated. Moreover, at such places crosses



were frequently erected in order that those who, on account of grievous sins, were prevented from being laid in consecrated ground, might at any rate be buried in a spot rendered sacred by the presence of a Cross. The practice of burying at cross roads was abolished in 1823.

In the year 1583 we find that a certain parishioner was convicted of causing scandal by certain offences, and that he was compelled by way of penance to stand near the pulpit throughout the service till the end of the sermon, when he publicly asked pardon of God and the people.

It was the custom of the Primitive Church that at the beginning of Lent, those who were convicted of notorious crimes should be put to public penance. Our own Book of Common Prayer says : " Brethren, in the Primitive Church there was a godly disciplin, that, at the beginning of Lent, such persons as stood convicted of notorious sins were put to open penance, and punished in this world, that their souls might be saved in the Day of the Lord, and that others admonished by their example might be the more afraid to offend, until the said disciplin be restored which is much to be wished, etc." Of late years this practice has fallen into disuse, though we hear of it being carried into effect as recently as 1882. In former days it was of frequent occurrence. The offender robed in white and holding a faggot, wand, or taper, stood in a prominent place in the church, and publicly confessed the sins of which he had been convicted.







St. Bartholomew the Great:  
Rabere's Tomb



St. Bartholomew the Great:  
Interior, formerly the Choir and Chancel only

*Facing p. 87*

We read in the visitation articles of the Peculiars of Canterbury the following order :

“ For you, the churchwardens at the charge of your parish, to provide a convenient large sheet, and a white wand, to be had and kept within your church or vestry, to be used at such times as offenders are censured for their grievous and notorious crimes.”

Archbishop Grindal made it a rule for the penitent to stand near the pulpit on a board raised at least a foot and a half from the ground.

Another old law made it compulsory for every one to attend their parish church on Sunday under penalty of fine or imprisonment. So here, in 1583, a certain woman having been missed from her place for one or two weeks, the minister and churchwardens called upon her to inquire into the reason of her absence, but as they found her ill in bed, and quite ready to go to church when she recovered sufficiently to do so, no further notice was taken of the matter.

There are some interesting records concerning the rendering of the Service in English instead of Latin, while others show that sums of money were paid for the ringing of joy bells on the death of Mary, Queen of Scots.

In 1370 a Guild was formed in honour of the Body of Christ, and a sum of money was left to this church “ to maintain thirteen waxen lights burning about the Sepulchre in the time of Easter, and to find a chaplin.”

We cannot leave the vicinity of St. Botolph's without giving a parting thought to the awful scourge

which ravaged London just before the Great Fire and to the vicar, Thomas Ardern, who ministered here at that time. Unlike those who thought of nothing but their own safety, he remained at his post throughout that whole dreadful period.

The churchyard here contained one of the largest plague-pits ever dug, and it would have been larger, had not the workmen come to water. It was forty feet long by fifteen broad, and was twenty feet deep. Though there was no part of London where the disease raged so violently except Whitechapel, the churchwardens were blamed for having it as large "as if they expected to bury the whole parish in this terrible gulf," said one. They showed their wisdom and foresight, however, for between the 6th and 20th of September, 1,114 bodies were thrown into it.

So far as possible the public were prevented from seeing these pits, because frequently in terror and delirium they would fling themselves in, crying out that they were burying themselves, and die before they could be rescued. "It was very very dreadful, such as no tongue can explain," writes one who lived in that time.

How many terrible sights this churchyard has witnessed it would be impossible to say, but the following extract from the pen of an eye witness serves for an example :

"I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories and heard the Bell-man, and there appeared the dead cart as they call it coming over the street. There was nobody as I

could at first perceive in the churchyard, or going into it, but the buriers and the fellow that drives the cart, or rather that leads the horse and cart, but when they came up to the pit they saw a man go to and fro again, muffled up in a brown cloak and making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he were in a great agony, and the buriers immediately gathered about him supposing he was one of those poor delirious creatures that used to pretend to bury themselves; he said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned deeply, and loud, and sighed as he would break his heart.

“ When the buriers came up to him they soon found he was neither a person infected and desperate, or a person dis-tempered in mind, but one oppressed with a dreadful might of grief, indeed having his wife and several of his children in the cart, that was just come in with him, and followed in an agony of excess and sorrow. He mourned heartily, as it was easy to see, but with a kind of masculine grief that could not give itself vent in tears, and desiring the buriers to let him alone, said he would only see the bodies thrown in and go away. So they left importuning him, but no sooner was the cart turned round and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously, which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected that they would have been decently laid in, though indeed he was afterwards convinced that that was impracticable, but he cried out aloud, unable to contain himself. I could not hear what he said, but he went backwards two or three steps and fell down in a swoon, but the buriers took him up, and in a little time he came to himself and was led away. He looked into the pit again as he went, but the buriers had covered the bodies so immediately with earth, that though there was light enough, for there were lanterns and candles placed all night round the sides of the pit upon the heaps of earth, seven or eight, perhaps more, nothing could be seen.”— (“ Memories of the Plague.”)



## XIV

## St. Botolph, Bishopsgate

THE now beautiful churchyard or garden through which St. Botolph is approached was once—and not so long ago—an unwholesome and unsanitary place which was used principally for depositing refuse and the dead bodies of cats and dogs. It occurred one day to the Rector, Mr. Rogers, that all this might be changed, and therefore he had a tarpaulin erected, and the work of reformation began. He gives an amusing account of what took place :

“Nothing would persuade the people,” he says in his interesting little book, “that the vilest practices were not being perpetrated; the Rectory was so besieged that I consulted one of the churchwardens. He said: ‘Send them to me.’”

“I did so, and when an individual appeared and began in sepulchral strains to harangue me, I answered him by saying that if his troubles were spiritual I should be happy to assist him by grappling with them, but if he had come about the bones of his ancestors I begged to refer him to the churchwardens. That gentleman proved equal to the occasion. He insisted upon a glass of wine being regarded as a preliminary to the discussion of all grievances connected with the project, and the malcontents rarely resisted, and the churchwarden afterwards remarked triumphantly: “A dozen of sherry at thirty shillings squared the lot.”

“I need hardly say that everything was done decently and

in order, and we offered to put up a tablet in the church in memory of any person whose bones could be satisfactorily identified." (Rogers.)

We cannot discover the date of the first foundation of St. Botolph's. The present building is a very modern structure; James Gold being the architect. Having become extremely dilapidated, it was demolished, and in 1725 Gibson, Bishop of London, laid the Foundation Stone.

It is a fine edifice, rather curiously constructed the chancel being beneath the tower. The aisles are divided from the nave by composite columns. To the north, south and west are galleries, in the latter of which stands the organ in two parts to avoid obscuring the west window. The arched ceiling is tinted blue and gold and ornamented with cherubim and crowns.

To the north of the Altar are mosaic pictures representing "The Agony in the Garden" and "The Walk to Emmaus." There is also a beautiful little Side Chapel in memory of those of the R.H.A. Company who fell in the War.

The whole of the windows are stained, most of them having been purchased with money left by former parishioners for the beautifying of the church. There is some good carving about the building, and on the lower part of the gallery are inscribed the names of various Rectors. A slab on the wall denotes that the church was restored and the organ rebuilt, 1912. Sir Paul Pindar is commemorated by a monument which bears the following inscription :

" SIR PAUL PINDAR, KNIGHT, HIS MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR TO THE TURKISH EMPEROR, ANNO DOM. 1611, AND NINE YEARS RESIDENT, FAITHFUL IN NEGOCIATIONS FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, EMINENT FOR PIETY, CHARITY, LOYALTY, AND PRUDENCE—AN INHABITANT TWENTY SIX YEARS, AND BOUNTIFUL BENEFACTOR TO THIS PARISH. HE DIED THE 22ND OF AUGUST, 1650, AGED 84 YEARS, AND AS THE PARISH BOOKS INFORM US ' ABOUT 11 OR 12 O'CLOCK ATT NIGHT, AND WAS BURIED THE 3RD OF SEPTEMBER, ATT NIGHT, A WORTHY BENEFACTOR TO THE POOR."

Torchlight funerals were of frequent occurrence in those days. Aldermen of London who had been Mayors were, as a matter of course, laid to rest at night, but such funerals having become productive of disorder, were prohibited by Charles I.

Sir Paul was a generous and devoted adherent both of the martyr King and James I who were in the habit of calling on him personally when in need of money, to solicit loans. It was he who provided means to enable Queen Henrietta and her children to seek safety in flight ; and he not only lent the King an enormous sum, but gave liberally towards the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral. We further read, as an interesting detail, that to every one in the parish he gave a venison pasty.

There are two Vicars buried here. One of them was Stephen Gosson, author of " The School of Abuse," which contained " a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of the Commonwealth."

The Founder of Dulwich College, Edward Alleyn (1566) was baptized here, and in 1585 mention is made of a sum of money paid for " strawing yarbes and for perfumes for the church at Sir William Alleyn's

funeral"—possibly his father. Another Edward Alleyn was poet to the Queen.

Archibald Campbell (1795), seventh Earl of Argyle—the great Marquis of the Scottish Covenant, was married here.

There are one or two curious bequests left to St. Botolph's. A certain Mr. Holly gave a tenor bell on condition that "at what time soever a man deceased that had born any place of eminence in the parish, and after fell into decay through cross or misadventure, that he should have benefit by the bells service freely bestowed on him at his funeral, not paying cost or dutys thereof."

Possibly the bequest was either in consequence of an old superstition that the passing bell prevented evil spirits taking possession of the soul as it left the body, or else, as is much more likely, as a reminder to people to pray for one of their number who was dying or dead.

Another person left a sum of money to provide four widows with a waistcoat, kirtle, ready made up of good cloth, the cloth to be worth at least fifteen shillings, a pair of stockings to be worth one and six, and a pair of shoes to be worth two shillings, to be presented on the Feast of St. Thomas.

The registers, which are extremely interesting and in some cases quaintly worded, date from 1558, the year of Elizabeth's accession. The title page runs thus:

"This register book belongs to the parish church of St. Botolph, Bishopgate, London, wher'in is



contayned ye names of such as have been married, christened, and buried, since the beginning of the raigne of our soveraign Ladie Queen Elizabeth, and now written according to her Majesty's instructions."

Many foreign names occur, for in a portion of the parish called "Petty France" numbers of foreigners, especially Protestant Refugees, congregated. In the old Registers of Baptisms, the hour of birth is frequently marked, as well as the date, together with the names of the godparents :

"1592 April 25th Henry Sonne of Sir Horatio Paul Qinceno, Knight; Countess of Shrosburie, the younger Deputie for the Queene's Majestie being Godmother, the Lord Treasurer and the Earl of Shrosburie Godfathers."

"1611 March 27th Frederiche Son of William Cornwall, Knight, was born 14th March between six and seven of ye clock in ye morning, and Baptised ye 28th day of same month, Ano 1611. The Countess of Bedford Prentize the Queenes Matey Person Godmother, ye Right Honourable Charles Duke of York, and Robert Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurers of England, the Godfathers."

"Elizabeth, a Negroes Child born White, ye Mother a Negro."

The next we think must be a mistake :

"1608 April 9th Ladye Marye Bohun Stafford Bd outt of Bethlehem House 140 years of age."

"1628 May 21 William Earl of Devonshire his bowels buried in ye evening."

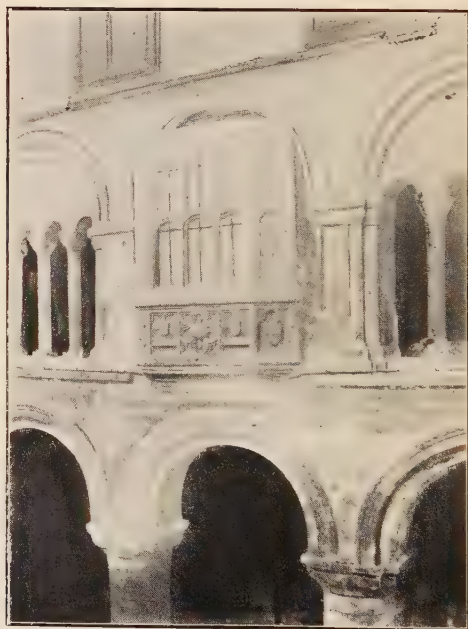
It was the custom at one time—from the twelfth to the eighteenth century—to bury the heart and bowels in one place and the body in another. It appears to have been the custom to mention the cause of death :







St. Bartholomew  
the Great:  
Specimen of  
Ancient  
Architecture



St. Bartholomew  
the Great:  
Prior Bolton's  
Window

"Jane Coulter, murdered in Moore Fields. 23."

"John a Foundling starved, by Sybil, his Nurse."

"John Curtis, and Mary his Sister, both drowned in the Thames."

"John Keble Poulterer, executed at Tyburn."

"Grace Ward who broke her neck out of her Mistress' Garrit Window."

One or two other interesting items are worth noting:

"Paid for Frankincense and Flowers when Chausleare (Chancellor) sat with us."

"Paid for bread and drink for the Ringers when Anthony Babington and the rest of the Traitors were taken 1585."

"Paid the Ringers for drink when Dunpetro was taken 1587." (Don Pedro de Valdrey was an Admiral of the Spanish Armada whom Sir Francis Drake captured.)

We must mention one interesting sight this church witnessed a few years ago when the Jews were expelled from Russia. The Rector decided to hold a service in St. Botolph's on their behalf. The Hebrew parishioners took the matter up with ardour, and on Sunday afternoon the body of the church was filled. The sermon was preached from the text "Persecuted but not forsaken," and, said the Rector: "never did I hear the people sing more feelingly; they took half the roof off with 'Guide me O Thou great Jehovah.' There was a collection afterwards, and a man from Petticoat Lane came to the vestry when the service ended, saying that he was much struck with the discourse and would like to contribute, but he had only two shillings with him, and could he be given one and sixpence change?"

It must have been a curious sight—this assemblage of Jews, God's chosen people of old—worshipping in a Christian church.

In the churchyard is the War Memorial, a Calvary Cross bearing on one of the steps the words : " The Royal Artillery Company, August 4th, 1916," on another the single word " Kitchener," and on the step below " June 6th, 1916, ' Lest we forget.' " On another step " Andre Amyll, January 19th, 1917," and on yet another, " J. Cornwall of H.M.S. Chester. A hero of sixteen years, V.C." And lastly, one inscription runs : " In memory of all our brave dead of Bishopsgate, 1914-1916."

## XV

**St. Bride's, Fleet Street**

**T**HIS church with its tall and graceful spire—the highest of all Wren's steeples, and supposed to be some of his best work—stands in one of the busiest parts of London—the headquarters of the newspaper world, Fleet Street. The river Fleet passed through here; hence the name of the street.

We cannot find the date of the foundation of St. Bride's, but we read of the church in 1222, when William Venor, a warder of the Fleet prison, partly rebuilt it because of its having become so dilapidated. It was destroyed in the Great Fire but was restored by Wren in the year 1680, the steeple being built in the year 1701 at a cost of over eleven thousand pounds.

St. Bride's, as it now stands, is one hundred and eleven feet long, by fifty-seven broad, and consists of a nave and side aisles, the walls being panelled to the height of several feet. In the west gallery stands the organ. The Font, one of the relics of the past, bears the date 1615.

Formerly there must have been more than one Altar, for the printer, Wynken de Wards, who published four hundred works, and was assisted in his



career by the mother of Henry VII, left instructions for his body to be laid in front of St. Katherine's Altar.

The east window contains a painting of the Descent from the Cross, and upon the reredos are various symbols and texts.

St. Bride's steeple, being four feet higher than that of St. Mary-le-Bow is, with the exception of St. Paul's Cathedral, the tallest of those erected by Wren.

In the first instance it attained the height of two hundred and thirty-four feet, but having been struck by lightning during a thunder-storm, was reduced to its present elevation of two hundred and twenty-six feet. Three thousand pounds was needed to repair the damage of that storm. It was so violent that one stone of about eighty pounds in weight was thrown from the tower over the east end of the church on to the roof of a house in Bride Lane.

The first peal of five thousand and forty grandsire caters ever rung was effected by the London scholars in the year 1717, when there were ten bells. In 1718 two more bells were added, and in 1724 the first peal ever completed in this kingdom upon so large a number was rung by the college youths. At one time the music of these bells was considered so sweet that Fleet Street was constantly lined with the carriages of people coming from far and near to hear them. They were the first, too, to toll out the sad tidings to Londoners that Victoria the "Well-Beloved" had passed from their midst.

The Christian Faith is the only one that employs peals of bells for devotional purposes, and our own churches, therefore, the only edifices built with steeples. In the early ages only small bells were used, then, by degrees, as these were made larger and larger, it became necessary to erect structures strong enough to hold them : hence our church towers.

Almost the first incident we read of in connection with St. Bride's is that in the year 1235 a man took refuge there after having committed murder. He was a certain Henry de Battle, who, when he had killed Thomas de Hall, saved his life by claiming Sanctuary, but he was compelled to leave the country.

St. Bride's has sent at least one of her clergy to win the crown of Martyrdom, John Taylor, alias Cardmaker, was accused of heresy, thrown into Newgate, and from there taken to Smithfield with another man named Warren to lay down his life. Some of Taylor's friends were doubtful of his constancy, and feared that when he saw Warren suffering his courage would fail him, but they did not know the man. On reaching the place of torture, he knelt a few minutes in prayer, kissed the stake, and taking his fellow martyr by the hand comforted and encouraged him. (One authority says that Cardmaker was a Layman.)

Another of St. Bride's clergy worth mentioning on account of his charity was Vicar between the years 1637 and 1642. He was unselfish in the extreme but strangely eccentric and possibly thoroughly imbued with Puritanical views, for at times he was most careless

in the way in which he conducted the service, omitting certain prayers and wearing neither cassock or surplice. However, in order to give more abundantly to the poor he had a room fitted up in the belfry and there dwelt. In this way he saved house rent, and was able to devote larger sums to those in need. He also founded some almshouses.

Like St. Andrew's, Holborn, this church is specially connected with Poets. When Milton returned from his travels, it was in the churchyard here that he took up his abode. He lived in the house of a tailor named Russel, and it was here that he commenced the education of his two nephews. The offices of "Punch" till lately stood upon the site of his lodgings.

Richard Lovelace, the "Cavalier Poet" as he is called, whose story is such a sad one, and also from the various statements concerning him, such a difficult one to tell, lies within these walls. He was the son of a Knight and, noted according to some authorities, for his amiability, modesty, and virtue. When he was presented to Charles I, Anthony Wood thus described him: "The most beautiful youth that I ever beheld." He was a devoted adherent of the King, and having spent all his money in his cause was twice imprisoned for his loyalty. From being about the Court and living in every luxury and comfort he sank to abject poverty. From having dressed in cloth of silver and gold, he dressed in rags. He died just two years before the Restoration, of consumption, or rather of a broken heart on account of the marriage of Lucy Sackville

to whom he was very much attached, but from whom he was parted for a time while he was fighting for Louis XIII, she married, having heard a false report of his death.

It was to her that he wrote the well-known lines :

“ I could not love thee, dear, so well,  
Loved I not honour more.”

He is the author also of the lines :

“ Stone walls do not a prison make  
Nor iron bars a cage.”

Amongst other poets and authors laid to rest here are Robert Lloyd, a friend of Churchill's, who died in the Fleet, having been imprisoned for debt, and Flatman, Poet and Painter (1688).

“ Flatman, whom Cowley imitates with pains  
And rides a jaded horse whyth loose reins.”

*(Lord Rochester.)*

Here, also, lies Sir Richard Baker, author, whose *Chronicles*, says an authority, “ Tho' written during his imprisonment in the Fleet, and not much read at present, as they are doubtless full of mistakes, he having had little opportunity of getting books of reference, have in their time given much pleasure and diffused more knowledge than Historical works of more pretensions.”

Chevalier Desseasau, a Russian (1775) also lies here. He was a friend of Foot, Goldsmith and Johnson, and though imprisoned in the Fleet for some misdemeanour, conducted himself so irreproachably that he won the confidence of all about him to such an extent that he was allowed to go in and out as he pleased.



Richardson, the novelist, too, is buried here. He was the son of a joiner, and was noted for his hospitality to the sick and love of children. For the latter he always kept sweets and fruit in his pocket, and for the former, if sick or suffering, had them brought to his house that he might nurse them back to health, or minister to them till they died.

There is a tablet to the memory of that Thomas Waitman, to whom an obelisk has been erected in Ludgate Circus. His parents were poor, and, being adopted by his uncle, he joined the company of Framework Knitters and became a man of importance. Later he represented London in five Parliaments, and in 1823 was made Lord Mayor. His enemies, however, said he was most illiterate and "unable to give three consecutive sentences a grammatical construction." He nearly lost his life at the funeral of Queen Catherine, for as he drove through the Park a bullet was shot into his carriage.

Sir John Denham, whose poems are praised by Pope, was married here in 1634.

The Poet Rector, Thomas Dale, 1870, is best known for his poem "The Widow of Nain," finding St. Bride's too small for the parish, succeeded in getting another church built—Holy Trinity, Gough Square.

In olden days interference during Divine Service was treated in a very different manner from now. We read that a certain Hugh Eton, a hosier, having by his noisy behaviour caused a disturbance in this church,



was as a punishment placed in a cage in Fleet Street with a paper on his head setting forth his offence, and that he was afterwards locked up till surety was found for his good conduct.

Ere leaving here, we must give one thought to St. Bride to whom no other church in London is dedicated. She was of Irish birth and was the daughter of a Prince of Ulster. She was born soon after the conversion of Ireland. She was the first nun in that country and built her cell under an oak. She is buried with St. Columba and St. Patrick in Downpatrick.

There was a well at one time in or near the churchyard here (the spot is now marked by a pump) which was believed to have miraculous power. It was named after St. Bride, and from it the Royal Residence built by Henry VIII for the reception of Charles V of France and his suite, and afterwards given by Edward VI for a workhouse and house of correction, takes its name of Bridewell.

Shakespeare lays his third act of Henry VIII in the ancient palace. Speaking of Bridewell reminds us of a curious sermon once preached on a notorious criminal, a Mrs. Cresswell, who was confined there in the reign of Charles II. She left a sum of money for a sermon to be preached upon her in which nothing was to be said of her that was not good. Considering the kind of woman she had been, this was not an easy matter, but the preacher was equal to it. After speaking of mortality generally, he finished by saying: "I am

desired by the will of the deceased to mention her, and to say nothing that is not well of her. All that I would say, therefore, is that she was born well, lived well, and died well; for she was born at Clerkenwell, she lived as Cresswell, and died at Bridewell."

Within the churchyard are the head and hand of one of the earls of Dorset.

## XVI

**Christ Church, Greyfriars****United with St. Leonard's, Foster Lane**

**W**HAT a crowd of Kings and Queens and people of note rise up before us as we stand within this sacred building. What stories many of them have to tell—of joy, of suffering, and of sin : for we are now upon a portion of the site of the ancient church of the Grey Friars, and beneath our feet and on all sides of us, within and without the building, lie the ashes of those with whose names, at least, we are familiar.

In the year 1224 there came from Italy four poor Friars, so poor that they had to build with their own hands their cells of wattle and clay. In 1225 John Ewin gave them a piece of land near Newgate, and there they took up their abode.

A hundred years pass, and now instead of four poor men living in clay huts we see a magnificent church and a stately priory, together with a fine library reared and attended by the noblest in the land.

Queen Margaret, the second wife of Edward I, commenced the choir, and John, Duke of Richmond, built the body of the sacred edifice. Donations were

given by the wives of Edward II and Edward III, the Countess of Pembroke, Lady de Spencer, Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, and many others. Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, gave twenty large beams of his forest, and the library, with four hundred pounds for books, was presented by Sir Richard Whittington.

The church which was three hundred feet long by eighty-nine feet broad, contained pillars and pavement of marble, and was consecrated in the year 1325.

Two hundred years later (1538) Henry VIII seized the Priory, and for several years it remained closed down. It came in time to be used as a storehouse for prizes taken from the French. In the year 1546, however, the King presented the church, priory, and library to the Mayor and Corporation of London, with orders that the parish should be united with those of St. Nicholas in the Shambles and St. Ewin, Newgate Market, and the whole called "Christ Church within Newgate, founded by Henry VIII."

The conventual buildings were to be devoted to charitable purposes, but till 1552, when Bishop Ridley preached on charity before Edward VI, no steps were taken to carry out this scheme. After the sermon the young King sent for the bishop and asked for advice with regard to his duty towards the poor. As a result of the conversation Edward founded two hospitals—St. Thomas' for the sick and Bridewell for the poor, and also confirmed the above-mentioned grant of his father. He was himself proclaimed founder and patron of a school for fatherless children, called

later " The Bluecoat School " or " Christ's Hospital," and he further endowed it with an annual sum of money. It was just ten days before his death, namely, on the 20th of June, that he signed the Charter. The school was started six months later with three hundred and forty boys which number has now, we believe, been almost doubled.

The church was destroyed in the Great Fire but was re-erected by Wren in 1687. But it only covers now half the ground of the original Grey Friars' church. The remainder is now used as a burial place.

The present edifice is one hundred and fourteen feet long by eighty-one feet wide and is well lighted by a clerestory of twelve windows. The Corinthian columns which separate the nave from the aisles, and which do not here, as is usual elsewhere, support arches, are encased with wood to the height of the galleries. The north and south galleries were till lately set apart for the use of the Bluecoat Boys who always attended here. The western gallery holds the organ; the pulpit as well as other portions of the building is well carved.

In olden days a very common form of bequest was a sum of money to be spent on bread for distribution among the poor, and in this church, as well as many others in the City, are shelves erected for the purpose of holding the loaves. The following inscriptions may be read on tablets on the eastern side of the church :

" THIS BREAD GIVEN HERE WEEKLY TO THE POOR OF ST. LEONARD'S WHICH PARISH IS NOW UNITED TO CHRIST CHURCH IS FROM A BEQUEST OF SIR JOHN TROT AND OTHER BENEFACTORS."



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“THE BREAD HERE GIVEN TO THE POOR IS FROM THE CHURCH RATE  
AND THE BENEFACIONS OF MR. ROGER HARRIS AND MR. THOMAS  
STREET.”

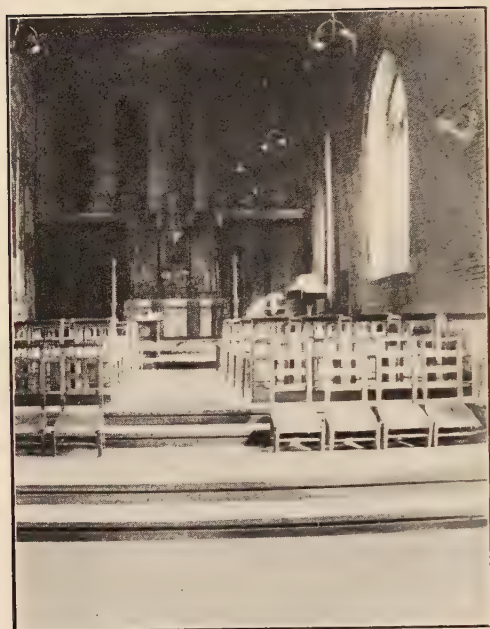
At least six hundred and sixty-eight “persons of quality,” says Stow, “lie round here. All these and five times as many more have been buried there whose monuments are wholly defaced, for there were nine tombs of alabaster and marble, environed with spikes of iron in the choir, and one tomb in the body of the church, also coped with iron, all pulled down, besides seven score grave stones of marble all sold for £50, or thereabouts, by Sir Martin Bones, goldsmith and Alderman of London.”

Amongst these are Margaret of France, wife of Edward I, and Isabelle, wife of Edward II, who lies with the heart of her murdered husband upon her breast. It was of frequent occurrence in those days for the heart of a person to be buried in one place and the body in another. Near-by lies their daughter Joan, wife of David Bruce of Scotland—“Joan of the Tower,” as she is called, from having been born in that fortress. Not far off is the body of the evil Mortimer, Earl of March, who was hanged at Tyburn in the reign of Edward III, and whose body was left for two days upon the gallows.

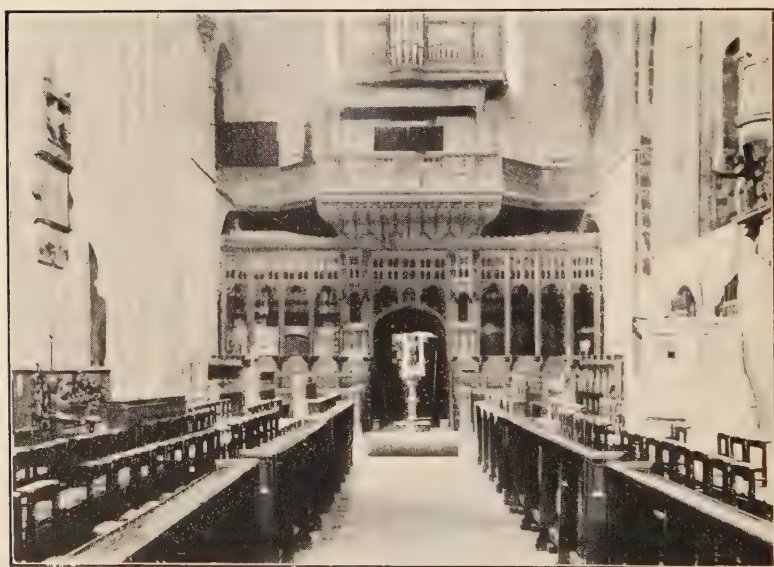
Terrible scenes rise before us as we linger in this building, and our thoughts are drawn from the sacred edifice to Tyburn—that place of bloodshed where so many yielded up their lives.

Sir Robert Tresilion and Sir Nicholas Brombre—the





St. Bartholomew the Great;  
Lady Chapel



St. Bartholomew the Great;  
West End

one Chief Justice of England and the other a Lord Mayor—both lost their lives there. The Chief Justice remarked that they would be unable to kill him as he had certain charms about him which would save him. He was therefore immediately searched, and it was not till some small images and a devil's head had been taken away that he was hanged.

Alice Hungerford who, after having been incarcerated in the Tower, was taken to Holborn and there placed in a cart with her maid and conveyed to Tyburn to be hanged for the murder of her husband, though there is some doubt as to her guilt, is interred here.

And we are the witnesses of yet another execution—and this time surely an unjust one. King Edward IV accidentally killed a white buck which was greatly valued by its owner, Sir Thomas Burdet, who in a fit of irritation said that he wished the horns of the beast were in the person of the King's advisers. For these words he lost his life, as they were supposed to imply that he desired evil to the King.

Another prisoner lies beneath our feet, John, Duke of Bourbon. For eighteen years he lingered in the Tower, having been taken at Agincourt. No tomb or monument, either in the church or churchyard, marks any of these spots.

A few others lie here worth mentioning : Beatrice, Duchess of Brittany, the second daughter of Henry III, who came over for the coronation of Edward I but did not live to return home ; Guiscard who stabbed Harley, Earl of Oxford, in the Council Chamber ; the Duchess

of Buckingham, whose husband was executed 1521, and who left word that her heart was to be placed in the churchyard of the Grey Friars; Isabella Fitzwarden, in her own right Queen of the Isle of Man; and Elizabeth Barton, "the Holy Maid of Kent," who was executed at Tyburn in 1534.

Although no very old monuments are now to be seen, there are a few modern ones. On the right and left of the Altar Rev. Samuel Crowther and Rev. Michael Gibbs, Rectors of this church, the one for twenty-nine years, and the other for forty-seven, are commemorated by white busts. There is also upon one of the walls a list of the Vicars since 1547.

Richard Baxter, the well-known divine and author of "The Saint's Rest," is also laid here. He was strongly opposed to Baptism by immersion, which he believed to be detrimental to life. He said that in his opinion it was the cause of many diseases and "as bad as highway robbery and a breach of the Sixth Commandment." Timbs, commenting on this particular doctrine of Baxter's, says: "Had he lived in these cold water days tubbing would probably have taught him more toleration."

Sir John Floyer, physician, was on the other hand of opinion that for sanitary reasons, if for no other, total immersion was of the utmost importance, and that those who did not conform to the old custom were greatly to blame. He further expressed himself in the following words: "Discontinuance was attended with ill effects on the physical condition of the population;



they did great injury to their own children and to posterity who first introduced the change." He also mentions a curious superstition which held sway at one time. An old man of his acquaintance eighty years of age whose father lived at the time when immersion was the practice, told him that parents, when they brought their little ones to the Font, would ask the minister to dip well into the water that part of the child in which any disease had afflicted themselves to prevent the ailment descending to future generations. It was a proverbial saying that if a person complained of a pain in a limb, that that limb had not been properly dipped in the Font.—(Timbs).

Thomas Sutton, Founder of Charterhouse, was buried here (for a short time) with great pomp. The body was embalmed and was followed to the church from Paternoster Row by six thousand people, and, although such a short distance, the procession lasted for six hours. When the tomb in Charterhouse Chapel was completed, the corpse was removed and re-interred there by torchlight as was sometimes the custom. In speaking of Charterhouse, Fuller says that it was "the greatest gift in England either in Protestant or Catholic times ever bestowed by an individual."

It was to Christ Church that Parliament came time after time to hold Thanksgivings for victories over King Charles I. On the return of the members after one of these services, they passed with great signs of satisfaction a large pile of crucifixes and ornaments from different churches which had been thrown

together to be burnt. Some of the scenes of sacrilege which took place in those days are too terrible to recount, for there were those then, as there are now, who imagined that they honoured Christ by treating with contempt all sacred objects and more particularly the Cross, the Symbol of Salvation.

At Sudley a slaughter-house was made of the chancel, carcases being cut up upon the Altar. In mockery of Baptism ceremonies were performed in which the Sacraments were travestied, horses and swine taking the place of children and catechumens, and at Westminster Abbey soldiers sat smoking and drinking round the Altar.—(Southey).

Till the Pulpit Cross in Spitalfields was destroyed in the Civil Wars, a sermon used to be preached there on Easter Tuesday called the "Spital Sermon," the Lord Mayor and Aldermen being present. Now it is preached here instead.

Pepys mentions a rather interesting circumstance in connection with the Bluecoat School worth recounting. Two wealthy citizens left a sum of money to a boy and girl of Christ's Hospital. Certain of the magistrates thought it would be a good plan if the two were to get married. The boy, therefore, dressed in a habit of blue satin and led by two girls, and the girl in blue, with a green apron and yellow petticoat "all of sarsenet" and led by two boys, went in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, where they were married by the Dean. The Lord Mayor acting as father gave away the bride. Bow bells rang out a joyful peal

and an entertainment at the Hospital concluded the day.

It was the church of the Grey Friars that witnessed the Consecration of Cardinal Pole.

A torpedo fell on the roof of the church. Fortunately, it did not explode, though a window was broken by shrapnel.

There is a War Memorial to E. Wicks, an airman. The Memorial to the Bluecoat Boys is at Horsham.

## XVII

**St. Clement's, Eastcheap****United with St. Martin's Ongar**

**M**ENTION is made of this church which stands in Clement's Lane as early as 1309. Stow speaks of it as "A very small church, with but few monuments." It was destroyed at the same time as St. Martin's Ongar in the Great Fire, and the fact that the latter was not rebuilt accounts for the two parishes being united. St. Martin's Ongar took its curious name from its Founder. It was built in the twelfth century.

The wife of Sir Edward Osborn was buried there. A pretty story is told of her. Sir William Hewet, her father, lived in 1559 upon London Bridge. The little Anna's nurse allowed the child to fall from one of the windows into the water beneath, and the current being extremely strong she must have been drowned had not young Edward, then an apprentice, sprung into the water after her, and with some difficulty brought her to land in safety. Years afterwards when she had grown to womanhood there were many who wished to marry her as she was an heiress, and amongst others was the Earl of Shrewsbury, but her father dismissed

them all with the words : " Osborn saved her, and only Osborn shall have her." They married, and by 1583 the apprentice had risen to be Lord Mayor and a very rich man. A great grandson of theirs was Thomas Osborn, Viscount Latimer, Earl of Danby, Marquis of Carmarthen and Duke of Leeds. At Kiveton House in Yorkshire there is a picture of Osborn the apprentice.

St. Clement's was rebuilt by Wren in 1686; it is sixty-four feet long and forty broad, and contains some beautiful carvings, especially upon the pulpit and canopy which are extremely handsome. The walls are wainscotted to a height of about eight feet.

There are two stained windows worth noting; one of St. Martin giving the half of his cloak to the beggar, and the other of the Martyrdom of St. Clement, who was a Bishop in the time of St. Paul and was martyred by being cast into the sea, fastened to an anchor. He is the patron of blacksmiths.

There is a tablet commemorating two musical composers who were both organists of St. Clement's—Henry Purcell and Jonathan Battishill.

This church can lay claim to having had more than one man of note amongst its clergy. Bishop Bryan Walton, Bishop Pearson, and Thomas Fuller, are commemorated by the west window which contains full-length pictures of all three. Fuller, who in 1646 was lecturer here, was also an historian, and became Bishop of Chester. Pearson, lecturer in 1656, preached that series of lectures on the Creed which he afterwards published and dedicated " To the right worshipful



and well-beloved, the Parishioners of St. Clement's." A copy of this book used to be chained in the church together with Comber's "Companion to the Temple." Bishop Walton who compiled the Polyglot Bible and was at one time Vicar of St. Martin's Ongar, lost his living at the commencement of the Civil Wars, but after the Restoration he was re-established and made Bishop of Chester. Another Rector, Benjamin Stone, was imprisoned in Crosby Hall by Cromwell but released on a payment of sixty pounds.

In the old church there was a monument to Alderman Benedict Barnham, whose daughter Alice married Sir Francis Bacon, whose anxiety to obtain a title arose from the thought that if he had one to offer her, Alice would more readily become his wife.

It was customary at one time to repair to church instead of to the Law Courts for the healing of quarrels, and these reconciliations were noted down in the parish books. In 1692 we read that John Hall left to the Weavers' Company a dwelling house with instructions to pay out of the rent ten shillings a year to the churchwardens of St. Clement's Eastcheap to provide on the Thursday night before Easter two turkeys for the parishioners on the occasion of the annual reconciling or Love Feasts for the settlement of quarrels and disputes. In one of the Twickenham books is the following entry: "In ten days of April, 1568, was agreement made between Thomas Whyte and James Herne, and have consented that whosoever giveth occasion of the breaking of Christian Charity and love

betwixt them to forfeit to the poor of the parish three shillings and fourpence, being dewlye proved."

## XVIII

**St. Dunstan's in the East**

**T**HERE are two churches in the City dedicated to this Saxon saint, called on account of their different positions St. Dunstan's in the East and St. Dunstan's in the West.

This one is situated at the end of Idol Lane, not far from the Monument. Of its foundation we cannot find a trace, but it is probably the most ancient in this part of London, for after the Conquest no church was dedicated to a Saxon saint. Newcourt mentions a Rector in 1312, and Stow says that John Gennington, a priest, was buried here in the year 1372.

It was enlarged by the friend of the poet Cowper, Lord Cobham (1382), whose grand-daughter, Joan, married the Lollard Leader, Sir John Oldcastle, who met with such a terrible death. King Henry V feared that the Lollards would attempt to dethrone him, and he suppressed and hanged thirty of them. Sir John, however, managed to escape and for two years evaded detection. At the end of that time he was again apprehended; his legs were first broken, and then, clad in his armour, he was hung over a slow fire and roasted to death.





St. Dunstan's in the East:  
Sir William Russell's Tomb



St. Dunstan's in the East:  
East End



On one side of the building is a pleasantly shaded garden with here and there a tombstone, indicating that at one time it was used as a burial place. It can scarcely be called large, but Stow nevertheless asserts that "St. Dunstan's was a fair church in a large churchyard." Possibly, some of it has been built over since his time.

In the Great Fire the edifice was much injured, but repaired by Wren who erected the present steeple of which he was very proud. In the year 1703 a storm broke over London which did immense damage. Someone remarked to the architect that all the steeples in the City had been blown down, but he was promptly answered—"Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure"; and he was correct. From the base to the summit it is one hundred and eighty feet in height and contains four stories, the lowest of which is twenty-one feet square; upon these rise four pinnacles, surmounted by a lantern spire and vane.

By 1810 the church, with the exception of the tower, had become very dilapidated, and it was decided to rebuild it. The work was begun in the year 1817 and was completed in 1821. In laying the foundation, chalk walls of great thickness were discovered, also a bone house and some benches, a block of Purbeck marble, and beneath the pavement some glazed tiles and a window.

St. Dunstan's as it now stands is Perpendicular Gothic, and cost thirty-six thousand pounds to build. The architect was Mr. Laing, the builder of the Custom



House. He was assisted by Sir William Tite who rebuilt the Royal Exchange. The church is one hundred and fifteen feet long by sixty-five broad. The nave is divided from the aisles by clustered columns and pointed arches. It is well lighted having a clerestory and other windows. The pulpit and reading desk, both carved, and ascended by a flight of steps, stand opposite each other. The chancel is rather small, but the Altar is handsome, the top part being of marble, and the reredos which is surmounted by a canopy is well carved. The organ is in the west gallery, and the windows in the north wall contain the arms of various benefactors. On either side of the Memorial built to those who fell in the South African War is a flag 1899-1902.

Immediately we enter St. Dunstan's our attention is drawn to the large east window with its beautiful colouring and somewhat unusual subject, for both Old and New Testament are represented. The lower portion, which is copied from the old medieval window discovered during the rebuilding in 1817, contains pictures of the Ark of the Covenant surmounted by the Cloud, with Moses and Aaron on either side, while the upper part displays figures of our Lord and the Evangelists. In the very small lights at the top may be seen the Royal Arms, the Arms of the City of London, and those of Archbishops Manners-Sutton, Howley, Sumner and Bishop Bloomfield.

St. Dunstan, the Archbishop, who is the Patron of the church, was born at Glastonbury in 925 and died in

988, "and stands first in the line of ecclesiastical statesmen who counted among them Lanfranc and Wolsey and ended in Laud" (Green).

The word Dunstan signifies "Firm as a rock," and well did this Saint merit the name, for he was firm as a rock against the attacks of the devil. Many are the stories and traditions told about him which illustrate this trait in his character. Some true and some absolutely false. As he was a musician, he is frequently represented in art with a harp. Being also a worker in metals, he is the Patron of goldsmiths, and the Goldsmiths' Company keep their feast at this church on St. Dunstan's Day—May 19th. The old Register Books contain records of sums of money paid for expenses connected with the Festival—for blowing the organ, buying garlands, etc., for St. Dunstan's Eve.

There is an extremely interesting document which is in this Archbishop's own handwriting to be seen in the British Museum. It is the deed which he drew up when his great friend King Edred gave the monastery of Reculver to the church of Canterbury.

Several persons of interest have been connected with St. Dunstan's. Amongst them is John Morton, afterwards Bishop of Ely, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor, who held the living from 1472 till 1474. He was one of the executors of Edward IV. Henry VII was deeply indebted to him, for it was to his wisdom in a great measure that the King owed his crown. He is buried in Canterbury Cathedral. Peter Paravicini, Pepys' friend, who died in 1696, has a

tablet here. Sir Francis Bacon's uncle, Alderman James Bacon, fishmonger, is buried here, and the well-known seaman, Sir John Hawkins, a hero of Elizabeth's reign, though buried at sea, is commemorated.

In the south wall is a stone figure in a recumbent attitude the effigy of Sir William Russell. Strype tells us that it is very like him. He died in the year 1705, leaving an order that thirteen shillings should be given to the sexton to keep his tomb clean. His father who was deputy to the Ward Tower has a tablet on the north wall.

On the left of the chancel Sir John Moore (1681) is commemorated by a monument upon which are his coat of arms; they are also emblazoned in one of the windows. He has the distinction of bearing one of the Lions of England. This honour was conferred on him by Charles II on account of his usefulness to that monarch not only with money, but during his Mayoralty (1681), he used all his influence on the King's behalf.

At his own expense, too, he built the writing school of Christ's Hospital, where his statue in marble has been placed in front of the building. Upon his tablet is the following inscription :

“ IN A VAULT BENEATH THIS PLACE IS DEPOSITED THE BODY OF SIR JOHN MOORE, KNIGHT, SOMETIME LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THIS CITY, OF PARLIAMENT, AND PRESIDENT OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL; WHO FOR HIS GREAT AND EXEMPLARY LOYALTY TO THE CROWN WAS EMPOWERED BY THE KING, CHARLES THE SECOND, TO BEAR ON A CANTON ONE OF THE LIONS OF ENGLAND AS AN AUGMENTATION TO HIS ARMS; WHO OUT OF A CHRISTIAN ZEAL FOR GOOD



WORKS, FOUNDED AND ENDOWED A FREE SCHOOL AT APPLEBY IN LEICESTERSHIRE, HIS NATIVE COUNTY; AND WAS A GREAT BENEFACTOR TO THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GROCERS, TO THE SEVERAL HOSPITALS OF THE CITY, TO HIS OWN RELATIONS IN GENERAL, AND TO THIS PARISH. HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 2ND OF JUNE, 1702, AGED 82."

Colonel John Finnis, one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny and the first victim of the revolt of 1857 being killed, May 10th, is commemorated.

Strype mentions the tomb of Alderman James who died before the Reformation, leaving money and instructions for his funeral to take place at St. Dunstan's. Ten men of the Brotherhood of Jesus were to carry six pound torches of wax, and every priest and clerk was to receive six and eightpence for singing dirges and Masses "Till his month's mind was finished."

A number of Mayors are buried in this church.

St. Dunstan's has witnessed some strange and sad scenes. There was a time when people had but little reverence for God's House, but it is difficult to realize that a man was actually killed in a quarrel within the sacred edifice, and that it was absolutely necessary to issue a proclamation forbidding any fighting in church or churchyard, or for any horse or mule to be taken through a cathedral or church.

Lord Lestrangle and his wife having caused a murder to be committed in this church came from St. Paul's to do public penance.

In 1540 the Court of Aldermen assembled here on February 8th by order of Henry VIII at seven o'clock in the morning in their best clothes on their way to meet the Royal Party at Greenwich.



The Plague made such havoc in the parish that steps were taken to prevent people thought to be infected from even entering the sacred building.

## XIX

**St. Dunstan's in the West  
Fleet Street**

A SHORT distance beyond Temple Bar stands St. Dunstan's in the West, so called because it is situated at the extreme west of the City.

We read of it in 1237 when the Abbot of Westminster, Richard de Barking, granted it to Henry III. The profits were used by him for the benefit of converted Jews for whom an asylum was instituted. This asylum afterwards became the Rolls Court and Chapel.

In 1361 the church passed back to an Abbot, this time of Alnwick in Northumberland. The advowson is now in the hands of the Simeon trustees.

Although St. Dunstan's entirely escaped the Great Fire—it was extinguished three doors off—it is by no means ancient. The greater part of it, indeed, was erected as recently as 1831 by the two Shaws, father and son. The church is octagonal in shape and contains seven recesses. Between these stand clustered columns united by pointed arches supporting a clere-story. The most northerly recess contains the Altar.

It is very beautiful and is surmounted by three canopies near which hangs the Roll of Names of those who fell in the Great War.

The pulpit formerly possessed an hour-glass, but in 1723 it was removed, and the heads of two parish staves were made from the silver.

Hour glasses came into use at the Reformation, for at that time it was not the worship of God but the sermon which was considered to be the most important part of the service. It occupied a very considerable time, and the hour-glass was sometimes turned thrice in succession, which meant that the sermon had run into the third hour.

The most beautiful part of St. Dunstan's is perhaps the Tower which is composed of freestone. In 1671 a very noted feature was the clock. It was celebrated not only in Fleet Street but throughout London, for beside the dial there stood two figures in wood, armed with clubs which struck the hours and quarters. People came from all parts to view them, and Hatton says that the "giants" were more thought of on a Sunday than the most celebrated preacher. The following lines concerning them were written by Cowper :

"When labour and when dulness club in hand,  
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,  
Beating alternately in measured time,  
The click work tintinnabulum of rhyme,  
Exact and regular the sounds will be,  
But each mere quarter strokes are not for me."

This clock has now ceased to be one of the lions of

Fleet Street. The figures were purchased by Lord Hertford and placed on his house in Regent's Park. As a child he was taken to see them and then declared that when he became a man he would buy them.

Over the entrance into the schools which adjoin the church is a statue of Queen Elizabeth. It was taken from the old Lud-Gate which was demolished in 1760, the figure being presented to Sir Francis Gisling by the city, and by him in turn to St. Dunstan's.

Like so many other City churches this one is full of interest; it was especially noted for its preachers and lecturers, one of the most celebrated of whom was Dr. Donne, the poet, who was Dean of St. Paul's and Rector here from 1623 to 1631. Dryden speaks of him as "The greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." Of his sermons one hearer remarks: "They held the congregation enthralled, unwearied, and unsatiated." Another put the same thought into verse:

"And never were we wearied till we saw

The hour, and but an hour to end did draw."

He was one of the most strongly opposed to the practice at that time prevalent of men wearing their hats in church, and on one occasion at least preached forcibly upon the matter. "And is not this," he said, "the King of King's House, or have they seen the king in his own house use that liberty to cover himself in his ordinary manner of covering at any part of divine service. Every preacher will look, and justly, to have the congregation uncovered at the reading of the text,

and is not the reading of the lessons at the time of prayer the same, and of the same God to be received with the same reverence, the service of God is one entire thing, and though we celebrate some parts with more or less reverence, some kneeling, some standing, yet if we afford it no reverence we make that no part of God's service. And therefore I must humbly entreat those who make this choir the place of their devotion to testify their devotion by more outward reverence."

One of the questions put by Bishop Hackett in his second triennial visitation in 1668 was: "Do your parishioners behave reverently in church, men and youths with their hats off?"

King William in 1689 made a point of wearing his hat during the sermon, though he might remove it at other times. In our day we cannot look at the matter quite in the same light, for then it was not uncommon for men to retain their hats in the house, and possibly therefore many of them did not consider it a mark of disrespect to keep them on in church.

A rather curious story worth recording is told of Dr. Donne. He was asked by a friend, Robert Drewery, who was compelled to visit the Court of France to bear him company. At first he refused, saying that his wife was much opposed to it because, "her divining soul boded some ill." At length, however, she consented to part with him and he started. Shortly after reaching Paris he was seated one day alone when to his astonishment he saw Mrs. Donne cross the room, her hair hanging about her



shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. He was much disturbed by the vision, feeling sure that it signified misfortune. His fears were speedily confirmed, for he received news from home to the effect that though his wife who had been ill had recovered, the baby was dead.

Isaac Walton, also an attendant at St. Dunstan's, remarks upon this case :

“ It is most certain that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, and the other not touched, being laid upon the table, will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the other tune. Yet many will not believe that there is such a thing as sympathy of soul, and I am well pleased that every one do enjoy his own opinion.”

Not very long before his death Dr. Donne arrayed in his shroud, had his picture painted, with closed eyes, and the sheet open “ to discover his thin, pale, and death-like face.” This picture he kept beside his bed till he died, and, later, Nicholas Stone the sculptor carved his effigy which is still preserved, and of which Sir Henry Wotton says : “ It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.” It may now be seen in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, for though the tomb has been destroyed, this has been preserved.

Another of St. Dunstan's rectors was Dr. Thomas White, the founder of Sion College, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Canon of Christ Church and Canon of Windsor. He was buried in the old edifice near the Altar.

One of the most celebrated preachers was Tyndale,

whom Humphrey of Monmouth assisted in translating the Testament and other books, and who was sent to the Tower for so doing.

Another well known preacher was Richard Baxter. During one of his sermons a whisper spread that the building was about to collapse, and though a panic ensued he remained perfectly quiet in his place till it had subsided, and then continued in the following words: "We are in the service of God to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

In 1794 the well-known Romaine had to preach in darkness, and was only allowed a candle because the rector, jealous of his popularity (the crowd was so great that the street was blocked) refused to allow the church to be lighted.

A painful scene occurred at St. Dunstan's when news was brought of the assassination by Felton of the Duke of Buckingham, the great friend of King Charles. The assassin's mother and sister were both present and fainted. At the time the Duke was in Portsmouth, preparing to start in command of the fleet for Rochelle, Knowing that he had many enemies, a friend suggested that he should wear a coat of mail beneath his clothes. "A shirt of mail," the Duke exclaimed in reply, "would be a poor defence against any popular fury; as far as a single man's assault, I take myself to be in no danger." John Felton was a fanatic and thought as he said, when he

bought the knife to "avenge himself, his country, and his God." On August 23rd, 1628, he managed to gain entrance into the little house in High Street, Portsmouth where Buckingham was at breakfast, and with the words, "God have mercy on your soul," plunged the knife into the breast of the Duke as he came out of the room.

This Church witnessed the baptism of the great and good Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who ended his life on the scaffold. He was a devoted servant of the Church, and for this cause was hated by the Puritan party who left no stone unturned to compass his downfall. They falsely accused him of treason against the liberties of the country, and also with exercising too much power in Ireland. He was unjustly condemned and lodged in the Tower, of which the king vainly endeavoured to gain possession, in order to liberate him.

On March 22nd, 1641, he was tried at Westminster Hall by the Peers, the Commons also being present. At the back of the throne were two private boxes heavily curtained in order to conceal the King and Queen, but the moment Charles entered he threw them down hoping that his presence might put some restraint upon the Earl's accusers, but it made not the slightest difference, for they acted as if he had not been there, to the extent even of retaining their hats.

An effort to bring about his escape was frustrated, and on the following Sunday sermons of such a violent nature were preached by the Puritans that the people were goaded to a pitch of fury so great that a mob of six

thousand assembled at Westminster the next day, demanding "justice," but in reality, the death of the Earl. An authority tells us that they had been led to believe that he "would bring gangs of wild Irishmen to cut their throats."

At length only the King's permission was needed for the execution. This Charles refused, till Strafford wrote to him saying he was perfectly ready to die, and that if the monarch withheld his consent the people would take the matter into their own hands, and thereby the crown might be imperilled. "Sir," he wrote, "my consent shall more acquit you herein to God than all the world can do besides."

Wavering, and undecided how to act, Charles consulted those of the bishops near at hand, but only Juxon advised him to obey his conscience and do what was right, leaving the result in the hands of God. On being told, however, that if he would sign the death warrant the peers might find some way to liberate the Earl, he consented to the death of his friend in spite of his conscience. This is a terribly black spot upon the Martyr-King's life, though we cannot doubt that had it only been a question of his own well-being, nay, had it been even his own head at stake, he would never have yielded. For the sake of others and for the sake of his country he did evil hoping that good might come. To the last hour of his life he never ceased to deplore this sin, and was heard to express a wish that he could do public penance for it.

The Earl's great friend, Archbishop Laud, who was a



prisoner in the Tower at the same time, gave him his blessing from the window of the cell in which he was confined as he went to the scaffold accompanied by Bishop Usher, who remained with him to the last, and afterwards told the King that of all the deaths at which he had been present he "never saw so white a soul return to its Maker."

This church contains many interesting old monuments, many of which were saved from the ancient edifice, but the most beautiful is more modern, in memory of one of the Auriol family. Upon a cushion edged with lace in a reclining position as if asleep rests the head, sculptured in white marble, of James Auriol.

Upon the upper part of Elizabeth North's monument, that lady is depicted kneeling at a desk, while below her are three smaller figures, together with the date of her death and an anagram which runs :

" ELIZABETH NORTH  
THE BEST EARTHLY ONE."

A quaintly worded tablet in memory of an honest lawyer bears the following inscription :—

" TO THE MEMORY OF HOBSEN JUDKIN ESQR., LATE OF CLIFFORD'S  
INN, THE HONEST SOLICITOR WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JUNE 30TH, 1812.  
THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY HIS CLIENTS AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE  
AND RESPECT FOR HIS HONEST, FAITHFUL AND FRIENDLY CONDUCT TO  
THEM THROUGH LIFE. GO, READER, AND IMITATE HOBSEN JUDKIN."

Near the door is Alexander Lanton's tablet, bearing the following words : " Ye famed Swordsman, 1617."

The following verse is added :

" HIS THRUSTS LIKE LIGHT FLEW, MORE SKILFUL DEATH,  
PARR'D 'EM ALL, AND BEAT HIM OUT OF BREATH."



The heads of Tyndale and Donne are sculptured over the south door inside the building, and a tablet on the wall informs us that Isaac Walton, the author of "The Complete Angler," was a member of the parish. A window has now been erected to his memory which contains full-length portraits of the fisherman and Bishop Ken, his brother-in-law.

Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, who assisted at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and Ralph Bane, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, rest here.

A well-known character, a certain seller of leather, and Common Council-man who lived in the parish of St. Dunstan's, answered to the curious name of "Praise God Barebones." When the Long Parliament was dissolved in 1663, and Cromwell called another which sat from July till December only, Barebones was a member, and for this cause it gained the title of "Barebones' Parliament." He gave his son the name "If Jesus Christ Had Not Died For Thee Thou Hadst Been Damned Barebones," but he was more usually known as Doctor Barebones.

XX

St. Edmund, King and Martyr,

Lombard Street

United with St. Nicholas Acon

THIS church which stands in Lombard Street, and which was formerly called St. Edmund, Grasse Church Street, was destroyed in the Great Fire, but was rebuilt by Wren in 1690. The church of St. Nicholas Acon was also burnt down, and not being re-erected the parishes were united.

St. Edmund's is fifty nine feet long by forty broad, and unlike most churches it stands north and south instead of east and west. The Altar is in a recess to the north the reason in all probability being that Wren found some difficulty with the site. It is without aisles, and extremely dark notwithstanding a skylight and several windows.

The windows on each side of the Altar contain pictures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Evangelist, while the one immediately above, which is very large, illustrates in the upper lights part of the fifth and sixth chapters of the Revelation: "Behold a

throne was set in Heaven, and one sat on the throne . . . and I saw on the right hand of Him that sat on the throne a book written, and within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals, and I saw a strong angel proclaim with a loud voice, who is worthy to open the book and loose the seals thereof." The lower lights contain pictures of the martyrdom of St. Edmund (transfixed with arrows) and of St. Nicholas. In the south wall are two other windows with pictures of SS. Peter and Paul, while in that over the entrance porch is a beautiful representation of the empty Tomb and the angels saying to the holy women : " He is risen ; He is not here."

There is a considerable amount of fine carving, particularly on the door cases, font cover and pulpit. The pews are now free and open, but the high-backed ones with the exception of the churchwardens' have been abolished.

There was a time, happily in the past, when the pulpit was the most important part of the building—when, in fact, the church was nothing more than a meeting place where people were wont to assemble to hear sermons. Lord Bedford, who was a staunch Puritan, speaking to Inigo Jones of a church about to be built, said : " I want the chapel cheap. In short, I would not have it much better than a barn." In those days they sat in church according to their rank or position in this world. The rich appropriated the seats near the pulpit. Behind them came the tradesmen, and under the galleries the working classes ; while

near the Altar, which was then considered the inferior part, sat the very poor.

There is an old tradition which ascribes the placing of men on the one side and the women on the other to the time of the Ark. James has the following quotation : " As soon as the day began to break, Noah stood up towards the body of Adam, and before the Lord, he and his sons Shem, Ham and Japheth, and Noah prayed, and his sons and the women answered from another part of the Ark ' Amen, Lord.' " It need hardly be said that these words do not occur in the Bible.

The font with its handsome cover upon which are carvings of the four Evangelists is placed against the west wall, and surrounded by a rail. There are possibly some who are not aware that font covers were first introduced on account of certain superstitions. In our day, the water is newly blessed each time that Baptisms take place, and the font is emptied after the service. This used not to be done in olden times. The water was only changed occasionally—in 1236, once a week, and in 1549, but once a month. In course of time many superstitions gathered round this water; people carried it away for all sorts of purposes. In order to avoid this covers were made, and by degrees developed into handsome canopies. In 1220, we read : " Fonts should be furnished with covers and locks lest the water be used for enchantments."

In early times Baptism was administered as a rule twice a year, and then, on the banks of some lake or

river, or where there was plenty of water. In about the sixth century baptisteries began to be built near, but not within, the sacred edifice, for immersion at that time was considered necessary and is still so in the Eastern Church. Fonts were introduced in the fifth century, so called from the words of Cassidoras 'Fons Divina' (Divine Fountain). The Puritans endeavoured to abolish them together with so many things, and we have in their stead brass or stone basins. In 1573, Archbishop Parker complained that: "In London our fonts must go down, and the brazen eagles, which were ornaments in the church and made for lectures, must be molten to make pots and basons for new fonts."

St. Edmund, patron of this church, was at the age of fifteen King of East Anglia, Offa having in the year 855 resigned in his favour. For those days, he was extremely well educated. He is said to have known the Psalter by heart. When some years later the Danes invaded England and offered him terms which it was impossible for him as a Christian to accept, he disbanded his army and for a time concealed himself. He was nevertheless taken prisoner, but was offered his life upon certain conditions which he could not have accepted without disobeying the Law of God and also injuring his country. Angry at his refusal to accept their terms, his enemies resorted to various kinds of cruelty and torture, beating him with cudgels, scourging him, and then shooting him with arrows till, says an authority, "he was transfixed in every part." Finally they beheaded him,



This church contains only one or two interesting monuments. That on the east wall is in memory of Jeremiah Mills, Dean of Exeter and President of the Society of Antiquarians who died 1784. Both he and his wife are buried here. John Shute, publisher of one of the earliest English books on science, called "The First and Chiefe Groundes of Architecture," died 1563, and was laid to rest in the old building. St. Edmund's witnessed the marriage of Addison to the Countess of Warwick on August 9th, 1716.

A certain mayor of Elizabeth's reign, Sir Richard Champin, left a sum of money to provide thirteen penny loaves of white bread for the poor. Opposite St. Edmund's is a court which till lately led to a Quakers' meeting-house where Fox and Penn were in the habit of preaching.

In 1917 the roof of St. Edmund's was shattered by German "Gothas" during a day-light raid. Of all the London churches, this one suffered the most from the bombs. It had to be closed down for a time, and it cost five thousand pounds to restore.

## XXI

**St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate**

NOT many yards from St. Helen's stands the tiny church of St. Ethelburga, probably the smallest in London. It is approached through an archway situated between the shop-windows of 52 and 53 Bishopsgate Street. The houses meet above the arch hiding almost the whole of the sacred edifice except the turret which rises at the back. In former days sheds for shops were placed against the walls of churches, and sometimes as here, were converted into shops.

Bishop's Gate from which the street adjoining the church takes its name was at one time adorned with the figures of two bishops—Bishop William the Norman who erected and later repaired it, and Erkenwald, son of King Offa.

It may almost be said that one glance will suffice to take in all that is to be seen of this little church, for from end to end it is not fifty-five feet, while from floor to roof not thirty feet high. It is lighted by a clerestory and four lancet windows. A delicately carved rood screen separates the chancel from the nave. The Altar in present use is new, but the ancient one





St. Edmund King and Martyr:  
The Sanctuary



St. Ethelburga's:  
The Interior

*Facing p. 141*

is still preserved in the vestry. The organ which is more than a hundred years old has been removed from the west end and is placed to the south where a Lady Chapel approached by two steps formerly stood. In the window above are four old pictures, and within the recess of the north window is a painting which probably represents St. Ethelburga. The pulpit, a very small one, is composed of stone and marble. The font is octagonal with the implements of the Passion engraved upon it together with the words in Greek : "Cleanse my transgressions, not my outward appearance only." The church fortunately escaped the Great Fire, but as attention was in consequence not especially focussed upon it in connection with repair work, it is noticeable that the pillars of the tiny aisle are beginning to crumble badly.

The information obtainable about this church is of the most meagre description. Robert Kinwardly is mentioned as having been rector in 1360, and in 1704 Luke Milbourn, one of Dryden's critics, held the living.

There were two Saints of the name Ethelburga, and it is not known for certain to which one this little church is dedicated. Although its patroness is more probably the Saint who was sister to St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London, some authorities are of opinion that the church was originally dedicated to St. Ethelburga, Queen of Northumberland. She was the consort of King Eadwine who was killed in battle by a merchant in the year 647. Although we know but little



of her, that little is of vital importance to us, for she was responsible in great measure for the conversion of the North of England. As we think of her our thoughts cannot fail to turn to that wonderful scene of the landing of St. Augustine on our shores, and to the Baptism of her father, the King of Kent, the first Anglo-Saxon King to become a Christian.

Tradition tells us that sailors were in the habit of coming here to offer up their intercessions and thanksgivings both before setting out for and on returning home from sea. John Hudson came with many of his crew to receive the Sacrament before starting on their expedition to the northern seas in 1610.

Cunningham gives us one quaint little piece of information connected with St. Ethelburga's. He says that :

“ One Ascension Day—1668—the churchwardens provided profusely for their Ascension Day dinner ; three quarters of a lamb, six hundred head of sparagrasse, salatehy, spinach, four hundred oranges and lemons, three hams, Westphalia bacon, and half a pound of tobacco.”

The parish clerks clad in copes, and wearing garlands of flowers, were in the habit of walking in procession through the City, making St. Ethelburga's their starting point. They were at one time people of considerable importance, for they were frequently in Holy Orders and at any rate obliged to be able to read and know something of music, that they might when necessary assist the priests of the parish. In 1240 they were formed into a guild by Henry III under the patronage of St. Nicholas.

In the graveyard at the back of the building some Roman coins have been discovered.

St. Ethelburga's was the first city church since the Reformation to adopt the Eucharistic vestments as well as the cope, altar lights and incense. In 1878 the sanctus bell was also included. Though Bishop Jackson endeavoured to stamp out ritual he was unsuccessful but this was one of the churches which suffered through the interference of a certain bookseller.

## XXII

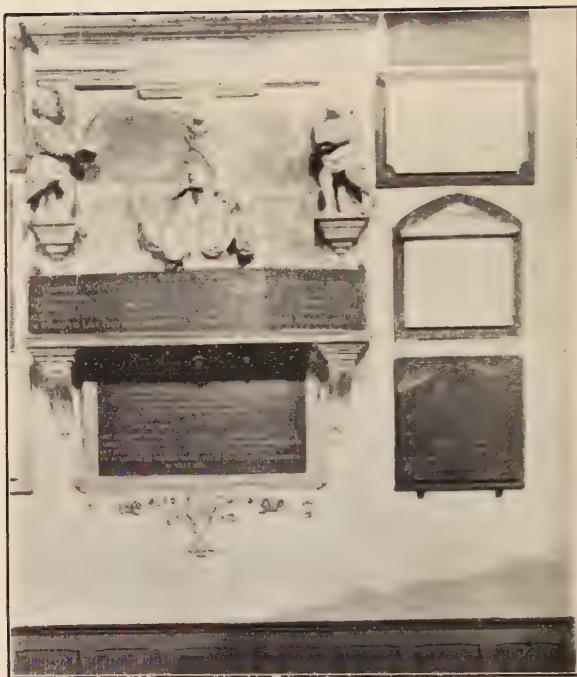
## St. Giles', Cripplegate

OUR first thought on entering must be : ' Surely this church is dedicated to the angels,' for on all sides we are reminded of the worship of Heaven. Windows, pictures, sculpture—all speak of the Heavenly Host. There are angels' heads on the reredos, angels holding musical instruments against the pillars in the chancel, angels on pulpit, clock, sword-rest and font, angels in window after window.

It is from St. Giles', not the angels that this sacred building takes its name, and of him we know so little. He was a Greek by birth, a citizen of Athens, of royal descent who died in A.D. 724. For many years he lived the life of a hermit, his only companion being a doe. On one occasion a huntsman endeavoured to kill her, but the Saint intercepted the arrow, and by receiving it in his own arm saved her life. Flavius Wamba, King of the Goths, discovered his retreat, and failing to induce him to leave it, presented him with a portion of land on which to erect a monastery.

As St. Giles was afflicted with lameness, he was made the patron of cripples, and in all probability





St. Giles', Cripplegate :  
Curious Tomb



St. Giles', Cripplegate :  
Ancient Monument



that is the reason why this church was dedicated to him, for it was built near one of the City gates (now demolished) where it is said cripples were in the habit of congregating to solicit alms. According to some authorities, it had nothing to do with cripples; the word Cripplegate simply meaning a covered way into a fortification.

There is an old tradition that when the body of King Edmund the Martyr passed through Cripplegate on its way from Bury St. Edmund's to St. Gregory's by St. Paul's, where it was placed for a time, many miraculous cures were effected.

The original church was built by Alfune about twenty-four years after the Battle of Hastings. Matilda, wife of Edward I founded a Brotherhood, dedicating it to St. Giles' and St. Mary. Some centuries later another church was erected in its place, but it was nearly destroyed by fire in 1545. It was again rebuilt and though it escaped the Great Fire, was in danger of being demolished in 1897 when several streets in the neighbourhood were utterly burnt out. The roof was, indeed, in flames in several places, but happily the firemen were able to extinguish them before they took firm hold on the edifice.

The present church is in the perpendicular style, having the nave divided from the side aisle by clustered columns, and from the tower porch by a handsome stone screen with this added peculiarity that the chancel is not in line with the nave, nor is the nave in line with the tower porch. This was no doubt due to some

difficulty with the site. To the left of the chancel is another Altar.

The twelve bells are said to be the work of a poor labouring man. The east window by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which there is a duplicate at Oxford, has for its subject a group of angels' heads turned towards a symbol of the Holy Trinity in the centre. The colouring changes to yellow, brown or gold, according to the season of the year and the direction from which the sun's rays touch it.

The reredos consists of three paintings representing Our Lord in Glory, with the patron St. Giles on one side and the Apostle St. Paul on the other. On the chancel walls are two mosaic pictures of the four and twenty elders casting down their golden crowns.

Bishop Andrews was one of the rectors here.

We must not turn away without giving a thought to the blind poet who lies buried at our feet, and to the terrible sacrilege which was committed in 1790.

Certain of the parishioners anxious to ascertain the exact spot where Milton was laid removed the ground, till a leaden coffin was discovered, and beneath it a wooden one, containing the remains of the poet's father. Mr. Newns gives a vivid description of this disgraceful scene. He says that a journeyman named Holmes procured a mallet and chisel, and forcing open the coffin so that the corpse (which was clothed in a shroud, and looked as if it had only just been buried) might be seen. Mr. Fountain, one of the overseers, then endeavoured to pull out the teeth but being

unsuccessful, a bystander took up a stone and loosened them with a blow. There were only five in the upper jaw, but they were quite white and good. These together with some of the lower ones Mr. Fountain, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Laming divided between them. A rib bone was also taken, and the hair from the head which was long and smooth was torn out by the handful.

After this the caretaker Elizabeth Grant took the coffin under her care, charging sixpence to anyone who wished to view it. As from its situation it could not be seen without a light she kept a candle for the purpose. Later she reduced her fee to threepence, and finally to twopence. Even the workmen who were repairing the church which was being completed at the time followed the example set them, for they locked the doors, and refused to allow anyone to enter without the price of a glass of beer. Some acceded to this request, or rather demand, others on the contrary forced their way through the windows.

Cowper has written some verses on this act of sacrilege.

Milton died, so the parish book says, "fourteen years after the Restoration—of consumption, not gout—in his own house in Bunhill Fields." At the house in Bread Street in which he was born there used to be over the door a spread eagle for before the Great Fire the houses being unnumbered, tradesmen put such signs to distinguish them from each other.

It may not be generally known that the poet sold

"Paradise Lost" for five pounds, though later he received another fifteen from the publisher, Matthew Walker. The agreement between this great poet and his publisher may still be seen at the British Museum.

It is difficult to believe, considering the position his work holds in the present day, that when he first brought out his great poem it was not worth the paper upon which it was printed.

The Earl of Dorset was one day wandering among the bookstalls in Little Britain in search of interesting literature, when he came across a copy of "Paradise Lost." On glancing into it, and fancying it might be worth reading he purchased it. The bookseller thereupon begged him to recommend it, as he had a number of copies on his hands which he could not dispose of at any price. When the Earl returned home he showed the work to Dryden who exclaimed enthusiastically : "This man outwits us all and the ancients too."

"Paradise Regained" owes its creation to a Quaker. Milton was in the habit of giving lessons in Latin to a member of that sect called Elwood who remarked to him one day : "Thou hast said much of 'Paradise Lost'; what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found'?" This question gave the world "Paradise Regained."

As we retrace our steps and turn towards the carved pulpit, said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons, now happily cleansed from its many coats of varnish with which it had been covered by various churchwardens under the mistaken idea of preserving it, our thoughts



revert to Fox the Martyrologist and author of the "Manual of Protestantism," who at one time assisted the vicar, Robert Crauley, in his work here, and died in the parish at the age of seventy. He was expelled from Oxford on account of his religious opinions. He was a Puritan, and, being from conscientious scruples unable to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, refused with one exception all preferment, but he objected strongly to extreme Puritanism calling its followers "New Monks."

While sitting one day in St. Paul's Cathedral in a very dejected unhappy state, for he was starving and was without either friends or money, and with a future that looked intensely dreary and desolate, a stranger accosted him (who this was, he was never able to discover though he tried many times) and presenting him with a sum of money told him to be of good cheer and take care of his life, for soon he would meet with friends. Within three days the prophecy came true, for the Duchess of Richmond engaged him as tutor to her orphan nephews and nieces, and when some time later their grandfather the Duke of Norfolk escaped from prison, he took him under his care.

On the accession of Elizabeth he became one of the prebendaries of Salisbury Cathedral, the only post of distinction he ever accepted. He died in 1587, and was buried here, and on the west wall hangs a tablet with a Latin inscription, and beneath it the following words: "Rev. J. Fox, M.A., sometimes vicar of this parish, original author of the 'History of the Christian Martyrs.'"



There are several other interesting monuments and tablets, one of the most curious being one on the north wall. It consists of a black coffin out of which rises the figure of a young girl. It is in memory of Constance Whitney, grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy. "She excelled in all noble qualities, being a virgin of so sweet proportion, of beauty, and harmony of parts." According to the story, the reason for this curious monument is that she was buried alive while in a trance. She was wearing some beautiful rings, and the gravedigger who had obtained knowledge of the fact opened the coffin to obtain them, when to his dismay she revived and rose up.

A little higher is the half-length effigy of Thomas Busby. It is the oldest memorial in the church. The citizen is represented holding in one hand a pair of gloves, and in the other a skull. The inscription is as follows :

" THIS BUSBIE WILLING TO RELIEVE THE POORE WITH FIRE AND WITH BREAD,  
 DID GIVE THAT HOUSE WHEAREIN HE DYED; THEN CALLED YE QUEEN'S HEAD.  
 FOUR FULL LOADS OF YE BEST CHARCOLES HE WOULD HAVE BOUGHT EACH YEAR,  
 AND FORTIE DOZEN OF WHEATEN BREAD FOR POORE HOUSEHOLDERS HEARE.  
 TO SEE THESE THINGS DISTRIBUTED, THIS BUSBY PUT IN TRUST THE VICAR AND CHURCHWARDENS, THINKYNG THEM TO BE JUST.  
 GOD GRANT THAT POORE HOUSEHOLDERS HEARE MAY THANKFUL BE FOR SUCH,  
 SO GOD WILL MOVE THE MINDES OF MORE TO DOE FOR THEM AS MUCH AND LET THIS GOOD EXAMPLE MOVE SUCH MEN AS GOD HATH BLEST TO DOE THE LIKE BEFORE THEY GO WITH BUSBY TO THEIR REST.  
 WITHIN THIS CHAPPELL BUSBIE'S BONES IN DUST AWHILE MUST STAY TILL HE THAT MADE THEM RAYSE THEM UP TO LIVE WITH CHRIST FOR AYE."

On the same wall is an interesting inscription in memory of a brewer named Langley :

" IF LANGLEYS LIFE THOU LIST TO KNOW, READE ON AND TAKE A VIEW  
OF FAITH AND HOPE I WILL NOT SPEAKE HIS WORK SHALL SHEW THEM  
TREW,  
WHOE WHILST HE LIVED WITH COUNSAILE GRAVE, YE BETTER SORT DID  
GUIDE  
A STAY TO WEAKE, A STAFFE TO POORE, WITHOUT BACKBITE OR PRIDE.  
AND WHEN HE DIED HE GAVE HIS MITE ALL THAT DID HIM BEFALL  
FOR EVER ONCE A YEARE TO CLOTHE SAINT GILES HIS POORE WITHALL.  
ALL SAINTES HE POINTED FOR THE DAY, GOWNES XX, REDIE MADE,  
WITH XX SHIRTES AND XX SMOCKS AS THEY MAY BEST BE HADD.  
A SERMON EKE HE HAD ORDAYNED THAT GOD MAY HAVE HIS PRAISE,  
AND OTHERS MIGHT BE WONNE THEREBY, TO FOLLOW LANGLEYS WAIES.  
ON VICAR AND CHURCHWARDEN THEN HIS TRUSTE HE HATH REPOSED,  
AS THEY WILL ANSWER HIM ONE DAY WHEN ALL SHALL BE DISCLOSED.  
THUS BEINGE DEADE YET STILL HE LIVES, LIVES NEVER FOR TO DYE,  
IN HEAVENS BLYSSE IN WORLDES FEMI, AND SO I TRUST SHAL I."

Another person of importance buried here, but till 1888 without a memorial, is Sir Martin Frobisher. He was a naval hero and explorer of Elizabeth's time who fought against the Spanish Armada, and was wounded at Brest in 1594. The monument now erected to his memory is on the south wall at the back of the organ. It is composed of different marbles, and takes the form of a three-masted vessel, with West Indian and Arctic scenery in the background and bears below it the following inscriptions :—

" ATTEND ALL YE WHO LIST TO HEAR OUR NOBLE ENGLAND'S PRAISE  
I TELL OF THE THRICE FAMOUS DEEDS SHE WROUGHT IN ANCIENT DAYS.  
WHEN THAT GREAT FLEET INVINCIBLE AGAINST HER BORE IN VAIN,  
THE RICHEST SPOILS OF MEXICO, THE STOUTEST HEARTS OF SPAIN."  
" WITHIN THIS CHURCH LIE THE REMAINS OF SIR MARTIN FROBISHER,  
KNIGHT, ONE OF THE FIRST TO EXPLORE THE ARCTIC REGION AND THE  
WEST INDIES. HAVING GAINED GREAT GLORY BY HIS SKILL AND  
BRAVERY IN THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT WHICH TERMINATED IN THE  
DEFEAT OF THE GREAT SPANISH ARMADA, 1588, HE DIED OF WOUNDS  
RECEIVED IN ACTION OFF BREST, 1594. THIS MONUMENT WAS ERRECTED  
TO HIS MEMORY BY THE VESTRY OF CRIPPLEGATE, 1888."

On the south wall near the west end is Milton's monument, erected in 1793 by Samuel Whitbread. It consists of a bust of the poet under a canopy composed of Caen stone, and is twelve feet high. Beneath is the inscription :

" JOHN MILTON, AUTHOR OF " PARADISE LOST," BORN DECR., 1608, DIED NOVR., 1674. HIS FATHER, JOHN MILTON, DIED MARCH, 1646. THEY WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THIS CHURCH. SAMUEL WHITBREAD, POSUIT, 1793."

Near a half-length effigy of Speed the historian is a monument in memory of Edward Harvest who died in 1610.

The brewer who was also one of His Majesty's gunners, which accounts for the large balls with which his monument is adorned, is represented kneeling before a table with his wife.

We must give a passing thought to Sir William Stainer, Lord Mayor, who was buried here in 1807. His story is an interesting one. He was the son of a day labourer, and being employed upon some work at Uxbridge was stopped one day by the wife of one of the clergy. She told him that she had had a strange dream concerning him, and felt sure that like Dick Whittington he would wear a gold chain and rise to be Lord Mayor. Considering that he was a very poor man, without influence or interest of any kind, her prophecy seemed very unlikely to attain fulfilment yet strangely enough it did come true. First, he became master bricklayer, later a builder, and in 1797 was made sheriff and obtained the honour of knighthood, while the husband of the lady who had foretold

the good fortune became his chaplain.

There is a story related about him which illustrates his early training. At one of the City banquets he happened to be sitting near General Tarletan, and, noticing that the officer was not eating, exclaimed suddenly : " Eat away at the pines General, for we must pay all the same, eat or not eat."

And yet one more strange circumstance in this man's career. Another lady foretold that while Sir William was Lord Mayor, we should go forth to war with France, and the country generally would experience great difficulty and scarcity, but that peace would follow the expiration of his term of office. He became Lord Mayor in 1801 and the Peace of Amiens was concluded.

In him, says one writer, " the poor have lost a fatherly protector, his tennants a kind landlord, and his workmen a beneficent and indulgent master."

The great painter Hunt was baptized here in 1827.

There are numerous other tablets of interest, but space prevents their being enumerated.

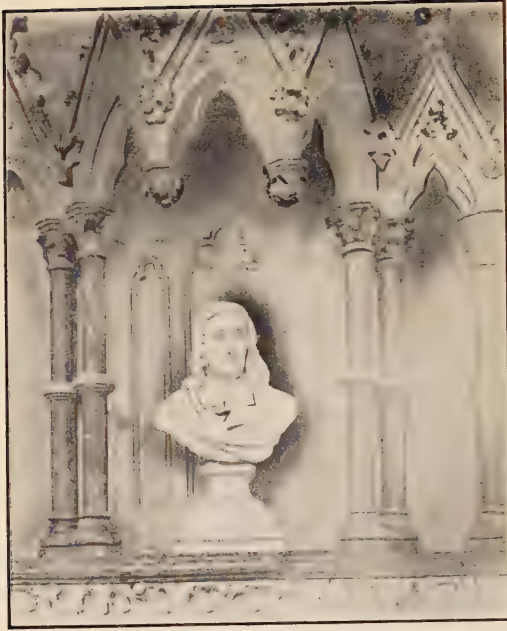
We must not forget to mention that this church saw the marriage of Oliver Cromwell, and that Daniel Defoe was born and died in the parish.

In or near the churchyard was formerly a well, the water of which was supposed to contain miraculous power, but Loftie says that " it must have flowed with pure poison, for during the plague the number of persons who died in the parish was so great that the churchyard was raised two feet on account of the bodies buried there."

The War Memorial takes the form of a painting on stone of St. Michael and the Dragon, with the words :  
“ Their bodies are buried in peace but their name  
liveth for evermore ” inscribed below.







St. Giles', Cripplegate :  
Milton's Monument



St. Helen's, Bishopsgate :  
The Interior

## XXIII

**St. Helen's, Bishopsgate**

**I**N the heart of the City of London a little to the back of Bishopsgate Street and approached through iron gates which protect a small though well laid out garden, originally a graveyard as one or two tombstones testify, is an interesting old church which is dedicated to St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great, and, according to tradition, the discoverer of the true Cross.

The edifice stands on the site of some Roman buildings, portions of old Roman tessellated pavement having been found on the north side of St. Helen's Gate in 1712.

The original church was of very ancient date. There are some, indeed, who think that it was erected by Constantine himself, but of this we cannot be certain. Without doubt a church existed here in Saxon times, for traces of such a church have recently been discovered during the excavations for the erection of new buildings in St. Helen's Place.

In 1180 mention is made of a priory dedicated to St. Helen, and about the year 1212 William Fitz

William, goldsmith, obtained permission to found a convent in what is now St. Helen's Place for nuns of the Benedictine Order.

The building is Gothic style with features dating from the early thirteenth century not of great beauty on the whole, but filled with objects of interest. Happily it escaped the Great Fire, and on account of its many handsome tombs and monuments has been called the Westminster Abbey of the City.

But the tombs are not the first consideration.

As we stand at the head of the long flight of steps within the old oak door at the west and gaze down upon the dimly lighted Altar at the far end, we are confronted with a problem. Why is the edifice so strangely built? Instead of being in the middle of the east end, the Altar is on one side, while a little to the north there is apparently a second chancel. Thus there are two parallel naves separated from each other by a central arcade of fifteenth century workmanship.

There is reason for it all, and as the reason flashes upon us, one vision after another passes before our minds.

Once more (in imagination) we see the edifice complete as it was of old with a partition down the centre thus forming two distinct churches. As in a dream we see the door in the north wall softly open and a procession of black robed Sisters, two by two, file slowly in, while through the south door flock in the parish folk in their quaint garments, their great hoops, and their high ruffles.

There going up the aisle is Sir John Crosby, and many other well-known characters, following in his train; and if we carry our thoughts on for another century, we shall see the king of poets, William Shakespeare.

The scene changes, and our ears catch the soft foot-fall of the sisters as they pace the cloisters, stopping ever and anon to glance through the hagioscope at the High Altar, as it stands there in all its beauty with the faint perfume of the incense lingering about it.

As the partition dividing the edifice has been removed and the whole building become the parish church of to-day, the reason why the Altar is on one side is apparent.

A doorway, at present blocked, and part of a stone staircase, which led from the church into the priory are still in existence and in a fair state of preservation.

The hagioscope is unique, for instead of having only one opening, as is usual, it has six. Formerly the chapel was immediately behind it, and it was intended to afford a means of viewing the Elevation of the Host to those unable to be present in the church. The word "hagioscope" is a compound Greek one signifying a means of viewing the "Sacred Mysteries." If, as is usual, it is in the outer wall of the building, it is intended to enable passers-by, and particularly lepers, to hear Mass. It is sometimes called "The Lepers' Squint"—"squint" because it is always oblique or awry to the wall of the church pointing directly to the Altar.



The south door of the church is of considerable interest because it withstood the efforts of Cromwell's soldiers to force an entrance which they endeavoured to do by firing upon it. In a glass case at the end of the church is a bullet said to have been extracted from the woodwork.

Near the door is the pulpit, a handsome piece of carving of seventeenth century date, a few steps more, and we are ourselves within the chancel which has been modernized to a great extent.

The old Altar is gone, and in its place stands a new one, the panels of which are decorated with paintings of the Lamb and angels. At the back rises a beautiful oak reredos, also new, richly carved with scenes from the life of Our Lord. The centre one depicts the Resurrection while the window behind still further illustrates the footsteps of Christ. The screen is the gift of certain City companies, and has inscribed upon it the names to whose memory it has been erected.

But though so much of the surroundings are new, there are still some links with the past. The stalls, which were formerly used in the nuns' choir, are now filled with men and boys in white array, but chanting the self-same hymns and prayers (the Lord's Prayer, Magnificat, the Psalms, the Te Deum) which the Benedictines chanted of old. And as again we sink into the past and hearken to the Sisters, our minds are filled with thoughts of peace and rest, till we are roughly awakened from our dream by a wail of sorrow and suffering, dismay and grief from those very voices

we have just been listening to, for, as we glance a little to the left towards the magnificent Altar tomb of Sir William Pickering, this great scholar and soldier of four reigns, rises up and comes towards us clad in his armour as of yore to tell us how Henry VIII took possession of the priory ; and, dismissing the occupants, he presented it to Sir Richard Williams, a nephew of the Earl of Essex and great great grandfather of Oliver Cromwell.

If we now pass to the right we shall find just within the chancel the Altar tomb of Sir John Crosby, whose life-size effigy (clad in armour with his aldermanic mantle cast about him) together with that of Agnes, his wife, rest upon it in a most perfect state of preservation, even the rings upon his fingers being discernible. He was sheriff at the time of the Battle of Tewkesbury and was one of those who going out to welcome Edward IV on his return from victory had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him. A sum of money was left by him to repair St. Helen's.

Quitting the chancel, we enter the nuns' choir, and standing upon the steps beneath the Gresham window lately restored, see on all sides of us tombs and memorials of different ages.

As we look towards the west we note a large window with the life-size portraits of persons buried in this building—Sir John Crosby, Sir Andrew Judd, W. Bond, Sir William Pickering, Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir John Spencer, Gentili, Hooke and Bancroft. Then we turn and find beside us the marble tomb of the great

merchant, Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange and Gresham College. As our eyes rest upon the grasshopper surmounting his arms, a half-forgotten story courses through our minds. A green field, and a little lad dashing hither and thither after a grasshopper which perpetually evades his grasp, till at length it alights on a bundle beneath a hedge. The boy stoops to catch it, but the insect is forgotten as a baby smiles up into his face. So a starving, deserted infant through the instrumentality of an insect is saved to grow to manhood, and so benefit his fellow-men that he is regretted and gratefully remembered after the lapse of centuries. Whether the story be a true one or not, we cannot say, but certainly the grasshopper which is of somewhat large dimensions upon the tomb gives colour to the legend. His house, too, in Lombard Street was called "The Grasshopper"; but the story in all probability refers to some ancestor.

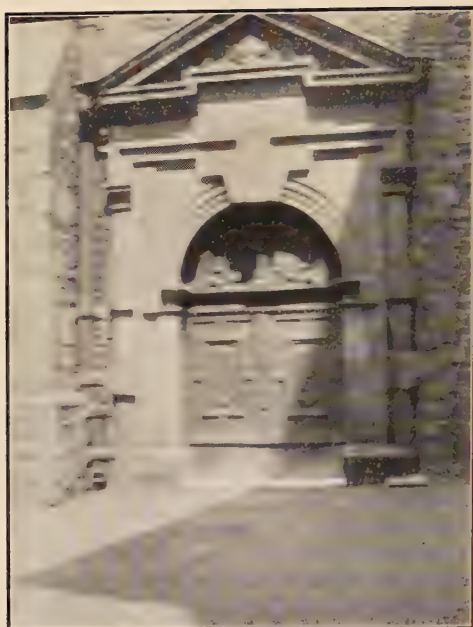
Such a building as the Exchange must have been much needed, for Stow tells us that :

"The merchants and tradesmen, as well English as strangers, did for their general making of bargains, contracts, and commerce, usually meet twice a day, but these meetings were unpleasant by reason of walking, and talking in a narrow crowded street, being thus compelled to endure all extremities of weather, heat or cold, snow or rain, or else to shelter themselves in shops."

It was by command of Queen Elizabeth that it was called "The Royal Exchange" and not "The Exchange" only.

Close by hangs a helmet, and we wonder at finding





St. Helen's, Bishopsgate :  
Door upon which Cromwell's soldiers fired



St. Helen's, Bishopsgate :  
Ambry and Runs' private entrance



it in such a spot where it seems out of place till we remember that it was an old custom (more common in England than elsewhere) for portions of a warrior's armour to be carried before his coffin to the grave, and then placed upon or near the tomb. Hearne the antiquary tells us that the practice originated with King Canute who, upon the refusal of the waves to obey him, took off his crown and placed it upon the crucifix in Westminster Abbey or, according to some authorities, Winchester Cathedral. And Shakespeare in Henry V refers to the custom when he says :

“ Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor ?

Sword I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead.”

This royal merchant's funeral took place at night; amongst other details we read, “ that a hundred poor men and a hundred poor women, to each of whom a black gown was presented, followed him, and four dozen of great staff torches, and a dozen of great long torches were to be carried.”

Another tomb worthy of notice is that of Sir Julius Cæsar Ademare, or Sir Julius Cæsar as he preferred to be called. He was the son of an Italian physician much about the court of Queen Mary, Judge of the Supreme Court of Admiralty of Queen Elizabeth, and Master of the Rolls to King James. Upon the tomb is a presentment in marble of a bond duly signed and sealed, but with the seal broken and hanging by a piece of string, in token that the bond is now discharged and

broken by death. The inscription which is in Latin is to the effect that Caesar was ready to pay the debt of nature whenever God required it. The design is an example of the "conceits" which were so much in vogue at the time.

On the north wall are numerous tablets, many with carved and coloured figures of men, women and children, too numerous to mention in detail, though two or three may just be referred to.

But first we must not forget to draw attention to the openings which are thought to have been two aumbries—one double and one single. They are in a perfect state of preservation. Even the grooves in which the iron bars were placed are still visible. The aumbrie is a recess in the wall protected by iron bars.

It is worth pausing a moment to examine that which has been erected to the memory of a Captain of the Trained Bands, Martin Bond, who in effigy is seated in his tent at Tilbury guarded by two soldiers, while a third brings up his charger.

An object of interest is the brass slab indicating the place where Bancroft's tomb formerly stood. An authority tells us that on the day of the funeral of this eccentric and much hated man, the populace got into the tower and rang the joy bells. He built his tomb during his life and left instructions for his body to be embalmed, and from time to time inspected. The tomb was unusually large, and entered by a door, the lid of the coffin having hinges like a box could be easily opened. A few years ago it was thought

advisable to sink the whole into the ground, but before doing so it was inspected for the last time, and it was noticed that the blue velvet mantle in which he was interred was in a good state of preservation.

There is a window here containing a picture of Shakespeare which was presented by an American on hearing that the poet lived in this parish.

In excavating under Bancroft's vault a stone coffin broken in two was discovered which is believed to be that of the first abbess. It now stands at the west end of the church near a case with glass doors, in which are relics and bones of animals found in the churchyard.

A tomb inscribed with the name of Robinson bears the following verse :

" CHRIST IS MY LIFE—DEATH IS MY GAIN;  
MY BODY SLEEPS IN HOPE TO REIGN.  
THRICE HAPPY CHANGE IS IT FOR ME  
FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN SUMMONED TO BE."

At our feet a slab of stone in memory of some children is inscribed with the following touching words :

" SILENT GRAVE TO THEE I TRUST  
THESE PRECIOUS PILES OF LOVELY DUST.  
KEEP THEM SAFELY SACRED TOMB  
TILL A FATHER ASKS FOR ROOM."

Just within the south-west porch is a tablet in memory of Dame Abigail Lawrence, and as we read it our minds revert to the Plague with all its horrors, for her husband was mayor during that period, and was noted for his goodness and kindness to those afflicted with the scourge.

At the foot of the steps near the vestry door is the alabaster tomb (erected by his son-in-law, William Lord Compton) of Sir John Spencer and his wife, whose life-size effigies lie upon it in a recumbent position beneath a handsome canopy, while at a prayer desk near their feet kneels their daughter. Sir John on account of his wealth called "the rich Spencer" was Lord Mayor and a member of the Cloth Workers' Company. Elizabeth, who was his only child and heiress, fell in love with William Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton. Her father objected to the marriage, but the young couple took the matter into their own hands and ran away. The story runs that Sir John on coming downstairs one morning stopped and spoke to the baker's boy, to whom he presented sixpence for bringing the bread in good time, little knowing that the barrow outside was intended to conceal his daughter, and that the baker boy was his would-be son-in-law. Enraged at the trick, Sir John swore that he had given them the last sixpence they would ever receive from him, and he then and there disinherited his daughter.

The matter came to the ears of Queen Elizabeth, who, determining to play the part of peace-maker and bring about a reconciliation, sent for Sir John some time later desiring him to stand sponsor with herself to the child of a young couple who had been disinherited. He naturally acceded to her request, and after the ceremony told her that as he had now no one to whom to leave his money he should make this baby



his heir. His astonishment may be imagined when the Queen informed him that the little one was his own grandson.

His funeral procession some years later was an imposing spectacle, for one thousand men dressed in black attended. To three hundred and twenty poor men a basket was presented, containing a black gown, four pounds of beef, two loaves of bread, a bottle of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen points, two red herrings, four white herrings, and ten eggs.

A rather quaint letter of Lady Elizabeth Compton written to her husband, Sir William, has been preserved and testifies to her somewhat extravagant tastes :

“ My sweet Life,

I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your kind and loving wife, £1600 and also £600 added yearly for charitable purposes ; also I will have three horses for my own saddle that none shall dare to lend or borrow ; also I will have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, but also believe me it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone when God hath blessed her Lord and Lady with a great estate. For either of these women I must and will have a horse.

Also I will have six or eight gentlemen, and I will have my own coaches, one lined with velvet for myself, and four very fine horses, and a coach for my women, with four good horses.

Also I will have two coachmen ; also when I travel I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and for my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting, not pestering my things with my women's, nor their's with their chambermaids', nor their's with their washmaids'.



Also for laundresses I will have them sent away before the carriages to see all right, and I must have two footmen and my desire is that you defray all my charges for me, and for myself, besides my allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, also I would have to put in my purse £2000 and £200 and so you pay my debts; also I would have £6000 to buy me jewels and £4000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now seeing that I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants' men and women their wages, also I would have all my houses furnished."

The monument of Alderman Richard Staper and Agnes, his wife (1608) has been removed from the church of St. Martin and brought here. According to his epitaph: "He was the greatest merchant in his time, the chiefest actor in discoveries of the trades of Turkey and East India."

The window over the door representing the Crucifixion is in memory of a Lord Mayor, William Taylor Copeland, who for nearly forty years was Alderman of the Ward of Bishopsgate and Sheriff in 1828. Near by is another window presented by Colonel Wilson, an Alderman, depicting pictures of St. Michael, St. Alban, and St. Edmund.

The last window we will notice ere entering the chapel is in memory of the Saint to whom the church is dedicated, and will carry us back into the dim distance as we follow St. Helen in her search for the true Cross. With her we stand by while the three instruments of torture are dug out of their hiding place. With her we watch while the two first are laid upon the dying man, and we share something of her joy when the truth





St. Helen's, Bishopsgate :  
Runs' Choir



St. Helen's, Bishopsgate :  
Magnificent Tomb

is revealed by a miracle, for as the Cross touches him the sufferer rises strong and well.

Near the entrance, but several feet above the ground, is an aperture, now blocked, which was formerly a door, for when, some years ago, the human remains buried beneath were removed to be reinterred, the floor was lowered to such an extent that blocks had to be inserted under the pillars to keep them in their places.

There is a chapel at the back of the organ, where formerly there were two, one being dedicated to the Holy Ghost and the other to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Within this little chapel is the Altar tomb of Sir John de Outwich and his wife, which was brought with one or two others and the two pieces of marble from the demolished church of St. Martin Outwich. The piece of Venetian marble was discovered in the interior of the Bernard Monument, and the piece of Purbeck formed part of the Clothmakers' Memorial.

There are several handsome brasses in a good state of preservation.

The south window was presented by William Jones, a tablet beneath informs us, and "accepted in pleasing remembrance of the successful prosecution by him, as vestry clerk of this parish, of the legal rights to this light, but long obscured, now happily restored, 1857."

The ancient Altar—an oaken table—stands to the left of the present Altar. Surmounting the latter are eight niches which have contained the figures of saints or angels.

## XXIV

**St. James' Garlick-Hithe, Cannon Street**

**United with Holy Trinity the Less.  
and St. Michael's, Queenhithe**

**G**ARLICK having at one time been sold here on the banks of the Thames, the spot gained the name of Garlick Hill, and the church, that of Garlick-Hithe.

St. James' is supposed to have been built in 1326 by a certain Richard Rothing, Sheriff. It was destroyed in the Great Fire and re-erected by Wren. As it now stands it is seventy-five feet long by forty-five broad, and the nave is separated from the aisles by Ionic columns.

Above the oaken Altar which stands in a recess hangs a picture of the Ascension by Geddes. It was presented to the church in 1815 by a late rector, Dr. Burnet. Upon the reredos are three paintings, the central one being "The Breaking of Bread" at Emmaus. The cross and the candlesticks are worth special notice as they are very beautiful, the latter being of foreign workmanship and very old; the former, though modern, have been made to match them



exactly. The standards are rather curious ; they were constructed from some altar rails.

The ceiling over the chancel is coved and ornamented with pictures of the implements of the Passion. The organ which is the work of Father Smith is in the west gallery. There is some handsome carving about, especially on the pulpit and canopy, the churchwardens' high-backed pews at the west end, and the corporation pews which are to the east. Upon these latter are figures of the Lion and the Unicorn, and also two sword rests.

Over the clock which projects above the porch is a figure of St. James, and throughout the church are cockle shells, the emblem of the patron on account of the number of pilgrimages made to his shrine at Compostella. He was the first of the Apostolic band to go forth to evangelize the world, and also the first to win the crown of martyrdom. He is sometimes called St. Iago of Compostella.

In the porch there is a cupboard containing in a glass case the well preserved body of one who is believed to have been a Lord Mayor of London because the coffin was discovered in that part of the building where it was customary to bury the Lord Mayors. When first discovered the body was covered with what appeared to be fine hair, and the teeth were quite perfect.

In the Great Fire the church of Holy Trinity the Less was destroyed and, not being re-erected, the parish was united with that of St. Michael's, Queen-Hithe.

In 1876 this latter church was pulled down, and the two parishes were made one with St. James'.

On entering the door the first thing that attracts our notice is a board with the following inscription, which looks as if it had been placed there yesterday : " This church was entirely consumed in the late dreadful conflagration, A.D. 1666. The foundation thereof was laid A.D. 1676. It was rebuilt and opened 1682, and finished 1683." Here follow the names of the churchwardens and the words " Deo In Excelsis."

Two or three persons of importance are buried in St. James', amongst whom are Lady Herbert, Sir George Stanley, the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Stanley, Mother to Lord Strange, William Vyner, Mayor in 1533, and Sir John Wrotch.

George Baron Strange was held by Richard III as a hostage for his father, and only just escaped execution.

Another person interred here is Wat Tyler's master, Richard Lyons, a famous merchant whose death was brought about through the instrumentality of Tyler, who out of revenge for a blow caused him to be beheaded in the revolt of 1383.

It was at St. James' when the Rev. William Stubbs was taking the service that Steele was so impressed by the beauty of the Book of Common Prayer. He says :

" I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as





St. Helen's,  
Bishopsgate :  
Tomb in the  
Chapel



St. Helen's,  
Bishopsgate :  
Bagioscope  
with six open=  
ings instead of  
the usual one

usual, for I then considered that I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performance of that duty, I found that I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discerned it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The confession was read with a resigned humility, and the Absolution with such comfortable authority, the Thanksgiving with such a religious joy."

Another of the clergy connected with this church was Dr. Dodd. Before reading his sad story it is well to keep vividly before our minds a saying of Baxter, the well-known Divine, whenever he was brought in contact with a criminal: "There, but for the mercy of God, goes Richard Baxter."

We none of us can tell what sins we might fall into, if we were tempted as others who have fallen have been tempted.

Dr. Dodd was a hard worker both in his parish and as a literary man. He appears to have been benevolent and kind-hearted and to have exerted himself greatly on behalf of prisoners. He did all that lay in his power to help the Humane Society and the Magdalene Hospital. He published a number of sermons, poems and commentaries on the Bible, and also edited some religious magazines. Extravagance would seem to have been his besetting sin, for though he had a good income it did not suffice for his needs, and in order to augment it he resorted to dishonest means. Knowing that a certain living was vacant which brought in a large yearly sum he determined to obtain it



and wrote anonymously to the Lord Chancellor's wife, Lady Apsley, promising that if through her this living were given to Dr. Dodd, she would have the sum of three thousand pounds. The letter being traced to him, he was obliged to leave England for a time, but even yet might have retrieved his character had he not been so terribly in debt that on his return in a fit of desperation he forged the name of his old pupil, the Earl of Chesterfield for the sum of four thousand two hundred pounds, not, as he said at his trial, with intent to defraud, but as a temporary loan. The banker through whom the cheque was passed, having his doubts as to its genuineness, referred it to the Earl, who at once disowned it. Dr. Dodd immediately refunded the whole sum, giving a bill of sale on his furniture for the amount he had spent.

The restitution was complete, as well as prompt, but Lord Chesterfield having no mercy on his former master, prosecuted, and he being found guilty was according to the law of the day sentenced to death. The public considering the punishment too severe accorded him their sympathy and help. The parish officers dressed in mourning made a house-to-house visitation to gather signatures. So many were interested in the matter that it took twenty-three sheets of parchment to contain them, and Dr. Johnson wrote a letter, in Dr. Dodd's name, to the King and Queen. In a body the Lord Mayor and common council then went to St. James' Palace, but the monarch, fancying that death for forgery was absolutely necessary for

the good of the country, turned a deaf ear to the petition, and Dr. Dodd was executed. He had one opportunity of making his escape, but being certain of a respite he refused to take advantage of it, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends.

The following words were the last he preached from, and which were curiously significant of the trouble that was to fall upon him, and almost in the nature of a prophecy. "Among the nations thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest, but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind, and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have no assurance of thy life."

## XXV

**St. Katherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street**

**A**S we wend our way up Fenchurch Street, through all the noise and confusion of the busy thoroughfare, jostled this way and that by the hurrying crowd as it hastens along to the market place or business house, we are suddenly confronted by a beautiful, peaceful, old garden, shaded by trees and planted with flowers of different hue with seats in profusion, where the weary wayfarer and footsore pedestrian may rest and dream of cool lanes and green fields.

A spot with trees near by was often chosen as a site for a church in olden days, because they would be a protection in storms. A decree of the Synod of Exeter, 1227, reads: "Since trees are often planted there to protect the church being injured by storm, we strictly forbid the rector to fell them." Another reason for their being grown in churchyards was in order that beneath them might be buried those to whom it was wished to render special honour. Mention is made in Genesis xxxv, 8, of the body of Rebecca's nurse Deborah being placed beneath an oak. In the days when people were laid to rest without coffins a churchyard lasted for many generations.

As we pass under the porch of St. Katherine's which stands back to the right, we feel as if we were far away from the city and town with their toil, and rush, and turmoil, and in some old world village church where trains and trams are but names, and motors and electric cars unheard of.

A sense of peace and rest is upon us, and we would fain linger here awhile, and forget the world and its troubles, its grievous sorrows and unsatisfactory pleasures.

Indeed, to many St. Katherine's must be a little oasis in the great desert of London. Here, morning after morning, she opens her doors at five o'clock that the factory hands and those who are compelled to come to the city by an early train may be able to unite together in a short service of prayer and praise, and then if they will, remain and rest till it is time for their morning work to begin.

St. Katherine Coleman derives its name, says Stow, from a hawyard, or from a garden belonging to a man named Coleman. Though built upon an ancient site it is not an old church, having been re-erected in 1734. We cannot discover the date of the former edifice. Mundy thinks that the south aisle was built by William White, Lord Mayor in 1489. And then it was repaired in 1620.

It is lighted by five small round windows in the south wall, and five long oval-headed ones in the north. Over the Altar is an oil painting of angels, and the inscription "Holy, Holy, Holy." The pulpit and

canopy are rather curious, the pews high and old-fashioned. The organ is in a small gallery to the west, and on the wall at that end hang two large boards bearing the names of various benefactors to the parish.

Poor housekeepers appear to be the people principally to be benefited. On the north wall is a brass in memory of Sir Henry Billingsby, who founded three scholarships and died in 1606.

The street takes its name of Fen from the marshy ground in the neighbourhood of the Langbourne. At one time it was probably a fashionable part, for in the reign of William and Mary the first Russian ambassador lived there.

Ere leaving, we are reminded of the terrible year of the Great Plague (1665) of which the Rev. Thomas Vincent writes in August : " Now people fall as thick as leaves in Autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind."

As many as four to five thousand a week were dying, and Dr. Burnet, a physician in this street (Fenchurch Street), was the first victim within the actual City. He at once closed his door and put the fatal notice upon it, a cross, and the words " Lord, have mercy upon us."

Rapidly London emptied as the disease gained ground, and the streets became silent and deserted. " If any sounds, it is the groans of dying persons. The nights are too short to bury the dead, the whole day, though it is so great a length, is hardly sufficient to light the dead that fall therein into their graves." London, says Defoe, might well be said " To be all in tears."







St. Katherine Coleman :  
Altar



St. Katherine Cree :  
Katherine Wheel Window

*Facing p. 177*

## XXVI

**St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street**

**O**N the left-hand side of Leadenhall Street within the precincts of the ancient Priory of Holy Trinity, Christ Church (which was founded by Matilda of Scotland, wife of Henry I) stands St. Katherine Cree, or St. Katherine's Christ Church.

Formerly the parishioners had attended the priory for worship, but as time passed on and the population increased, this became inconvenient. Therefore, in about 1303, an agreement was entered into between the bishop, Richard de Gravesend, and the prior to build a church.

More than three hundred years later the greater part was re-erected by Inigo Jones (as it is supposed) and the first stone was laid by Martin Bond, Captain of the Trained Bands.

It is fairly large, having a nave and two aisles. The ceiling is flat with vaulted ribs, and the clerestory is supported on either side by six Corinthian columns carrying arches which form arcades. The architecture is principally Gothic and Greek. On the column nearest to the Altar on the north side is inscribed the date of the completion of the church—1630. The

oldest portion of the building is the bell tower and a piece of a pillar fixed against a wall at the south side of the west end.

Gathered around the consecration of this church is interest of the deepest kind, for Archbishop Laud, then Bishop of London, was the consecrator. The form of service used was that revised by Bishop Andrews, and was almost identical with the one in use at the present day. Though there was nothing out of the ordinary in the manner in which he conducted the ceremony, it formed the basis of the special charge brought against him at his trial fifteen years later, which ended in his execution on Tower Hill, January 10th, 1645.

Those who stood within the sacred edifice on that memorable Sunday, January 16th, 1630, heard from without the cry : " Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in," and saw when the portals were thrown back and the procession slowly enter the Bishop fall upon his knees and lifting up his hands towards Heaven, cry : " This place is holy, this ground is holy, in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." They must indeed have known it was not to himself that he applied the words " King of Glory," though his enemies so claimed, and in after years brought it against him for finding no just cause for death, must invent one.

The Saint to whom the church is dedicated is St. Katherine of Alexandria—an Egyptian of royal birth.

As we enter the nave, the east window immediately

catches our eye, for it is unusually large. The upper portion is quite round, and is in the shape of what is now called a "Catherine wheel." As we ask ourselves why St. Katherine's emblem is a wheel, we are transported in imagination to the great city of Alexandria in the time of the Emperor Maximin. There we see a maiden of royal birth surrounded by the most learned men of the day who have gathered together for the sole purpose of overwhelming her with arguments against the faith which she holds more precious than life.

She stands alone amidst this concourse, yet not alone, for though her enemies cannot, surely we whose eyes are open can see the angels gathered round her, and by her side One greater than the angels even, their King and ours. In His power and by His strength we see her not only silence her antagonists but convert them to the Faith of the Lord Whom she adores.

Maximin, in his rage at her constancy, orders her to be bound to an iron-spiked wheel, which as it revolves shall tear her to pieces. As her persecutors fasten her to it, a light straight from the Throne of God pierces the sky, and shattering the instrument of torture to fragments lays her enemies dead at her feet. For Christ Who in the Garden of Gethsemane chose to prove His almighty power by causing His enemies to fall before Him ere he permitted them to take Him, wills by a miracle to prove to those around this maiden that He is ever near His servants, ever near to help and succour those who are in need.



The scene changes and now we are without the city walls, and surely as the Saint stands there joyfully awaiting her summons she remembers One Who, for her sake, willed to yield up His life beyond the gates of Jerusalem. Then, as we watch her fall asleep by the sword, we can see the angels come to waken her as they carry her into the unveiled presence of Him Who waits to welcome and to crown her.

And so the Katharine wheel has become to us a symbol of victory and glory, and as such has been introduced into our churches.

A glance at the lower portion of this window with its five coloured lights brings us to very modern times, for it has recently been placed there in memory of a late rector as a memorial of the Flower Service now so common, which he was the first to institute.

The cedar wood Altar with its background of illuminated commandments and texts is very simple and will not detain us, but ere turning aside we must linger one moment to glance at the brass inserted in the floor immediately in front of it, engraved with the figure of John Gayer, and bearing the following inscription :

"SIR JOHN GAYER FOUNDER OF THE LION SERMON. HE WAS BORN IN PLYMOUTH 1635. THIS CHURCH HAS REASON TO BE PROUD OF HIM BECAUSE RATHER THAN WITHDRAW HIS UNFLINCHING ASSERTION OF THE LIBERTIES OF THE CITIZEN, AND HIS SUPPORT OF CHARLES I, HE SUBMITTED TO IMPRISONMENT IN THE TOWER AT THE HANDS OF THE PARLIAMENT 1647-1648, AND HIS SALVA LIBERTATI BECAME HISTORICAL. HE RESIDED IN THIS PARISH, AND DIED IN PEACE IN HIS OWN HOUSE, AND LIES BURIED IN A VAULT BENEATH."

THIS SLAB IS PRESENTED BY HIS DESCENDANTS.

As we remember the reason why he left £200 for the

Lion Sermon, to be preached every 22nd of October, we recall another miracle. We see the Desert of Arabia stretching in front of us, and a solitary half-starved man climbing feebly out of a pit where for days he has been lying. At last he reaches the top exhausted and sinks upon the ground, to be confronted the next moment by a lion. Doubtless there flashes across his brain an old Bible narrative, and with it the conviction that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. With strong faith and fervent hope he prays for deliverance; and when once more he raises his eyes, he sees the savage beast ambling away in another direction.

So as a thank-offering for his wonderful preservation, Sir John Gayer left instructions that once a year a sermon should be preached recounting the miracle.

As we leave the chancel and turn to the right, we approach the life-size effigy of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton which lies recumbent in a niche in the wall. Ere passing on we wait a moment while this Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us something of the troubles and triumphs of his eventful career, for he has lived during four reigns.

In the time of Henry VIII he nearly lost his head. He was imprisoned in the Tower and brought to trial, but conducted his own defence in so able a manner that his life was spared.

He watched by the sick bed of Edward VI, and when the little king passed away sent to inform Mary that the crown was hers. Later he devoted himself to the Princess Elizabeth, and upon her half-sister's death,

at the request of the new Queen drew the wedding ring from the dead Queen's finger and presented it to Elizabeth, now the Sovereign. He afterwards served as ambassador both in France and Scotland, and died at the age of 57 said to have been poisoned by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the Queen's favourite. Throckmorton Street takes its name from him.

There are no other historical personages commemorated, though Strype suggested that Hans Holbein was interred at St. Katherine's, but no memorial has been erected to him.

There are one or two curiously worded tablets amongst which are the following :

" HERE RESTS IN HOPE OF BLESSED RESURRECTION RICHARD SPENCER ESQR. TURK MERCHANT WHOSE CHANGE FROM MORTAL TO IMMORTALITY COMMENCED ON SEPTEMBER 3RD 1667 AETAT 50."

" SAMUEL MARSHALL, A BRIGHT SCHOLAR TO THE EXCELLENT DOCTOR BLOW, AN ADMIRABLE AND USEFUL ORNAMENT TO YE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S, ABOUT 45 YEARS EXQUISITE ORGANIST. HIS VERY ARTFUL MOVING AND SOLEMN COMPOSITIONS AND PERFORMANCES FOR AND IN THE SERVICE OF GOD, THROUGH HIS HUMILITY DISREGARDED BY HIMSELF, HAVE DESERVEDLY RAISED HIM A GREAT NAME AND ESTEEM AMONG YE BEST AND MOST IMPARTIAL OF THEM. HE WAS MOST UNAFFECTEDLY CHARITABLE, FAITHFUL, GENEROUS, SINCERE, NEAT AND AMIABLE, BUT SUFFERED MUCH BY OVER CREDULITY, EXCESS OF MODESTY AND GOOD NATURE AND BY FALSE REPORTS. AS HE WAS FERVENTLY PRAYING FOR BLESSINGS ON US ALL AND HAD JUST SAID AMEN, YE LAST WORD HE EVER SPOKE, HE SWEETLY AND GLADLY DIED IN YE LORD."

In those days secular plays were unknown in England, but in order to give instruction and bring religious subjects plainly before the eyes of those who could neither read nor write (and they were the rule and not the exception) devotional plays were instituted. The first of these, one on the Passion of

our Lord, is said to have been written by St. Gregory of Nazianzen. A nun called Roswitha revived it in about the tenth century. At first, they took place in the church only during an interval in the service, when the clergy alone were the actors. At a later period, the churchyard was considered more appropriate, and St. Katherine's was one of the places chosen, for the purpose, the laity now taking part in the performance. At a later date still, they were acted in the streets and squares.

It was a disputed point whether these plays were for good or evil. Some thought them profane, Wycliffe and his followers being among the number, while on the other hand Luther and his followers in England and elsewhere encouraged them. Luther remarked on one occasion : " Such spectacles often do more good and produce more impression than sermons." In many cases they cost large sums to produce and were of great length. One at Palermo comprised the whole Bible story from the Creation to the Incarnation. A very favourite subject was the " Fall of Lucifer." Milton's " Paradise Lost " was intended to be a drama founded upon this.

They were of three kinds : " Mysteries," or scenes from the Bible ; " Miracles," or scenes from the lives of the Saints ; and " Moralities," or allegorical subjects. The first miracle play in England took place at Dunstable, though there is some account of an earlier one called " The image of St. Nicholas."

Some of the most important were preceded by



a proclamation or "banes" made by heralds with trumpets, the same word used in our marriage banns. During the seventh century miracle plays ceased, and were succeeded by secular plays and pageants of various kinds. They served a useful purpose, by bringing before the monarch different abuses of the day. In the time of Charles I, for instance, the law regarding patents was a very annoying one, so in a play performed before the king a man appeared on the stage carrying in one hand a capon and in the other a carrot, and demanded a patent of monopoly saying he had invented a way of feeding capons with carrots.

Curiously enough, therefore, the churches were our first theatres. Efforts are again being made from time to time to revive the religious drama.

This was one of the churches injured by bombs, and a great deal of glass was broken by Taubes in the daylight raids. Some of it has been restored, but as yet not that comprising the centre light of the Catharine Wheel.



## XXVII

**St. Lawrence Jewry, Gresham Street**

**T**HIS spacious church with its curious vane which in honour of the patron, is in the form of a gridiron, stands in Gresham Street, and takes its name of "Jewry" from having been built in that part of London inhabited by the Jews before they were expelled from England by Edward I.

The sacred edifice was utterly destroyed in the Great Fire, but was rebuilt by Wren. On the south wall near the west end is a brass which indicates that the foundation stone was laid by Robert Baxter on April 12th, 1671.

Within the west door is a large vestibule through which we pass to reach the clergy vestry. It lies to our right, and must be quite the most beautiful apartment of its kind in London, possibly in England. The walls are encased from top to bottom in carved oak. After glancing at the beautiful doors through which we have entered, our eyes light upon a picture near-by. The subject is a weird and ghastly one.

Upon the ground in the centre of the canvas is a fire, over which a large gridiron has been placed with the white distorted figure of a man bound upon it, the

flames cast their lurid light upon the faces of the bystanders, one of whom with a long spear is in the act of turning over the body of the Saint, for the picture represents the martyrdom of St Lawrence the patron of this church.

When the Emperor Valerian sent to demand from him the Altar plate and other treasures of the church, he gathered together the poor from all parts of the city of Rome, and on the arrival of those sent to receive the valuables exclaimed, pointing to the crowd of sick and suffering : " Behold the treasures of the Church." It is said that after he had been lying on that terrible instrument of torture for some time he remarked : " I am quite done on this side, you had better turn me over." And this is the moment indicated by the artist in the picture.

Now if we withdraw our gaze from this terrible spectacle and glance upwards, our hearts must needs rejoice as we are reminded of what God has in store for those who love Him, for upon the ceiling is a painting by Sir E. Thornhill of St. Lawrence winning his reward. He is represented entering Heaven surrounded by angels. The frame even of the picture is most exquisite and needs only to be seen to be appreciated. The painting of the Martyrdom which is very old was saved from the Fire and formerly hung above the High Altar.

Within the crypt of St. Lawrence's, Chorley, lie the relics of a Saint of this name which were brought by Sir Rowland Standish from Normandy in the year

1422, but it is not likely that they are the remains of the young deacon of whom we are writing, for Rome lays claim to possessing them.

As we leave the vestry a painting of the Assumption (the taking of the Blessed Virgin to Heaven) faces us. To our left is the font, and above it is a window in memory of Sir Thomas More who lectured here in 1501. Below his effigy which is life-size is a procession of priests and choir, and, on either side, his houses, which were situated the one in Chelsea and the other in Bucklesbury.

Against the wall to the left is a monument surmounted by three busts in memory of Alderman Sir William Halliday, who died 1623.

The building itself is eighty-two feet long by seventy-two broad, and contains one aisle on the north side, which is divided from the nave by Corinthian columns. Beyond this aisle extending the whole length of the building is a vestry, and the four stained windows, each consisting of a life-size figure of one of the Evangelists, in the north wall, derive all their light from it. The colouring is extremely delicate and beautiful. There are in all twenty-eight stained glass windows. Those in the clerestory contain pictures of the Apostles. Of the four beautiful windows in the south wall, two have been inserted in memory of several notable people, the founders or ancestors of many illustrious families. A picture of the Ascension with the background of gilt mosaic forms the reredos, and the effect of the rich gold is most beautiful when the gas is lighted.

Amongst the notable families connected with this church are Sir Richard Gresham from whose brother Sir John Gresham, Lord Mayor, and the Leveson-Gowers have sprung; John Cowper, from whom are descended the Earls Cowper; Sir Edward Osborn, Lord Mayor, the head of whose family in the present day is the Duke of Leeds; Alderman Sir Baptiste Hicks, from whom the Earls of Gainsborough are descended; Sir John Gore, brother to Sir Paul Gore, from whom the Dukes of Arran derive their ancestry; Sir Nathaniel Herne, ancestor to the Earl of Jersey; Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor, whose daughter married Francis Seymour, from whom has descended the Marquis of Hertford; Sir Geoffrey Bullen, Lord Mayor in 1547, and great, great grandfather of Queen Elizabeth; and Sir Richard Rich, from whom are descended the Earls of Warwick and Holland.

Other well-known citizens who were buried here, or rather in the old building, were Geoffery Fieldynge, Lord Mayor in 1452, Sir William Gresham, Lord Mayor in 1537, and Sir William Roe, Lord Mayor in 1592.

In the centre of the church is a large square pew which contains a table and several chairs, one of which is an armchair with a handsome sword rest at the back. It is for the use of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, who on Michaelmas Day assemble here for a service previous to the election of the new Lord Mayor.

Within the chancel is a monument in memory of Archbishop Tillotson, one of the lecturers here, who







St. Lawrence Jewry:  
The Corporation Pew



St. Magnus the Martyr  
The Memorial to Miles Coverdale and the Font  
*Facing p. 189*

died in 1694 and whose hearse was followed by an endless train of splendid equipages from Lambeth, through Smithfield, and over London Bridge. In this church, says Macaulay, the Archbishop "won his immense reputation." The funeral sermon was preached by Burnet. He paused in the middle and burst into tears, and a loud moan of sorrow rose from the whole auditory. "Even William was visibly moved, and Queen Mary could not speak of her instructor without weeping." "I have lost," said William, "the best friend I ever had, and the best man I ever knew."

In the South wall is a brass in memory of two Sunday School teachers of our own day, which bears the simple yet beautiful inscription : "Servants for Jesus Christ."

Three Bishops were rectors here—Dr. John Reynolds, who became Bishop of Norwich in 1660; Dr. Seth Ward, Bishop of Exeter in 1662, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, a celebrated astronomer and mathematician; and Dr. John Wilkins, one time Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Bishop of Chester in 1668, a great scientist, who married Robina a sister of Cromwell.

As we stand for a moment and note the beautiful carved pulpit which is placed to the south of the chancel, we are reminded of a sad scene which the old church witnessed in Dr. Wilkins' time. He was ill and unable to officiate, and asked Dr. Isaac Barrow to take his place. To the dismay and indignation of the congregation, the latter arrived with hair unbrushed, and collar unfastened, and attired in such a manner as



he would not have dared to approach an earthly sovereign, for, unfortunately, during the Commonwealth, and for some time after, reverence and outward devotion in God's House were at a very low ebb, and the Puritans came to church as they would to an ordinary lecture hall just to hear an address.

This congregation, probably more offended and annoyed at the disrespect to themselves than at the dishonour to God, rose in a body, and says an eyewitness there "ensued a shameful scene of uproar and confusion as if the church were falling; the noise caused by the pattens of the serving maids and women, the unlocking of pews, and the cracking of seats as, in order to more hastily quit the building, many climbed over them, terrible; I thought all the congregation was mad." The Doctor, however, not withstanding, gave out his text, and preached his sermon to the two or three who remained; one of them was the well-known Richard Baxter.

Later, certain of the parishioners remonstrated with the rector for having permitted such a scandalous and ignorant fellow to preach." On receiving Dr. Wilkins' assurance which was confirmed by Baxter, that his friend was a clever and good man they said that if he came again they would act differently, but this he emphatically declined to do.

It is a rather curious fact that Dr. Baxter who was such a good man in many ways should have been so hard and merciless as to exult in the sufferings of another, even if that other were, as he believed, a

grievous sinner. We find him rejoicing at the execution of a half-crazed old man of eighty who had lived blamelessly for more than sixty years, but who was at length accused of witchcraft (probably unjustly) and paid the penalty with his life.

It was an old custom for money to be left by will for funeral feasts to be provided. William Metholde, mercer (1580) left ten shillings to the vicar to preach a sermon, and directed that "the poor and rich dwelling in the alley of Milk Street be feasted on the day of my funeral, some at dinner, some at supper, £40 to be spent."

Stow refers to the shank bone of a man which was at one time on exhibition here. He says :

"Myself have seen in this church the shank bone of a man as it is taken, and also a tooth of very large bigness hanged up for show in chains of iron upon a pillar of stone, the tooth being about the bigness of a man's fist, the shank bone 25 inches in length by the rule remaineth, yet fastened to a post of timber and is not so much to be noted for the length as for the thickness, hardness, and strength thereof, for even when it was hanged on the same pillar, it fretted with moving the said pillar, yet without itself becoming fretted."

In connection with St. Lawrence's Church was an Anker, Friar Richard de Swepester, and a companion named Godfrey.



## XXVIII

**St. Magnus the Martyr, London Bridge**

**United with St. Margaret's, New Fish Street,  
and St. Michael's, Crooked Lane**

**T**HE original church of St. Magnus was of very ancient date, but it is not till 1328 that we find any mention of its clergy, when we read that Robert de Albano was rector.

St. Magnus' was probably the second of the two hundred and seventy-six churches destroyed in the Great Fire which broke out near here. An eye-witness of the terrible scene gives a vivid picture of what took place :

" It was the second of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the Fire began. It began in a bakehouse in Pudding Lane by Fish Street Hill, and now the Lord is making London a fiery oven in the time of His anger, and in His wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitation. It was in the depth and dead of night when most doors and senses were locked up in the City that the Fire doth break forth and appear abroad like a mighty giant refreshed with wine, doth awake and arm itself, quickly gather strength when it hath made havoc of some houses, rusheth down the Hill towards the Bridge, crosseth the Thames Street, invadeth Magnus Church at the Bridge foot, and, though the church was so great, yet it was not a sure



barricade against the conqueror, but having scaled and taken the fort, it shooteth flames with so much greater advantage into all places round about."

And Evelyn writes : " The clouds of smoke reacheth upon computation about fifty miles in length," and we learn from Pepys that the Fire burnt just as many parish churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the Fire.

St. Magnus' was re-erected in 1676, and as it now stands is a lofty building. It is ninety feet long by fifty-nine broad. The ceiling is flat over the centre but arched over the side aisles which are separated from the nave by Doric columns. The reredos, organ and pulpit are very handsome, the former being surmounted by two carved angels while in the centre are two small paintings of angels.

From the tower projects a clock, the gift of Sir Charles Duncombe in 1709, who, when a child, through not knowing the time, failed to keep an appointment with his master and he then and there made a resolution that if ever he were in a position to do so, he would present a clock to this church.

In 1760, St. Magnus' again suffered from fire, but on this occasion the roof only was consumed. It occurred at the time of the execution for murder of Earl Ferrers—an eccentric man of violent temper—believed by many to have been mad. The sad procession from the Tower to the scaffold witnessed by thousands was followed by a sheriff's chariot and six horses decked with ribbon preceding a body of soldiers

guarding the Earl's carriage, also drawn by six horses, and in it the prisoner was seated, dressed in his wedding clothes, and driven by his own coachman, the latter weeping all the way. He was followed by the chariot of another sheriff, a mourning coach, a hearse, and a body of Guards bringing up the rear.

The cavalcade passed through Thames Street, in which was an oil shop, where a servant had been told to watch some inflammable matter on the fire, but in his anxiety to see the Earl go by, he rushed out forgetful of the danger, leaving the premises to take care of themselves. During his absence a conflagration ensued, and the shop together with seven houses and the roof of St. Magnus' Church were destroyed. The damage was estimated at £40,000. Ferrers being an Earl was tried by his peers at Westminster Hall. He was hanged by a silken rope instead of a hempen one.

Several noteworthy persons have been connected with this church. Stow remarks in his quaint way that "many of great worship have been buried here." Amongst others Mauritius Griffeths, Bishop of Rochester in 1559; John Mitchell, Mayor in 1436; Sir William Garrard, Mayor 1555—"a grave, wise and distinguished citizen, equal to the best and inferior to none of our time."

But perhaps the most interesting was Miles Coverdale—one of those rectors who assisted Tyndale in his translation of the Bible, and a year or so later published the whole Bible in English for the first time, and dedicated it to Henry VIII.

He was imprisoned by Mary, but afterwards allowed to leave England. He remained abroad till the accession of Elizabeth, when he returned. On his death, he was laid to rest in St. Bartholomew's by the Exchange. When that church was demolished his remains were brought here, and on the south side of the Altar there is a monument erected to his memory bearing the following inscription :

" TO THE MEMORY OF MILES COVERDALE; WHO, CONVINCED THAT THE PURE WORD OF GOD OUGHT TO BE THE SOLE RULE OF OUR FAITH, AND GUIDE OF OUR PRACTISE, LABOURED EARNESTLY FOR ITS DIFFUSION, AND WITH THE VIEW OF AFFORDING THE MEANS OF READING AND HEARING IN THEIR OWN TONGUE THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD, NOT ONLY TO HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN, BUT TO THE NATIONS THAT SIT IN DARKNESS, AND EVERY CREATURE WHERESOEVER THE ENGLISH TONGUE MIGHT BE SPOKEN, SPENT MANY YEARS OF HIS LIFE IN PREPARING A TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES. ' ON THE 4TH OF OCTOBER MDXXXV THE FIRST COMPLETE ENGLISH PRINTED VERSION OF THE BIBLE WAS PUBLISHED UNDER HIS DIRECTION. THE PARISHIONERS OF ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR DESIROUS OF ACKNOWLEDGING THE MERCY OF GOD AND CALLING TO MIND THAT MILES COVERDALE WAS ONCE RECTOR OF THIS PARISH ERECTED THIS MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY MDCCCLXXXVII. ' HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT PREACH THE GOSPEL OF PEACE, AND BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS. ' "

Dr. Purgess who was vicar in 1649 was the same who in his great bitterness against Strafford forgot the dignity of his office, and heading a mob rushed through the streets crying for the execution of the Earl.

Another person of interest buried here was Henry Yeuele who constructed Ann of Bohemia's monument in Westminster Abbey, and was Master Mason to three kings—Edward III, Richard II, and Henry IV.

Upon the wall outside the church hangs a tablet in memory of " A sober man," which bears the following inscription :

" HERE LIETH THE BODY OF ROBERT PRESTON, LATE DRAWER OF THE BOAR'S HEAD IN GREAT EASTCHEAP, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH 16TH ANNO DOM 1780 AGED 27 :

BACCUS TO GIVE THE TOPING WORLD SURPRISE  
PRODUCED ONE SOBER SON, AND HERE HE LIES.  
THO' NURSED AMONG THE HOGSHEADS HE DEFYED  
THE CHARMS OF WINE, AND EVERY VICE BESIDE.  
OH READER, IF TO JUSTICE THOU'RT INCLINED  
KEEP HONEST PRESTON EVER IN THY MIND.  
HE DREW GOOD WINE, TOOK CARE TO FILL THE POTS,  
HAD SUNDRY VIRTUES THAT OUTWEIGHED HIS FAULTS.  
YOU THAT ON BACCUS HAVE THE LIKE DEPENDANCE,  
PRAY COPY BOB, IN MEASURE AND DEPENDANCE."

It was to this church that the Lord Mayor and sheriffs were in the habit of coming to Evensong when they attended the fair at Southwark called "Our Lady's Fair." They rode across London Bridge in their scarlet gowns, accompanied by the sword-bearer wearing the embroidered cap and carrying the pearl sword. They were met in the church by the aldermen, and afterwards all went in procession to the fair.

The following incident shows how much more guarded people had to be in their speech in former times than in the present day. In 1555 Pope Julius died, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, wrote to the Bishop of London ordering in Queen Mary's name a certain ceremony to be conducted which is appointed by the Church of Rome during the vacancy of the papal chair while a new Pope is being elected.

A woman happened to come to St. Magnus' and, noticing the preparations, asked what they meant. A bystander replied that the Pope was dead and that she must pray for him.

"Nay," she answered. "That will I not, for he



needeth not my prayers," and other words to the same effect. Her remark being reported, she was placed as a punishment in a cage on London Bridge and told to "cool herself."

It is in this church that the Fish Harvest Festival is held. Then the edifice is decorated with fish instead of fruit and flowers.

The parish of St. Margaret's, New Fish Street, was united with St. Magnus after the Great Fire, and upon the site of the former church the Monument was erected, as it was near there that the Fire commenced. In 1831 St. Michael's Crooked Lane, was demolished, and that parish also united with St. Magnus.

This is one of the churches that was struck by bombs during the Great War. The reredos was cracked and much glass was broken. There were sixty-three holes in the west window alone. The south wall and part of the vestry were damaged, and the whole of the gas brackets with one exception were destroyed.

From the fourteenth century onwards there was a society in connection with this church called the Fraternity of our Lady De Salve Regina. It is recorded in the Tower of London that this society was founded by five of the parishioners who with "other of the better sort" to prove their devotion to God by showing honour to His Mother, caused to be made a chantry to sing an anthem called Salve Regina every evening.

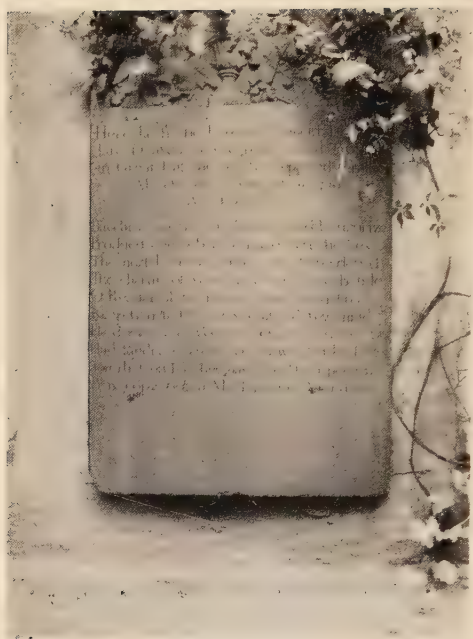
It is thought that a revival of the old confraternity



may help to abolish the false teaching about the Incarnation of Our Lord, now alas ! so prevalent.

The word ' confraternity ' in the strict sense of Canon Law of the Church of England means a society for the dignifying of Public Worship, so this Fraternity, founded in 1300, has been revived, or re-founded 1922. Rules, lists of services, etc., may be obtained from the rector.





St. Magnus the Martyr:  
The Monument to the "Sober Man"



St. Margaret, Lothbury:  
The Screen presented by the Hanseatic League

## XXIX

**St. Margaret, Lothbury**

United with St. Mildred's in the Poultry,  
St. Martin Pomary, St. Mary Colechurch,  
St. Christopher le Stocks, St. Olave's,  
St. Bartholomew's by the Exchange

**T**HIS handsomely decorated church so rich in old oak carvings of exquisite workmanship, every particle of which is of interest on account of its association and the stories gathered round it, stands in that part of the City near the Bank called Lothbury. Stow tells us that this place takes its name of Berie or court "of old time there kept, but by whom is grown out of memory." The street was principally inhabited by candlestick makers, founders and workers in copper, "who made a loathsom noise to the passers who have not been used to the like, and therefore by them disdainfully called Loathberie."

St. Margaret's is probably of very ancient date, though the earliest mention we can find is in the year 1382. The building, which was destroyed in the Great Fire and re-erected by Wren in 1690 as it now stands, is sixty-six feet long by fifty-four wide, and contains a chancel, nave and one aisle.

It is united with six other parishes : that of St. Christopher le Stocks, the church of which was the first to be built by Wren and the first to be demolished, gained its curious name on account of being near the Stocks Market.

St. Bartholomew's by the Exchange, Miles Coverdale's first burial place, was pulled down 1841. After the Great Fire, St. Mary Colechurch was not re-erected, but the parish united with St. Mildred's in the Poultry. The latter church being destroyed in 1872, both parishes were united with St. Olave's; then in 1888 this last was demolished.

St. Martin Pomary which was burnt down in the Great Fire and not rebuilt took its name, says Stow, "it is supposed to be of apples growing where houses are now built."

As we enter the vestibule of St. Margaret's by the south door we shall notice on our left a great iron chest, the whole lid of which forms the lock the key shooting seven bolts at once. Turning to the right we find ourselves in the aisle now converted into a beautiful chapel. It is separated from the main body of the building by two Corinthian columns and an elaborate screen about eight feet high composed of wood and iron, and as we note the delicate pillars of twisted oak which form the lower portion, we think of the old church of St. Olave of which these were the Altar rails.

Passing the font which stands at the west end of the chapel upon two marble steps, and is specially worthy of notice as being one of the few works sculptured in



stone by Grinling Gibbons; the subjects are the Baptism of Christ, St. Philip and the Eunuch, the return of the dove to Noah, and Adam and Eve in Paradise.

We now draw near to the side Altar which consists of a polished oak slab resting on four twisted legs. Behind them rises a lofty reredos approached by steps of black and white marble and leaving the chapel through one of the three gates in the screen, we enter the nave and are at once confronted by a magnificent rood screen, which separates the chancel from the remainder of the church, and as we linger on awhile to examine more closely the exquisite carving—the twisted pillars, the shields and arms, and over the gateway the great eagle with outspread wings, every feather of which is distinct—we gladly remember that there are some who prove their gratitude by their actions for this work of art is a token of gratitude, the gift of the Hanseatic League.

The members of this League were a race of merchants who about the time of Henry III, settled in England and were allowed many privileges, among others that of importing hemp, corn, steel and linen cloths. In fact they carried on the whole trade with Germany and the Baltic, for if they had not themselves brought over these goods, they would have been unable to obtain them, as the London merchants did nothing in the way of importation in that line.

They settled in Cannon Street where the station now stands, and kept themselves entirely apart from other

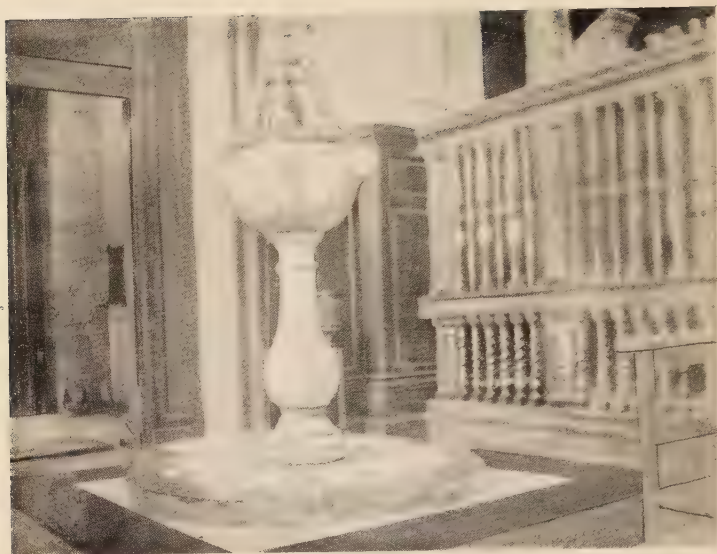
people. They were most particular in their observance of the laws of the land, and most careful to avoid giving offence to any one. For three hundred years they carried on their trade, till at length in Elizabeth's reign, all their privileges having been withdrawn, they returned to their own country, not, however, forgetting England which had been the land of their adoption for so long. For on arriving in Hamburg they made, or caused to be made, this beautiful screen. When it was completed, about the time of Queen Anne, they sent it over as a thankoffering to All Hallows, Thames Street, in the parish of which they had resided, and where, father to son, they had been in the habit of worshipping. The eagle with its outspread wings is the emblem of the Hanseatic League.

When All Hallows was demolished this screen, together with the beautifully carved canopy of the pulpit, which is embellished with figures holding garlands of flowers, were brought here.

St. Margaret is a Saint of whom little is known, though a very great number of churches are dedicated to her. She was martyred at Antioch about the end of the third century, and is believed to have been the daughter of a heathen priest.

Two flat painted wooden figures of Moses and Aaron have been brought from the Church of St. Christopher le Stocks and are placed on either side of the chancel. The reredos is a sculptured representation of the Ascension surrounded by medallions of the seven Saints representing the seven parishes now combined.





St. Margaret, Lothbury :  
The Grinling Gibbons Font



St. Margaret Pattens :  
The Chancel

## XXX

**St. Margaret Pattens****United with St. Gabriel's, Fenchurch Street**

**T**HIS church, says Stow, takes the name of Pattens from having been built near the place where pattens were formerly sold.

The makers of pattens hold their annual service here, and their banner hangs upon the wall. It is thought that on account of the marshy nature of the ground pattens were an absolute necessity, but another authority gives a very different reason for the name. He says that the church should be called " St. Margaret with the Paton."

The lane in which it is built now bears the title of Rood Lane, for when the sacred edifice was pulled down in 1538 a crucifix, afterwards destroyed by so-called Reformers, was placed in the churchyard to remind people to assist by their alms the rebuilding of the church.

In the Great Fire St. Margaret's was destroyed but restored by Wren in 1687, and the parish of St. Gabriel's united with it.



As it now stands it is sixty-eight feet long by fifty-two broad, and contains a chancel, nave, aisle and north and west galleries. In the latter stands the organ, and beneath the former a beautiful little Altar on one of the panels of which there is a painting of the patron Saint. Above the reredos is a picture of Our Blessed Lord, the Blessed Virgin Mary and an angel. The royal arms still remain over the door of the screen at the west. The choir stalls are made from the old high-backed pews.

The High Altar is surmounted by a painting of the Breaking of Bread, said to be by Carlo Maratti, a Roman artist. Upon the altar rails are placed white cloths—relics of the Houselling Cloths which were held by communicants beneath the chin to prevent the risk of the Sacred Elements falling to the ground.

The oak pulpit is placed to the south, almost opposite a painting of Our Lord being ministered to by angels. There are a few other pictures about the church.

The seats are low and open, with the exception of the canopied churchwardens' pews at the west end which probably date to the Puritan days. Of these Bishop Corbett of Norwich once said: "Stately pews have now become tabernacles with rings and curtains to them, locks and keys and cushions, I had almost said bolsters and pillows and for these we love the church. I will not guess what is done within them—who sits, stands, or lies asleep."

Upon the same subject Swift has written the following lines :

“ A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a load  
Such as our ancestors did use  
Was metamorphised into pews,  
Which still their ancient nature keep  
By lodging folk disposed to sleep.”

In a church in Dorsetshire there was a pew most beautifully furnished, as large as a sitting-room of fair proportions. In it was a fire-place and a window with a blind to secure privacy from the rest of the congregation.—(Church Lore).

The organ dates from 1745.

On the south side of the church is a large beaten copper cross which, being unsafe, was taken from the steeple. It is an exact copy of that on St. Paul's Cathedral.

The spire of St. Margaret's is the third highest in the City. Upon the canopy of the churchwardens' pew are the initials of Sir Christopher Wren, C.W., 1686 together with those of the Churchwardens.

St. Margaret's does not boast of many monumental tablets worth noticing. There is one, however, to a late rector to which one may give a glance. His father was a Quaker, a tradesman descended from that Williame de Birches who at the Battle of Poitiers gained possession of the French Flag, and in consequence was permitted to bear as arms three Fleur de Lis on a field of azure. The rector who was killed by a fall from his horse in the year 1776 was a pleasant, honest and generous man, a historian, and editor of Bacon's Letters and Speeches, and to his pen we are

indebted for the "General Dictionary Historical and Critical," and the "Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, from 1581 till her death." He was also the biographer of Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I. He left both money and books to the British Museum.

Peter Whalley, the editor of Ben Johnson's works, was another literary rector here, who wrote a vindication of the evidences and authenticity of the Gospels against the objections of the late Lord Bolinbroke in his "Letters on the Study of History."

On the south wall is a monument by John Michael Rysbraek a native of Antwerp in memory of Peter Delme, Lord Mayor in 1723.

Near the side Altar is a banner of the Martyr-King Charles I, who laid down his life for conscience sake, and in this church every year a special service is held on the anniversary of his martyrdom. He was, says an authority, "scrupulously conscientious and devoutly religious, and a generous admirer of all that was beautiful, dignified, and passionately proud of England, upright in all his dealings, a pure and dutiful husband. His failure was due doubtless to early mistakes, and the undisciplined character of his first Prime Minister." Being broad-minded and tolerant he was anxious that Puritans should be allowed a share in the control of the Church, provided they "observed the Anglican discipline, and did not refuse to live at peace with divines of broader views, and though he wished Roman Catholicism suppressed, it must be without bloodshed."





St. Margaret Pattens:  
A Side Altar



St. Margaret Pattens:  
Ancient High Pews at the West End

*Facing p. 207*



As we linger, meditating on his life, some curious incidents which by the superstitious are regarded as omens, force themselves upon our memory.

In the whole of London it was impossible to find for his coronation sufficient velvet of the proper colour (purple) to make the robes and furniture of the throne. As it would have taken one hundred and fifty days to send for it to Genoa, it was decided that the King's robe should be of white velvet—typical of innocence and purity. When it was too late, it was remembered that victims were arrayed in white. Thus, it was alleged, did the King's Council "establish an augury of evil."

The celebrated Bernini to whom a picture of Charles by Vandyck was sent in order that from it he might carve a bust of the monarch, delayed to fulfil the order, and excused himself by saying he was unable to progress with the work on account of the face being such an unfortunate one, that again and again when anxious to proceed he had been compelled to put it on one side. He added that he was convinced that if the truth of the physiognomy was to be relied on, a fearful death was in store for the original of the portrait.

When at length the bust was finished, it was sent by water to Chelsea, and, according to the King's order, placed in a garden where he went to examine it accompanied by some of his courtiers. While doing so a hawk carrying a partridge flew over their heads, and the blood of the wounded bird fell upon the neck of the bust and there remained as no one thought to remove it.—(Timbs.)

A rather interesting story, too, is told of a Mr. John Jackson, a member of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, who, feeling that it would be an everlasting shame to England and a reproach to Protestantism if the King were put to death, prayed that if such were allowed he would not live to be a witness of such a deed. God heard his prayer, for he was buried one week before his master.

The King's body was embalmed by order of Bishop Juxon and Sir Thomas Herbert, taken to Windsor, and interred silently without any funeral service on February 7 in St. George's Chapel.

In the year 1813, during some excavations, part of Henry VIII's coffin was broken, and near it was discovered a leaden coffin containing the body of King Charles, which upon being opened, showed the head to be carefully adjusted to the shoulders, and the face still life-like. The lid bore the simple inscription : " King Charles 1648."

The Prince Regent and Sir Henry Halford (the latter a descendant of Sir Robert Halford, a staunch Royalist) were the only two who viewed the body.

Even foreigners, we read, stood aghast upon beholding the Execution of the Martyr King. " On January 30th," says an authority, " he was most barbarously murdered at his own door, about two o'clock in the afternoon."

Weesop who was on a visit to England at the time, and painted a picture of the scene of the execution, left for Holland immediately, saying that he would

"Never reside in a country where they cut off their king's head, and were not ashamed of the action."

There are some interesting entries in the church books here. One concerns a sum of money which was charged in 1515 for "dressing the yrons"—probably the Grill of the Shriving Pew, and another for "a grete cloth of tapestrie werke to hang upon the walls behynde the sepulchre 1740."

There is a War Memorial made from the wood of the old Britannia. The cross upon it is of metal from the same ship. It was erected by the widow of one of those who fell in the war and bears the following inscription :

"TO THE PROUD AND LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF MY HUSBAND,  
COMMANDER DAVID BEVAN-STOCK, R.N., D.S.O., AND LEGION OF HONOUR,  
WHO WAS DROWNED JAN. 31ST, 1918, SERVING HIS KING AND COUNTRY,  
AND IN MEMORY OF ALL THOSE WHO DIED WITH HIM (52 CREW OF  
SUBMARINE).

## XXXI

**St. Martin's, Ludgate**

**United with St. Mary Magdalene's, and  
St. Gregory's by St. Paul's**

**T**HIS church stands near one of the busiest parts of London.

In 1760 Lud-Gate, one of the four chief entrances to the City, according to Stow, the sixth and principal one, was demolished. Robert of Gloucester tells us that St. Martin's was built by Cadwalla, a British Prince, about the seventh century, and Speed says that "he was buried here, and his image great and terrible triumphantly riding on horse-back, artificially cast on brass, was placed on the West Gate of the City to the fear and terror of the Saxon."

It is uncertain from whence the word "Lud" was derived. Some think it meant "Flood," while Geoffrey of Monmouth says the Gate takes its appellation from King Lud who built it B.C. 66.

From the numerous Roman monuments that have been unearthed in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Church, there is no doubt that at one time a Roman cemetery stood upon the spot.

The sacred edifice was repaired or rebuilt in the year 1437, and again in 1523. In 1561 it was struck by lightning, then destroyed in the Great Fire, and re-erected by Wren in 1684.

St. Gregory's being also burnt down at the same time, and not rebuilt, the parish was united with St. Mary Magdalene. In the former church the wife of George Heriot was interred. He was goldsmith to James I, the "Gingling Geordie" of "The Fortunes of Nigel." It was here also that the Royal party and those devoted to the cause of Charles I were accustomed to worship. One of the rectors was beheaded for, it was alleged, "Conspiracy against the Parliament."

St. Mary Magdalene's, of which the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" was rector from 1823 to 1842, being damaged in 1866, and demolished, the united parishes were joined to St. Martin's.

St. Martin's is a curiously built church, being broader and higher than it is long, that is to say, it is but fifty-seven feet long, but sixty-six broad and fifty-nine high, and to the summit of the small black spire, which was designed to give dignity to that of St. Paul's one hundred and fifty-eight feet.

Coleridge, who numbered among his acquaintances a certain man who was perpetually trying to explain the views of Fox, used to compare him to this spire, saying, "As one's view of the dome of St. Paul's was frequently spoilt by the spire of St. Martin's coming in the way, so this Mr. H . . . constantly forced himself in the foreground in the same manner."



Under the tower there is an ambulatory extending the whole length of the building, which Wren erected in order to deaden the noise from the street.

As we now enter the church and note a painting of St. Martin to the south of the Altar, we shall do well to pause a moment and inquire the meaning of the picture.

The patron of St. Martin's who was also the patron saint of soldiers was born in Lombardy about the year 316. At the time of his birth his parents were pagan, but he while still a child desired to become a Christian. In his fifteenth year he became a soldier in accordance with the law of the land, and though still unbaptized tried to follow in the footsteps of Christ. Nearly the whole of his means was given to the poor.

Tradition tells us that on one occasion noticing a beggar sitting near the gate of Amiens shivering with cold (the subject of the picture) and having no money left to alleviate his sufferings, he took off his military cloak and, cutting it in two with his sword, presented a half to the mendicant. That night he had a vision in which Our Lord appeared to him wearing that part of the cloak, and reminded the saint that in giving to the poor he had given to the Lord. "Naked and ye clothed Me. . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

On one side of this picture there is a painting of St. Gregory and, on the other, one of St. Mary Magdalene. Thus the three parishes are commemorated. Above the Altar is a painting of Our Lord and on the left of

the chancel one of the Ascension. The Standard candlesticks are extremely handsome. On the west wall are two pictures of angels.

The font was the gift of Thomas Morley (1673) and bears upon it in Greek characters the words which in that language read the same both ways: "Cleanse my transgressions, not my outward part only." The capitals of the columns of which there are four are gilded and the bases are panelled. One relic which escaped the Great Fire, and has been preserved, comes from St. Mary Magdalene's. It is a brass upon which is the figure of a man supposed to be that of Thomas Berry, a fishmonger, who gave money for the poor. The date is 1586, and the inscription as follows :

" IN GOD THE LORD PUT ALL YOUR TRUSTE,  
REPENT YOUR FORMER WICKED WAIES.  
ELIZABETHE OUR QUEEN MOST JUSTE,  
BLESSE HER O LORD, IN ALL HER DAIES.  
SO LORD INCREASE GOOD COUNSELERS,  
AND PREACHERS OF HIS HOLY WORDE,  
MISLIKE OF ALL PAPISTES DESIRES,  
OH LORD CUT THEM OFF WITH THY SUORDE,  
HOW SMALL SOEVER THE GIFTE SHAL BEE,  
THANKE GOD FOR HIM WHO GAVE IT THEE,  
XII PENIE LOAVES, TO XI POOR FOULKES,  
GAVE EVERY SABBATH DAY FOR AYE."

There was also formerly a memorial to William Sevenoakes, a foundling, who died in 1418, so called, after the place where he was discovered. He was adopted by some kind-hearted person and eventually became Lord Mayor. Out of gratitude for his prosperity he built and founded a hospital for the poor, and also some free schools.

It was to St. Martin's that members of the Order of Knights Templars were brought for trial and condemnation. This Order, which was instituted in France by nine knights who banded themselves together for the purpose of protecting pilgrims on their way to the Holy City, rapidly spread to England and other countries, drawing recruits from the homes of the noblest and the wealthiest in the civilized world.

The oath they took in joining the Order was as follows :

"I swear to consecrate my words, my arms, my strength and my life to the defence of the mysteries of the Faith and that of the unity of God. I also promise to be submissive and obedient to the Grand Master of the Order. Whenever it is needful I will cross the sea to fight, and will give help against all infidel Kings and Princes, and in the presence of three enemies I will not fly, but fight, if they are infidels."

And we read in 1327 the Knight who carried the banner allowed the whole of his body to be pierced and both hands cut off in its defence.

"They live together," says St. Bernard, "without anything they can call their own, not even their will. They are generally simply dressed and covered with dust, their faces embrowned with the burning sun, and a fixed severe expression. On the eve of a battle they arm themselves with faith within and steel without—these are their only decorations—and they use them with valour in the greatest peril, fearing neither the number nor strength of the barbarian. Their whole confidence is placed in the God of armies, and, fighting for His cause, they seek a certain victory or a holy and honoured death. O happy way of life, in which they can wait death without fear, desire it with joy, and receive it with assurance."

Yet, ere two hundred years had passed the Order was ignominiously abolished in 1312, through the greed and wickedness of those who ought to have been its firmest supporters, Philip le Bel of France, coveting its wealth, and determining to possess it, for his own purposes, found for his accomplice a certain man who had at one time been imprisoned by the Grand Master for his evil doings, and was on that account only too ready to agree to any plan that would help him to revenge, and so various charges were brought against the Knights, among which were the following: that "they were idolators and worshipped a cat, and that they denied Christ, and caused the Cross to be trampled under foot."

Philip took possession of their temple in Paris, confiscated their goods throughout France, and, imprisoning all those members he could lay his hands on, promised them life and reward provided they would acknowledge the crimes ascribed to them, but on their refusal, tortured them in order to wring confession of wrongdoing from them. Pope Clement V seized and imprisoned others and "pronounced in a secret consistory" the suppression of the Order so the evil and the injustice spread.

In the first instance our own King Edward II took up their defence writing to the monarchs of other countries on their behalf, but later, as is the way of the world, sided with the multitude against them.

When Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master, an



old man, who was in the East, heard of the accusations brought against his Order, he returned and demanded an examination, though his life was so absolutely blameless that his most bitter enemies did not dare to accuse him of the crimes that they attributed to the others, he was imprisoned.

At length in the hope of saving the lives of the Knights and preserving the Order, he determined on the mistaken course of doing evil that good might come. He said he had committed a sin which he had not committed : namely, pretended that, against his will, he had denied Christ. Almost immediately he retracted, and owned that he had accused himself falsely. Nevertheless he, with others, was condemned to death by burning, and again he confessed that the real sin he had committed was the lie that he had told in saying he had ever denied his Lord.

After the fire had been prepared the Knights were offered a pardon if they would acknowledge they had been justly accused and had committed the crimes : this they absolutely refused to do, and the Grand Master addressed the following words to the people who had assembled to see them die :

“ None of us have betrayed either our God or our country. We die innocent, the decree which condemns us is an unjust one, but there is in Heaven an august Tribunal where the oppressed never implore in vain. To that Tribunal I cite thee, O Roman Pontiff, within forty days thou shalt appear, and thee O Philip my Master and my King, in vain I pardon thee ; thy life is condemned ; within the year I await thee before God's Throne.”



Curiously enough both these men died very shortly.

In England, they did not go the length of putting the Knights to death, but they were imprisoned and their goods confiscated.

## XXXII

**St. Mary Abchurch, Cannon Street,****United with St. Lawrence Poultney**

**S**T. MARY'S stands on an eminence in a small lane out of Cannon Street, and for that reason has gained the name of Ab or Up Church. It is, says an authority, "one of those gems that Wren bestowed on out of the way nooks."

Of its foundation we can find no trace. It was burnt down in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1686.

The church of St. Lawrence Poultney, which took its appellation from a certain man of that name, was destroyed in the same conflagration but was not restored, therefore the parish was united with this.

St. Mary's is not the ordinary shape of a church, being sixty-three feet long by sixty wide, and is surmounted by a cupola with a beautiful painting by Thornhill, of St. Cecilia surrounded by choirs of angels. This church can lay claim to possessing some of the most magnificent old carving in England, and for that reason alone is well worth a visit. The font near the door will first claim our attention, for the cover which

hangs above it is carved with figures of the Evangelists. The pulpit to the north possesses a handsome canopy, while the high-backed pews flat against both north and south walls, are richly carved. They are relics probably of those ancient pews which came with the long sermons.

For in the early church seats for the congregation in general were unknown, sermons being as a rule short and the service consisting almost entirely of prayer and praise, the worshippers were expected, as in the Greek Church, to stand or kneel, a few seats only being provided for the aged and infirm, round the pillars and against recesses in the wall. At a later date open benches were sometimes to be found, usually with elaborately carved ends.

But as the Puritans and those of Puritanical views increased in power, and the sermons lengthened—sometimes lasting for hours—an easier seat than a bench became absolutely necessary. But for the very high pews, which are of later date still, there was yet another and a special reason. The Puritans who were compelled to be present at their parish church under penalty of a fine, objected altogether to the liturgical offices, and particularly to any acts of reverence, bowing at mention of the Holy Name or the Gloria, for instance, was abhorrent to them, so to prevent their behaviour being noticeable they built their pews high that they might be able to conceal themselves so far as possible from observation.

So by degrees the pews grew larger and higher, the

more important and wealthy persons being allowed to erect them according to their fancy, and even furnish them like sitting rooms, while the occupants became more and more irreverent, till the bishops protested against the innovation.

"Nothing," says one authority speaking of a particular building "can be so irregular as the pews of this church which are all dimensions and heights, patched up according to the fancy of the owner."

In 1635 Bishop Wren inquires: "Are all the seats and pews so ordered that they which are in them may kneel down in them in time of prayer, and have their faces unto the Holy Table?" and "Are there any closed pews in your church?"

In the reign of Charles I Bishop Andrews complains: "Many sit during service with their hats on, and many lie along the pews with their heads covered, and many do not kneel at prayer, nor bow at the glorious Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, nor stand up at the Creed or the Gloria Patri."

Naturally these large pews occupied considerable space, so in order to accommodate the poor, north and south galleries were erected. Happily these, have now with the large pews, almost entirely disappeared.

The western gallery for the organ is of very ancient date, and still retained in this as in many other churches. The beautiful Altar is concealed by a frontal, but the chef d'oeuvre of the whole church is the reredos, Grinling Gibbons' masterpiece, considered by some to

be the most exquisite wood carving in England, or for the matter of that, in Europe.

In the central panel is a pelican, and upon either side are two Corinthian columns, together with bunches of fruit and festoons of flowers of natural size. The whole was painted by Sir J. Thornhill to resemble life, but later it was coated with white, and lastly stained brown. Consequently, the extreme delicacy of the design is not quite so apparent as formerly, the colouring matter having filled up some of the small interstices, and thickened in places the tracery.

It is to Evelyn the Diarist we are indebted for so much beautiful work in London, for it was he who discovered this "Prince of English wood carvers," Grinling Gibbons', and by introducing him to the notice of the king brought him prominently forward. Writing in 1671, he says: "I first became acquainted with that incomparable young man." He then goes on to explain how he met him, having walked through a poor part of the town and reached a thatched house in a field; he glanced through a window and saw a man carving a large crucifix. Struck by its beauty, he asked to be allowed to enter. "I saw him," he says, "about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing and studious exactness I never had before seen in all my travels. The frame alone was worth £100, there being nothing in Nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons upon it. Yet the work was very strong, and in the piece were more than one hundred figures of men."



The monuments in St. Mary's are not particularly interesting, though that in memory of Sir Patience Ward, who was mayor in 1680 and died in 1696, is worth a passing glance. He was on one occasion placed in the pillory. Two other Mayors buried here are Sir James Hawes and Sir John Branch.

Stow tells us that St. Mary's contains three chantries founded by John Littleton, Simon de Winchcombe, and Thomas Hindo.

The register books are specially interesting as having escaped the Great Fire, the leaves are scorched in places, and so brittle that they break when they are touched. The first entry is dated 1581. Besides records of marriages, baptisms and deaths, there are notices of dispensations to eat meat on fast days and in Lent.

In former times a dispensation was absolutely necessary in order to avoid fines and imprisonment if a person from ill-health, or any other reason, wished to break the rule of the Church.

For in 1548 an act of Parliament was passed imposing a penalty of ten shillings and ten days' imprisonment for the first offence of this nature, and £1 and twenty days' imprisonment the second time; the informer to receive half the fine.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign the penalty was increased to three months' imprisonment together and £3 fine. We read of a woman put in the pillory in 1563 because meat was found in her house during Lent, and four women who had eaten of it were put in the stocks for

the whole night. And in 1558 a man who had broken the Lenten rule was compelled to ride through the City of London with his face to the horse's tail, and a paper upon his back and chest setting forth his offence.

"Before the days of Queen Elizabeth," says Chirter Waters, "the sovereign granted licenses to eat meat to those paying a certain sum of money which varied in amount according to the position of the person, 26/8 being the sum paid by a Lord of Parliament or his wife. Near the place where the licenses were granted was a poor box and into this the money was placed."

In the books of St. Martin Outwich, 1525, is the following entry: "Received of Lady Antham for the use of the poor for license to eat flesh 13/4." In the reign of Edward VI a license under the Privy Seal was obtained by Sir Philip Hoby to eat meat.

The following interesting extract was taken from one of the books of a church in Wakefield:

"To all people to whom these presents shall come James Lister, Vicar of Wakefield and preacher of God's Word sendeth greeting, whereas Alice Lister, wife of Richard Lister, Clerke, who now sojourneth with her sonne William Faulden of Wakefield, by reason of her old age, and many years and stubborn, and long continued sickness, is become weake and her stomach so cold, not able to digest cold meats, and fish, who by council of physicians is advised to abstain from, and to forbear the eating of all manner of fruit, fish, and milk meats, know ye therefore, for the causes aforsaid and for the better strengthening and recovering of her health, I the said James Lister, do hereby give, and grant liberty and license to her, the said Alice Lister, att her will and pleasure, at all tymes, as well as during the time of Lent, and all the

other fasting daies, and fish daies, exhibiting by the laws to eate flesh and eate such kinds of flesh as shall be best agreeing to her stomach, and weak appetite. In witness here I the said James Lister, have hereunto sett my hand this 8th day of Februarie, in ye 6th year of ye reign of our sovereign Lord Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and in the year of our Lord God 1630. James Lister, Vicar."

When the Puritans were in power they utterly defied these laws, making a point of eating meat on all fast days, more particularly in Lent. After the Revolution the Church's rules on this matter were no longer enforced by law.

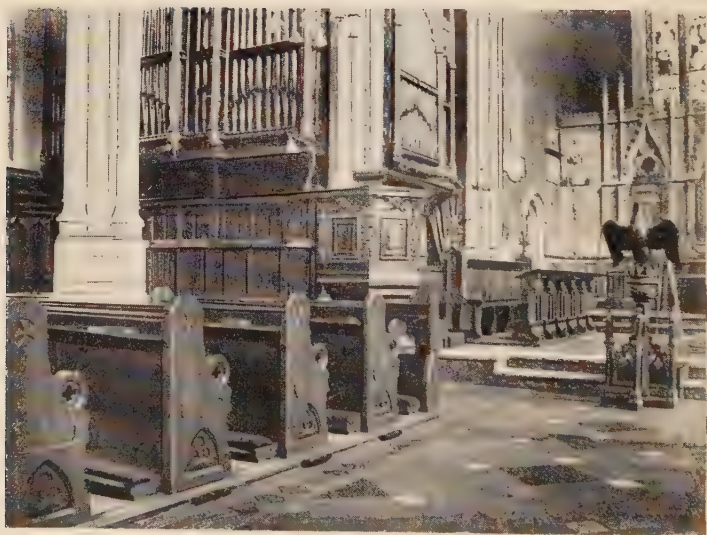
In connection with this subject it may be interesting to some to know the amount of fish supplied to a royal household in the reign of Edward III, possibly during Lent :

"50 marks for five lasts, 9000 red herrings, twelve pounds for two lasts of white herrings, six pounds for two barrels of sturgeon, twenty-one pounds five shillings for thirteen hundred stock fish, thirteen shillings and ninepence for eighty-nine congers, and twenty marks for three hundred and twenty mulwells."





St. Mary Abchurch:  
The Sanctuary



St. Mary, Aldermary:  
The Chancel



## XXXIII

**St. Mary Aldermanbury, London Wall**

**T**HIS church which we read of in 1332 is situated in Aldermanbury, so called, says Stow, from two words aldermans—buris or court.

It was destroyed by the Great Fire and rebuilt by Wren in 1677. As it now stands it is seventy-two feet long by forty-five wide, and consists of two aisles divided from the body of the building by composite columns. The ceiling is arched over the central portion, but flat over the side aisles. To the north of the chancel is the organ, and in a niche over the south-west door a figure of the Blessed Virgin holding the Divine Child. There is also a handsome jewelled processional cross.

Clergy of the most varied and opposite views have at different times ministered here.

In 1639 Edmund Calumy, an eloquent preacher who drew large congregations, was rector, and though a Presbyterian at heart was most anxious for the restoration of Charles II, but being more and more drawn towards Dissent he declined the bishopric of Coventry and Lichfield, resigned his living, and became a non-conformist. His death was attributed to shock caused

by the Great Fire immediately after which he died. It was to one of his sermons that Dr. Owen Jones, Cromwell's chaplain, was indebted for his early religious impressions.

He was succeeded in this church by his son Dr. Benjamin Calumy, who, being a high churchman, held views the very opposite of his father's.

Another rector was Dr. White Kennett, an Anti-Jacobite, who in 1715 preached a political sermon which created such a sensation that his hearers were either delirious with joy or crazed with anger, the Whigs protesting that he was inspired and the Tories that he was under the influence of the devil. He took for his text "Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft," and said that those who promoted "The Rebellion" were bewitched by the devil, and that the Pretender lost the crown because he did not care to be of the "True community of Faith." When three years later he was raised to the See of Peterborough many believed it to be on account of this sermon.

A certain artist showed his indignation at the sentiments expressed by Dr. Kennett in a somewhat forcible manner. The rector of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, who was a Jacobite, commissioned him to paint a picture of "The Last Supper." When it was completed crowds flocked to view it, and it was observed that the figure of Judas held a very prominent place and was without doubt a portrait of Dr. Kennett. Not only was it a good likeness, but to make assurance doubly sure, the head was adorned with a black patch similar

to one worn by the Doctor, who some years before when out with his gun was shot in the head, and, having to be trepanned, concealed the wound with a black patch.

There are only two tablets in St. Mary's worth noting; one upon the north wall, which is surmounted by two busts side by side, and is in memory of the brothers Chandler. The other is in memory of Lieutenant John Smith, a naval officer who was drowned. It is placed over a square pew in the east end, and consists of a white marble figure seated on a gun.

The most important historical personage who lies here, though without a memorial, is the notoriously cruel Judge Jeffries who lived in the reign of James II, and boasted that he had hanged more men in his time than all the other judges since the Conquest.

His father intended to apprentice him to a mercer, but the boy while still a child happened to see the judges driving to dine with the Lord Mayor, and was so impressed by the sight that when he went home he told his father that he was determined to be himself a judge and have dinner with the Lord Mayor. He attained the height of his ambition, and married the Lord Mayor's daughter. Had he been as merciful as he was ambitious, he might have ended his days happily instead of in wretchedness and misery, for to his cruelty he owed his downfall and imprisonment in the Tower.

On one occasion he sentenced a man to a very severe punishment, and the prisoner as he left the

dock remarked that he should never forget the Judge's terrible countenance, and he never did, for years later, after the landing of the Prince of Orange, Jeffries knowing how he was abhorred decided to take refuge abroad. Therefore, he disguised himself as a sailor and would doubtless have succeeded had he not been recognized by this very man as he was looking out of a window in Wapping where he was in hiding till he could get away. Notice was instantly given of his whereabouts, and so strong was the feeling against him that, though he was a prisoner, he had to be protected on his way to the Tower by a strong company of the trained bands, or he would have been torn to pieces by the populace.

In 1810 when St. Mary's was repaired, his coffin was found, upon which was inscribed three words only : " Lord Chancellor Jeffries."

Hemings and Condell who were churchwardens here were personal friends of and fellow actors with Shakespeare, and also first editors of the first folio of the great dramatist.

William Estfield was buried here in 1438. He was a Knight of the Bath, and Mayor, and was says Stow " a great benefactor to the church, for he built the steeples, and gave five tunable bells, and one hundred pounds."

It is a fact worth remembering that Milton was married to his second wife, Kathleen Woodcock (1656) in this church by an alderman according to the law brought into force in 1653 by which law it was decreed



that provided the banns were published three times, on three Sundays in church, chapel, or market-place, the ceremony could be performed by a layman.

A curious object to exhibit in a church was an old shank bone which Stow tells us was larger than the one at St. Lawrence, being as big as the shank bone of five ordinary men. It was placed in the cloisters and visited by a large number of people. By some it was said to have been brought from St. Paul's Cathedral, having been found amongst the remains in the charnel house. Stow, however, throws doubt upon it as an acquaintance of his was employed to remove these remains, and, as he was a collector of antiquities, would, says the historian, have kept it for himself.

To the south a memorial chapel has been erected to commemorate those who fell in the War, and upon a marble slab are engraved the names of the firms from which the men in this parish were drawn, and near-by in a glass case is an illuminated book with the names of those who fell. On the case is the following inscription :

“ TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND FOR THE CONTINUAL REMEMBRANCE OF  
THOSE WHO FROM THE HOUSES OF BUSINESS IN THE PARISHES OF  
ST. ALPHAGE AND ST. MARY ALDERMANBURY GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR A  
RIGHTEOUS CAUSE AND DIED IN DEFENCE OF THEIR COUNTRY DURING  
THE GREAT WAR 1914-1918. THEIR NAMES ARE WRITTEN HERE, THAT  
THOSE WHO COME AFTER MAY EMULATE THEIR FIDELITY AND PATRIOTISM.  
THOSE ALSO WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS GOD WILL BRING WITH HIM.”

On the Staff is the head of a woman.

This church was bombed, and re-opened by the Lord Mayor October 14th.



At this time the old pews, the stone pulpit, the reredos and altar rails were removed and replaced by those from St. Alphage's, which parish is now united with St. Mary's.

XXXIV

**St. Mary Aldermary, Queen Victoria Street**

**United with St. Thomas the Apostle, St Antholin's,  
Sizc Lane, and St. John the Baptist**

**T**HIS handsome church situated in Queen Victoria Street is called Aldermary, or Older Mary, being according to some the oldest in the City bearing that name, but as we do not read of it till the year 1288 that can scarcely be likely.

Two of St. Mary's greatest benefactors were Richard Chaucer, possibly the father of Geoffrey Chaucer, and a certain Sir Henry Keble, mayor and grocer, who himself commenced to rebuild it, and left a large sum of money for its completion in addition to his other gifts of 100 marks to provide wedding portions for poor maidens, 140 plough-shares and 140 coulter of iron for poor husbandmen of Oxford and Warwick, and 6d. a week to seven alms men for ever.

In the Fire, however, this church was nearly destroyed and in 1682 re-erected by Wren, though it is unlike his other work, because a certain Henry Rogers, whose arms may be seen in the east window, and also together with those of the Archiepiscopal See of

Canterbury upon the spandrils of the arches, bequeathed £5000 towards the expenses, and his widow insisted upon its being rebuilt in exact imitation of the former edifice—the work of Sir Henry Keble. Notwithstanding his generosity, Stow tells us “his bones were unkindly cast out and his monument pulled down, in place whereof monuments were set up for Sir William Laxter and Thomas Lodge, Mayors.”

As it now stands St. Mary's is large and handsome, both inside and out, one hundred feet long by sixty-five wide, and containing two aisles which are separated from the nave by clustered columns and pointed arches. The organ is to the north of the chancel, and the font presented by Dutton Seaman in 1682 stands near the north door over which is a painting of the Transfiguration. A carved screen divides the church from a very large lobby, and to the south is a small room filled with memorial tablets.

The church of St. Thomas the Apostle being burnt to the ground, the parish was united with St. Mary's. St. John the Baptist being also destroyed in the Fire, the parish was united with that of St. Antholin's, Watling Street (the High Street of London). In 1874, when the latter church was demolished, the united parishes were joined to St. Mary's.

Henry Gold, one of St. Mary's rectors, was executed at Tyburn for condemning the marriage of Henry VIII with Ann Boleyn. Elizabeth Barton, the holy maid of Kent (Daniels), two friars and two monks suffered at the same time.

Elizabeth Barton must not be confused with Joan Boucher (or Butcher), the maid of Kent mentioned by Edward VI in his diary, a half crazed woman who denied the Incarnation.

“ May 9th,” he writes, “ Joan Boucher, otherwise called the maid of Kent was burnt, being condemned the year before, but kept in hope of conversion, and on the 30th of April the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Ely were to persuade her, but she withstood them and resisted the preacher to her death.”

It was of her that the young King exclaimed in horror when asked to sign the death warrant : “ What my Lord, will ye have me send her quick to the devil in her error ? ”

In the old edifice was a curious inscription in memory of Lord Mountjoy written by himself :

“ WILLINGLY HAVE I FOUGHT, AND WILLINGLY HAVE I FOUND  
THE FATAL END THAT WROUGHT THITHER AS DULY BOUND.  
DISCHARGED I AM OF THAT I OUGHT TO MY COUNTRY  
BY HONEST WOUNDS.  
MY SOUL DEPARTED CHRIST HATH BOUGHT, THE END OF  
MAN IS GROUND.”

## XXXV

**St. Mary le Bow, Cheapside**

**United with St. Pancras, Soper Lane, All Hallows,  
Honey Lane, St. John the Evangelist, and  
All Hallows, Bread Street**

**T**HIS church, which according to tradition stands on the site of a Roman temple, has gained its name of "Le Bow" on account of the arches or stone bows on the summit of the steeple. The Latin form of the word is "De Arcubus," and from this title the Court of Arches takes its name, for before the Great Fire it used to sit here.

St. Mary's, or New Marias as it was at one time designated in order to distinguish it from the older church of St. Mary Aldermary, is full of interest. It was probably the first church erected after the Conquest, and most certainly dates back to the time of the Normans, for twenty feet below the present building is a Norman crypt.

This sacred edifice has been the scene of both strange and sad incidents. "For divers accidents happening there, it hath been more famous than any other parish church of the whole City or suburbs." (Stow.)



In 1070 a terrible storm broke over London, and St. Mary's especially suffered. The wind was so violent that the whole roof was lifted bodily off and thrown into the street with such force that rafters twenty-six feet in length were driven twenty-one feet into the ground, and the figures of the saints in the niches were flung to earth.

In 1091, says one authority (though possibly the date may be incorrect and 1070 intended, as it seems unlikely that twice in 21 years this church should have had the roof blown off): "At the hour of six a dreadful whirlwind from the south-east coming from Africa, blew upon the City, and overwhelmed upwards of 600 houses and several churches, greatly damaged the town and tore away the roof and part of the wall of St. Mary le Bow. The water in the Thames rose with such rapidity that London Bridge was swept away."

A couple of centuries later a portion of the steeple fell killing several people, but it was not till two hundred and forty years after the accident that the re-building was commenced, and even then, it was left incomplete, for the bows, together with the five lanterns, one at each corner and one in the centre, upon the arches, were added at a later date, the stone being brought from Caen in Normandy.

These lanterns should have been glazed, as they were intended to hold a light for the use of any travelling after dark. It was customary in those days for sums of money to be left by will in order that

lights might be erected in conspicuous places, usually a church tower, for the benefit of those people who were abroad after night-fall.

St. Mary's was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren 1671. As it now stands it is almost square, being sixty-five feet by sixty-three broad, and containing two aisles which are separated from the nave by Corinthian columns. The ceiling is arched and ornamented, but it was upon the steeple Wren appears to have bestowed the greatest attention, for of all those erected by him it is the most elaborate and cost £7,388. The west window represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

The tower consists of three stories, surmounted by a dome which supports a lantern and spire, the vane in the form of a dragon (the City emblem) and is eight feet some inches long, with a Cross of gold on each wing.

Dean Swift prophesied that when the Dragon of Bow kissed the Cock behind the Exchange, great changes would take place. In 1831 both were taken down to be cleaned by the same man and laid side by side in the same yard, and at that date the Reform Bill passed.

Mother Shipton, also uttered a prophecy about this vane which happily has proved false. She said that when the Dragon of Bow and the Grasshopper of the Exchange should meet, the streets of London would run with blood. In 1820 they did meet in the yard of a stonemason in Old Street who had them to repair.

St. Mary's was one of the churches where the old custom of ringing the Curfew continued till long after it had ceased elsewhere. In 1469, nine o'clock was the specified time, and a signal for the shops to be closed, Occasionally the clerk whose duty it was to ring was unpunctual to the extreme indignation of the apprentices, who in derision composed the following lines :

“ Clerk of the Bow bells with the yellow locks  
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks.”

To which he made reply :

“ Children of Cheape, hold you all still,  
For you shall have the Bow bells rung at your will.”

It was the music of these very bells that appealed to Whittington “ To turn again,” and it is an old saying that those who are born within their sound are cockneys.

At one time there were only five bells, later these were increased to ten, and in the reign of George III the full peal was rung for the first time in honour of his birthday. Two more have now been added, making twelve in all, the largest of which requires two men to ring.

The balcony beneath the clock is specially noteworthy, as it carries our thoughts back to ancient customs and ceremonies now almost forgotten. It was placed there by Wren in memory of the sheds first of wood, then stone, built by Edward III to enable members of the royal family to view the processions, tournaments and contests of chivalry for which Cheapside was famous.

After an accident in which the wooden shed collapsed, injuring several persons, amongst others the Queen, it was entirely demolished, Edward being so enraged that he would have had the carpenter who made it hanged, had not the Queen (Phillippa) begged for his life on her knees. In its place he had a stone structure erected but so near the church windows as to render the edifice extremely dark.

From the present balcony of Wren's during a Lord Mayor's procession a plot to assassinate Charles II and the Duke of York was discovered.

It was from here that Queen Anne witnessed the last Lord Mayor's Pageant, devised by Elkanah Little, the City Poet, 1702.

The most terrible circumstance connected with this church was in 1284 when, in consequence of a murder committed within its walls, it had to be placed under an Interdict. The windows filled with brambles and the sacred edifice closed. A goldsmith called Duckett having wounded a man took refuge in the steeple. The friends of Crispin, the injured man, during the night effected an entrance, and murdered Duckett, and then so arranged the body as to make it appear he had committed suicide. There was, however, a boy hidden in the tower, and he having witnessed what took place revealed the matter. In consequence sixteen persons, one of whom was a woman, were executed.

In 1196 a deformed but extremely courageous man, a tailor by trade, named William Fitz-Osbert, who on account of the length of his beard gained the name



of "Longbeard," constituted himself the champion of the poor. As chroniclers so widely differ it is impossible to say after this length of time whether he was really sincerely good or ambitious and cruel, working only for his own aggrandisement. We can but state so far as we know it what actually occurred.

When Richard I returned to England after his imprisonment in Germany, Fitz-Osbert implored him to espouse the cause of the poor and right their wrongs as they were terribly oppressed by the upper classes who were for the most part composed of Normans.

At first the King acceded to his request, but finding that by doing so he offended the nobles withdrew his support, not, however, before Longbeard had collected a following of 25,000. His arrest was ordered by the Archbishop who was a friend of the Normans. He declined to submit, and in the struggle which ensued he killed a man with an axe he had taken up in self-defence.

Dismayed and horrified at what he had done, he took refuge in St. Mary's, fastened all the doors, and ascended to the tower. His enemies unable to reach him set fire to the church, and as in order to avoid being burned to death he endeavoured to escape from the burning edifice he was stabbed and then his capture was easily effected, and with a few staunch followers he was lodged in the Tower of London, tried, condemned, and finally put to death. The majority of those for whom he had suffered had long deserted him.

Then the people, awaking to the fact that it was for



their sakes he had died, revered him as a Saint, and the place where he was executed at Smithfield as holy ground, and even contended that miracles were performed by touching the chains with which he had been bound.

To English churchmen St. Mary's le Bow has a very special interest, because here as was the custom, Archbishop Parker was confirmed, previous to his consecration, which took place in the Palace at Lambeth December 17th, 1559, according to the duly appointed ordinal of the English Church, Barlow, Hodgkins, Coverdale, and Scobey, being his Consecrators, and the sermon preached by the latter. The Registers of this may be seen both at Lambeth and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. There is an old Roman Catholic fable regarding this consecration, to the effect that fearing to lose certain Sees to which they were anxious to be appointed, they met at a little tavern called the Nag's Head in Friday Street, and Scobey, taking up a Bible, laid it in turn upon the shoulder of each, telling them to rise up Bishops, as if he were conferring the Order of Knighthood upon them, using a Bible instead of a sword. No Roman Catholic now believes this fable. It was not till nearly forty years after the real consecration that this report was circulated by Thomas Holywood, a Jesuit, who obtained his information (he said) from Bonner's chaplain. Had Parker been so anxious to become Archbishop, it is strange that he should have declined the great dignity when it was first offered to

him, nor did he consent to accept it till he realized that if he persisted in his refusal the Primacy would pass into the hands of one who did not hold Catholic views, for Parker was a staunch Catholic but denied to the Pope that absolute authority which he claimed as his right, and for this reason there was some delay in his confirmation, as one or two objected to assisting at the ceremony without the election being sanctioned by the Pope.

The day following his Consecration the Archbishop took part in that of Grindel, Sandys, Cox and Merrick.

The Confirmation of a Bishop means the public ratification of the election first of a Bishop by the Metropolitan, second, of the Metropolitan by, according to English Law, four at least of the Suffragan Bishops of the Provinces.

It is rather a curious circumstance that at the Confirmation of Dr. Montague, Bishop of Chichester, a bookseller, named Jones, rose and protested against it. The Commons hoped that in consequence the election would be invalid, but Counsel was called to argue the case which was decided against Jones. Notwithstanding this, at the Confirmation of Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, again a bookseller rose and protested, but the Confirmation proceeded, in spite of what he had to say—which might be summed up in two charges, first, Dr. Ingram did not belong to a Protestant sect, secondly, that he upheld the teaching of the Catholic Church. How few people are aware that the word Protestant does not once occur through-

out the whole Prayer Book. How few, too, remember that day by day, when they recite the Creed, they confess their belief, not in the holy Protestant, but in the holy Catholic Church. It is in this Church that the Bishops-elect of Canterbury take the Oath of Supremacy.

St. Mary's contains but few monuments and those are of little interest. There is one in memory of Thomas Newton, vicar of St. Mary's, who became Bishop of Bristol in 1768. He was the publisher of the first annotated edition of Milton's "*Paradise Lost*."

All Hallows, Honey Lane, and St. Pancras, Soper Lane, were destroyed in the Great Fire, and the parishes were then united with St. Mary's. "Honey Lane," says Stow, "was so called, not of sweetness thereof, being very narrow and somewhat dark, but rather of the often sweeping to keep it clean." All Hallows numbered one martyr amongst its clergy. He died at Smithfield in 1540.

St. John the Evangelist's was not rebuilt after the Fire, but the parish was united with that of All Hallows, Bread Street, and when the church of the latter was demolished, both parishes were united with St. Mary's.

On the outside of the west wall of St. Mary's is the following inscription :

" THREE POETS, IN THREE AGES BORN,  
GREECE, ITALY, AND ENGLAND DID ADORN.  
THE FIRST IN LOFTINESS OF THOUGHT SURPASST,  
THE NEXT IN MAJESTY—IN BOTH THE LAST.  
THE FORCE OF NATURE COULD NOT FURTHER GO :  
TO MAKE A THIRD SHE JOINED THE FORMER TWO."





St. Mary-at-Hill:  
The West End and Organ



St. Mary-at-Hill:  
Sword Rests



JOHN MILTON

WAS BORN IN BREAD STREET ON FRIDAY THE 9TH  
DAY OF DECEMBER 1608; AND WAS BAPTISED  
IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ALL HALLOWS  
BREAD STREET ON TUESDAY THE 20TH  
DAY OF DECEMBER 1608."

This tablet was placed on the Church of All Hallows, Bread Street early in the 19th century as a memorial of the event therein recorded, and was removed in the year 1876 when that Church was pulled down, and the Parish united for Ecclesiastical Purposes with the Parish of St. Mary le Bow.

There is a side chapel in memory of "The Fallen." On the Altar is a gift Cross and branches of real palm.

## XXXVI

**St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate****United with St. Andrew's Hubbard**

**S**T. MARY-AT-HILL, or on the Hill, is situated on a Shill ascending from Billingsgate which takes its name, so Geoffrey of Monmouth tells us, from a certain Belin, King of the Britons, who about forty years before Christ built a gate here, upon the summit of which some time later the ashes of his cremated body were placed in a brass vessel.

This church which was nearly destroyed in the Great Fire was re-erected by Wren. It is a handsome edifice, ninety-six feet long, having the nave divided from the aisles by Doric columns. The carving of pulpit, reading desk and organ gallery is extremely handsome, and is the work of a Mr. Rogers a native of the parish.

On passing through the west door we find ourselves in a vestibule and confronted by a placard bearing in large letters the one word "Silence," while hanging round are various other notices and questions : ' Have you been confirmed ? ' ' Are you a Communicant ? ' etc., etc.

As we pass through the inner door our attention is immediately drawn to a large sheet reaching almost to the ceiling, but of sufficient height from the ground not to obscure the Altar with its cross of white flowers and its framed texts. Within the chancel are various musical instruments, and as we turn towards the organ gallery we notice a large magic lantern.

Doubtless numbers of the fish-sellers and others of that class with whom this parish is filled would not enter an ordinary place of worship but are attracted to St. Mary's by the pictures and music, and we can well believe that many who "come to scoff, remain to pray."

Those to whom the service may seem a little theatrical and not quite dignified enough for the worship of God must remember that this church is erected in the very roughest part of London (Billingsgate) amongst the very roughest class of people, and if, by means of pictures or music or a somewhat unusual ceremonial, men can first be drawn to the building and then won to the service of Christ, surely it is right to use these means. St. Paul tells us that "he was all things to all men," that he might win some. Certainly the clergy here must devote their whole lives to working for their Master, trying to benefit not the souls only but the bodies of those with whom they are brought in contact. The Vicarage has been almost entirely given up to the use of the Parish, the Vicar, so we understand, retaining only one room for himself.

Perhaps a brief account of the midday lantern service may not be out of place. There was no extra

music or solo singing as is sometimes the case the morning we were there, but only the organ. When first we entered, three or four secular subjects—places and statues—were being shown. Then there was a shipwreck, and we noted the eager anxious face of those on shore watching the vessel in her agony, but helpless to help. Presently a boat is launched, and the scene changes to a life-size figure of Grace Darling rowing alone, and a voice at the back of us says: "Succour is going to the shipwrecked sailors." Immediately without any pause, a picture of the Nativity appears before us, and again at the back we hear a voice: "So Christ has come to save shipwrecked souls."

Surely this was a vivid and realistic way of forcing home to those who scarcely even know his Name what the work of Christ really is. It would make some at any rate desire to know more, to hear more, and it was a suitable way of appealing to men connected with the sea and its dangers.

After several more scenes from the life of Our Lord, a hymn and a prayer for our soldiers at the Front (during the South African War) with the Lord's Prayer following, this daily, twenty minutes' service was brought to a close.

In former times there was a rather interesting ceremony in connection with St. Mary's. On the Saturday either before or after Midsummer Day the Fraternity of the Fellowship of Porters purchased a large quantity of flowers, usually to the value of £20,

which having made into bunches they carried the following Sunday in procession from the Hall to the church, where a special sermon was preached for their benefit. Then during the reading of the Psalms they advanced up the aisle to the Altar, upon the rails of which were placed two basons for the reception of their offerings, for the relief of the poor of the City. As they returned to their seats the merchants of the neighbourhood (to whom the flowers were afterwards presented) with their wives, children and servants performed the same ceremony.

In the old church several Mayors were laid to rest, amongst whom were Sir Nicholas Exton (1387), William Cambridge (1420), William Rivington (1500), Sir Thomas Blanke and Richard Hackney, Sheriff.

With regard to the last mentioned, Fabien says that when some workmen were digging in the church for the foundations of a wall, they found a coffin of "rotten timber, with the corpse of a woman, whole of skin and of bones undissevered, and the joints of her arms pliable without breaking the skin, upon whose sepulchre was engraved: "Here lieth the bodies of Richard Hackney and Alice his wife.

There are no particularly interesting historical monuments here.

The church of St. Andrew Hubbard was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not being rebuilt its parish was united with St. Mary's.

Some of the entries in the old register books are most interesting, but to understand them we must



carry our thoughts back to olden times and customs.

It was usual at one period, as most people know, to cover the floors of houses with rushes especially amongst the upper classes, which in course of time became extremely unpleasant either to walk upon or come in contact with, on account of the odour, etc., the result of the bones, grease, dust, and other things accumulating amongst it. Therefore, as a mark of respect fresh rushes were laid down on the advent of a guest whom it was desired to honour, or, on the other hand, if the visitor was an inferior or one of whom little was thought, this was not done. Hence the expression of not caring "a straw or a rush for a person."

This custom of covering the floor with rushes extended to the churches, and upon Dedication Festivals at least, it was the habit of the parishioners to bring bundles and spread them about, and out of this practice arose a 'merry-making' called Rush Bearing, which we believe still exists to the present day in some counties.

In the parish books of St. Mary's for 1498 are the following entries :

"For three bundles of rushes for new pews 8d."

"Paid for two burdens of rushes for the strewing new pews 3d."

"For watching of the sepulchre and the church."

"For bread and ale for those that watches."

"Myter for a Bishop for St. Nicholas Tyde."

This item proves that the custom prevalent in some

places of electing a boy bishop for one day was in force here.

“ 1527. Workmanship for mending the maidens’ pew.”

At that period persons were not allowed to sit together in church as they pleased, but were separated into different groups—married women in one part, men in another, girls in another, and in St. Mary’s Aldermary great trouble was caused because a husband and wife insisted on sitting together. Elsewhere we read that a maiden once sat with her mother, and “gave great offence to many reverent women.”

“ For a lamp and for hooks for the sepulchre.”

In this church, as in many others, we believe in all Roman Catholic churches still, it was the custom on Maunday Thursday, the day before Good Friday, to commemorate Our Lord’s Burial by erecting a sepulchre, and with certain ceremonial placing the Blessed Sacrament within it, there to remain till Easter morning. The High Altar meanwhile being stripped of its covering and ornaments and left bare.

In some instances this erection was a permanent one and could therefore be used year after year. The remains of one or two such are still to be found in England. It was a common belief that Christ’s second coming would be on Easter Eve.

“ 1559 for bringing down ye images to Romeland (near Billingsgate) to be burnt.”

This entry has reference to the immense amount of wanton destruction of the ornaments of the churches

by so-called reformers. Again and again that which had been made and erected by loving hands to do honour to Our Lord and make His House beautiful was ruthlessly demolished. In many instances even magnificent works of art which can never be replaced. For though we read of pictures being used in churches as early as the time of St. Augustine of Hippo, yet here in Britain they were looked upon with special abhorrence, and utterly abolished because certain of the Puritans were of opinion that by means of art, more particularly if such art were used in God's House, the devil ensnared souls. Crosses were broken, vestments and devotional books thrown into the fire, and not even the resting places of the dead held sacred (as indeed they are not now to some sacrilegious persons) and ancient tombs being destroyed.

On one occasion Cromwell (some say Monk) in order to save a beautiful window from falling into the hands of his followers ordered it to be buried. This window is now in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Queen Elizabeth absolutely forbade wanton destruction in her reign.

XXXVII

**St. Mary Woolnoth of the Nativity,  
Lombard Street**

**United with St. Mary, Woolchurch Haw**

**T**HIS handsome edifice unlike so many other City Churches is not lost sight of amongst houses and shops or hidden away in some narrow lane, but holds one of the most prominent positions in London, being situated at the corner of Lombard Street, which is called after the Longobards—a race of merchants who settled there in the reign of Edward II.

There is great uncertainty as to the origin of the name Woolnoth in connection with St. Mary's, but Quilt suggests that it was named Woolnaugh, in order to distinguish it from the other church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin which is situated near the woolbeam.

The edifice of which we are writing stands upon the site of a temple dedicated to Concord, as the discovery of certain coins and pottery proves; but when the first Christian church was erected it is impossible to say. Newcourt mentions John de Norton as being rector in 1396.

In the Great Fire, though much injured it was not

totally destroyed, and its restoration in great part was due to the generosity of Sir Robert Vyner, the King's goldsmith, who gave most liberally towards the repairs in consequence of which says Stow that part of the building which faced his house in Lombard Street was out of compliment covered with vines, and the edifice called Sir Robert Vyner's Church.

It was to him that the work of replacing the Regalia, sold during the Civil Wars, was entrusted, and for which he was paid £1,978.

In 1716 the church being again in need of repair was rebuilt. A few years later it was restored, and once more, quite recently, and now it presents a majestic appearance.

Goodwin speaks of it as being the most striking and original building in the Metropolis. It is rather a curious fact that a station is immediately beneath it.

The principal colouring of the interior is cream and gold, which contrasts well with the dark woodwork (of which there is a large amount) and the blue tinted ceiling decorated with stars. The building is square with clusters of lofty Corinthian columns at the four corners.

The Altar stands beneath a handsome Baldichino and the pulpit with its canopy richly ornamented with gold and supported on two carved pillars is worthy of note. The fronts of what were formerly the north and south galleries (now taken down) are placed flat against the wall. Above the Altar in line with them is a Cross in white and gold. Over the small west



gallery hang four flags of the Goldsmith's Company, the living being in the gift of that Society. The organ is the work of Father Smith.

Formerly there were at least three Altars, for in 1488 we read of the consecration of two, one of which was presented by Sir Hugh Brice, who also built a chapel and some other portions of the church, and is laid to rest within its walls.

In olden times one of the most usual ways for endowing a church was by the erection of a chapel or chantry, and the bequeathing of such sums as were necessary for priest or priests to be attached to the same to say Masses for the deceased persons mentioned by those who established the Chauntries in their bequests.

Sometimes these chapels stood alone as separate colleges, like the one of St. Spirit established by Whittington; and sometimes they were erected round the sides of the church in recesses.

Simon Eyre, the founder of Leadenhall Market, a draper and Lord Mayor 1549, is laid to rest here. He left 3000 marks to provide a priest to minister to the market people. A pretty anecdote is told about him which is worth repeating. He declined a certain post on the plea that his income was not sufficient to keep up the position. "Why, how can that be?" one of the aldermen responded. "You boast of dining every day off a table for which you would not take a £1000. You can scarcely say that you are poor." This assertion caused considerable surprise to some of those present, and the Lord Mayor with

one or two others asked to be allowed to dine with him that they might see this wonderful table. After some show of reluctance he consented to the repeated request.

On reaching his house with his guests, Eyre asked his wife to prepare their little dining table. At first she demurred, but at length in compliance with his wish spread a dinner napkin over her lap and placed upon it a venison pasty. "Behold," said Simon, "the table for which I would not take £1,000."

Several other Mayors have been laid to rest within these walls, amongst them Sir John Percival, merchant tailor (1504), and Sir Martin Bowes, Mayor 1567. On the north side is a tablet in memory of a friend of Cowper's former rector who was at one time an unbeliever and engaged in the slave trade.

There must have been something curiously striking about the preaching and personality of this man, for a child to have been so impressed by his sermon that years after hearing it he wrote :

"I remember, when a lad of about fifteen, being taken to hear the well-known Mr. Newton preach his wife's funeral sermon. He had the entire possession of the ear of his congregation. He spoke at first feebly, but as he warmed to his subject, his ideas seemed to enlarge, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and his ideas and expressions were at times quite out of the ordinary course of things. The preacher was one with his discourse. To this day I have not forgotten his text : ' Although the fig tree shall not blossom, nor the fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' "





St. Mary-at-Hill:  
The Interior



St. Michael's, Cornhill:  
The Interior

The inscription to the rector is as follows :

JOHN NEWTON CLERK, ONCE AN INFIDEL AND LIBERTINE, A SERVANT OF SLAVES IN AFRICA, WAS BY THE RICH MERCY OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST PRESERVED, RESTORED, PARDONED, AND APPOINTED TO PREACH THE FAITH HE HAD LONG LABOURED TO DESTROY.

Near-by is another tablet to the memory of William Kentish, and a notice to the effect that one Thomas Kentish of St. Albans left by his will a certain sum of money in trust, part of which was to be used to pay ten shillings a year to the poor of the parish of Compton, and certain other sums to be expended "in educating, keeping and apprenticing four boys of the name of Kentish, if such were to be found. If not, to make up the number from any of his relations, and on the death or placing out or otherwise providing for such boys, another to be taken in his place, of the name of Kentish, and if none to be found, then prove his relations in all ways to keep up the number."

In the parish books we read the following to us curious notice :

"Item. Paid for a whip to keep dogs out of Church."

This refers to a custom said to have been introduced by the Puritans, who, in order to express their contempt for consecrated places of worship, allowed dogs to prowl about during the service.

In one church in the country, we forget the name, a pew was provided for the dogs of certain important families. The dog whipper in time became a well-known personage, and in some instances his office was combined with that of sluggard waker, and later both offices were united in the parish clerk.



During the service he strolled up and down the aisles with a stick in his hand, at one end of which was a whip for the dogs, at the other, a knob to enable him to awake (with hard raps if necessary) anyone he discovered asleep.

Deceased members of a parish have even left money to provide a salary for this man. In Kent there is a piece of land which bears the name "Dog whipper marsh." Ten shillings a year being taken here from the proceeds of the ground to pay a person to keep order during the service.

Another item in the parish books reminds us of the darkness of London streets in olden times.

"Paid for two lamp-links to light home the Preacher."

We imagine that certain of the congregation could not have cared much for the comfort of their clergy, as the following item being objected to by some of them prove.

"Paid the glasyer for setting up a cloth to keep away the sun from the Preacher."

Dr. Irons who translated the "Dies Irae" was Rector here from 1872 to 1888. The hymn appeared for the first time in 1848.

"Thou heavenly new Jerusalem" another translation of his was sung for the first time at the consecration of St. Barnabas Pimlico.

## XXXVIII

**St. Michael's, Cornhill**

**S**T. MICHAEL'S is situated on Cornhill, so called on account of the corn market always held there.

As we enter the church our attention is at once claimed by the rich colouring and beautiful carving we see on all sides, every part of the building being richly ornamented. Turn which way we will, our eyes rest on some work of art teaching a sacred lesson. With a solitary exception it is all modern, but half a century old, having been carried out by the late Mr. Rogers.

St. Michael's was probably the last work of the great architect Sir Christopher Wren. By some it is believed that a Saxon church formerly stood here, whether that be so or not, the first mention we can find of the edifice is in 1133. It is one of the seven churches in London (some of which are now demolished) dedicated to the archangel. Formerly there was a cloister on the south side, and a cross in the churchyard.

The present building was completed in 1721, and has a nave and two aisles the former separated from the latter by Doric columns, at the summit of each is a large gilt angel. Nearly all the windows being stained. the edifice is somewhat dark.

The walls, pillars and ceiling are all coloured, the part over the chancel being richly painted with figures, and upon the central panel of the reredos are illuminated the words "Peace be unto you," while to the right and left are pictures of Moses and Aaron, which were saved from the Great Fire. Immediately in front of the Altar is a mosaic of St. Michael and the devil.

It is impossible, even in the briefest manner, to touch upon all the carvings ; we can but mention two or three, and first we must examine the canopied stalls of the churchwardens at the west end, and as we note the phoenix rising from its ashes, we are reminded, and it is a reminder most needed just now, of how the church, instead of being destroyed by persecution, rises through it strengthened and beautified.

Close by this emblem is another representing the world with a serpent, together with briars and thorns twined about, while just beyond are a cross, crown and chalice, and we remember that though the world is full of sin and trouble and despair, still for us there is a remedy, help and compensation : for sin, forgiveness through the Cross ; for trouble, the comfort and joy of the Eucharist ; and for despair, the certainty of a future state, where neither sin nor suffering can enter—the crown.

Upon the pews of the middle aisle are shields bearing different coats of arms, and below each there a carving of either some fruit, flowers, or an emblem. The ninth pew is especially worth noting as it contains upon the

inner panel the arms of Henry Fitz Alwyn, citizen and draper, the first Lord Mayor of London. He lived in the reigns of Richard I and John.

The lectern for which the exhibitors obtained a prize in 1851 is beautifully executed, while the pulpit bears the emblems of the four Evangelists, the Bull, the Man, the Lion and the Eagle.

In other parts of the church are to be found figures of Our Blessed Lord, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph and other saints, the Prodigal son, storks, pelicans, serpents, musical instruments, flowers, fruit, texts, emblems and scenes from the Old and New Testaments.

Upon the organist's pew there is a carving of the Agony in the Garden, an olive branch which was copied from one plucked in the Garden of Gethsemane.

To the west end beneath the tower is the one piece of beautiful ancient work referred to. It is a pelican of large size feeding its young, by Grinling Gibbons. As we linger to admire it, a legend concerning the bells above us recurs to our minds. We are indebted to Stow for the story which runs as follows :

“ Upon St. James' night, certain men in the loft next under the belfry ringing of a peal, a tempest of lightning and thunder did arise, an ugly shapen sight did appear to them coming in at the south window, and lightning on the north. For fear thereof they all fell down as dead, for the time letting the bells ring and cease of their own accord. When the ringers came to themselves, they found certain stones of the north window to be raised and scratched, as if they had been so much butter printed with a lion's claw; the same stones were

fastened there again and so remain till this day. I have seen them oft, and have put a feather or small stick into the holes where the claws had entered three or four inches deep."

Now if we return to the body of the church we shall witness a strange scene which happened in the fifteenth century before the old building was destroyed. We shall see a woman robed in white with a kerchief over her head and bare feet, carrying in her hand a long taper, walk slowly up the aisle, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, sheriffs and many others of note. It is Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester doing penance, and if we approached a little nearer, we shall observe a paper fastened on to her dress, setting forth the nature of her crime, namely of witchcraft—for it is said that she with certain others having made a figure in wax of young King Henry (1440) placed it in front of a slow fire, hoping and praying that as the wax melted so the king's life would dwindle away.

Formerly there were seven Altars in St. Michael's, and the grandfather of the chronicler Stow who was by trade a tallow chandler, left directions in his will that a watching candle was to be burnt on each of the Altars from six o'clock till seven from All Hallows' Day till Candlemas Day in honour of the seven Sacraments, and on each Sunday of one year a penny was to be given to a poor man and woman to say prayers for the repose of his soul.

It was an annual custom for the Drapers' Company to assemble here on Lady Day in new livery (which was not always of the same colour, but blue, crimson,







St. Michael's, Cornhill :  
Arms of the First Lord Mayor



St. Michael, Paternoster Royal :  
The Lectern

or violet, as they decreed among themselves) to hear Mass, and present a silver penny at the Altar. In the evening they were again present to hear dirges for deceased members.

There are few tablets of any interest here except those of the Cowper family from whom the poet was descended.

Robert Fabien the chronicler lies in either church or churchyard for in the old building was the following epitaph to him :

“ LIKE AS THE DAY HIS COURSE DID CONSUME,  
AND THE NEW MORROW SPRINGETH AGAIN SO FAST  
SO MAN AND WOMAN BY NATURE'S CUSTOME  
THIS LIFE TO PASS AT LAST IN EARTH ARE CAST.  
IN JOY AND SORROW WHICH HERE THEIR TIME DO WASTE  
NEVER IN ONE STATE BUT IN COURSE TRANSITORY,  
SO FULL OF CHANGE IS OF THIS WORLD THE GLORY.”

Stow mentions several persons buried in the old church, among whom are the following : “ Edmund Trinell, Robert Smith, Margaret Dickson and Elizabeth Peake buried in the belfry, and Robert Drop, Mayor 1485, gave marriage portions to poor maids of the parish, twenty pounds; to the poor, ten pounds; shirt and smocks, three hundred; and gowns of broad cloth, one hundred.”

In the parish books is the following item :

“ Paid for mending the coffin that carried the corpses to Church.”

At one time neither rich nor poor were buried in lead or wood, but were wrapped in cloths and then laid in the earth that their bodies might mingle with the dust. They were, however, brought to the church in

a coffin which was frequently the property of the parish.

One of the first coffee-stalls was opened in St. Michael's churchyard by one Bowen (1625) who had been coachman to a Turkish merchant and obtained permission to sell his "sooty drink" there.

The War Memorial is outside the church and takes the form of a bronze figure of St. Michael, with upraised flaming sword, standing between two wild beasts and some children, as it were resisting strife, and upholding the brotherhood of men and bears the following inscription :

"THEY GAVE THEMSELVES AND FOUGHT THAT WAR SHOULD BE NO MORE."

Two thousand and thirty men from this parish volunteered, of whom one hundred and seventy at least gave their lives for the freedom of the world.

## XXXIX

**St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal****Dick Whittington's Church**

**United with St. Martin's in the Vintry, All Hallows  
the Great, and All Hallows the Less**

**S**T. MICHAEL'S takes its curious second name from two lanes near-by called Paternoster Lane and La Rirole, the latter on account of the wine merchants who formerly inhabited it obtaining their wine from La Rirole in France.

We read of this church in 1283. It was destroyed in the Great Fire and rebuilt under the superintendence of Wren by Edward Strong, master mason. Two other parishes, All Hallows the Great, and All Hallows the Less, have been added.

St. Michael's is sixty-seven feet long by forty-seven wide. Over the carved oak reredos (the work of Grinling Gibbons) is a splendid painting by Hilton, R.A. of St. Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Christ. It was presented by the British Institution in 1830.

The pulpit and canopy are very handsome, and the lectern uncommon before the Reformation, as at the



present time it usually consisted of a stem or slender pillar of oak or brass, surmounted by an eagle but round the stem and base of this one is a group of figures emblematic of Charity trampling on Want.

The organ case, together with the figures of Moses and Aaron in the sanctuary, were brought from All Hallows the Great.

A point of special interest in connection with St. Michael's is the fact that it was originally built by Sir Richard Whittington—the Dick Whittington of story-book fame so dear to all our hearts as children. He did not live, however, to see his work completed. He was a descendant of the Whittington who flourished in the reign of Edward I. His father who was outlawed for some offence was a knight but a poor one, and Richard who of his own choice decided to become a tradesman was apprenticed to a mercer, probably his cousin Sir John Fitzwarren. Finding the life distasteful, however, he ran away, but on reaching Highgate sat down to rest, and it was while doing so that he heard the bells of Bow Church ring out to him the well-known message: "Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London," He did turn again, and became, not thrice only, but four times Lord Mayor, 1396, 1397, 1406, 1429, and acquired such great wealth that he was able to lend large sums to Henry V.

Though some portions of the story of the cat are fabulous, still part is true. A certain part of his trade was carried on with America where cats were at one time very rare and extremely valuable. The first

two taken out to Guyaba during the time of a plague of rats were sold for a pound of gold, and Almagro gave six hundred pieces of eight to the person who presented him with a cat.

In the Mercers' Hall is a painting on canvas of a man and a cat which bears the inscription : " R. Whittington, 1536." The fact of the picture being on canvas proves, however, that it was painted later than the date it bears. There is also an engraving by Elstrack who lived in 1590 of Whittington with his hand resting on a cat.

When on one occasion Henry V and the Queen dined with the celebrated Mayor, he conducted them towards a fire-place where a large fire was blazing, made entirely of sweet scented woods, and then producing the papers relating to the sum of £60,000 lent to the King, he, in the presence of his Royal guests threw them into the flames, thus releasing the monarch from the debt. Henry in astonishment exclaimed : " Surely never had king such a subject ! " to which Whittington replied : " Surely, Sire, never had subject such a king ! "

He died in 1547 greatly beloved, for he was a man of unbounded generosity and devoted his life to deeds of kindness and charity. Amongst other good works, he founded a library at the Grey Friars' Monastery, restored the Hospital of St. Bartholomew's, erected a college (abolished by Henry VIII) and almshouses. The latter have been removed to Highgate. He also enlarged the nave of Westminster Abbey.

In the church of Pauntley in Gloucestershire the

Whittington Arms may be seen emblazoned in one of the windows.

He was buried in the chancel of St. Michael's where a beautiful monument was erected to him, but in the reign of Edward VI one of the rectors, a certain Thomas Mountain, fancying that the tomb would contain great valuables, opened it, and finding it empty broke it to pieces, even tearing the body out of the lead. For this sacrilege he was compelled to resign his living and when Mary came to the throne the corpse was again placed in lead, but now, alas, nothing remains, for lead, tomb, church, all were destroyed in the Great Fire. A window has, however, been erected to his memory in the south wall of the present building.

"This church," says Stow speaking of St. Michael's and doubtless referring to the college erected by Whittington, and abolished by Henry VIII, "was made a college of St. Spirit and St. Mary for a master, four fellows, a Master of Arts, clerks, choristers, and an almshouse called God's Hospital, for thirteen poor men one of whom was to be tutor and have sixteen pence a week."

Another person laid to rest within these walls and worth remembering was John Cleveland, a devoted adherent of Charles I, who for taking up arms in aid of the King, was imprisoned by Cromwell, but he was afterwards set at liberty.

Referring to the Puritans' horror of anything, even names, which in their opinion savoured either of Roman Catholicism, or Paganism, he wrote : " You may learn

the genealogy of Our Saviour by the names in his Regiment, the Master uses no other list but the First Chapter of St. Matthew. To this fear is due some of the extraordinary appellations given to the children of those days—for instance, The Lord is Near—More Trial—Reformation—Discipline—Dust—Free Gift—Praise God, etc, etc.

There is a monument here in memory of Sir Samuel Pennant who died of gaol fever. In his time the prisons were in a terribly unsanitary state, and in consequence on more than one occasion prisoners brought infection into court, hence the practice of placing rue in front of the dock where the accused stood, as it was supposed to be a kind of disinfectant.

Stow mentions that in the old church several persons of note were buried, amongst others Heere, Tankeer, Harlancleux, a knight of the Garter born in Almayne, a noble warrior in the days of Henry V and Henry VI.

THOMAS CORHAM, RECORDER OF LONDON.

WILLIAM PAXTON, CLERK OF THE CROWN, 1520.

SIR WILLIAM BAZLEY, 1583.

There has lately been erected on the left of the porch a beautiful little side chapel which is open daily for private prayer. It is dedicated to St. Spirit and St. Mary. Over the Altar is the well-known picture of St. Veronica's handkerchief in which the eyes of the Saviour appear to open. On either side are small figures of Moses and Aaron. On the wall is this inscription :

" THIS CHAPEL, OPEN THROUGHOUT THE DAY FOR THE WELCOME OF ALL WHO SEEK A QUIET PLACE OF PRAYER, WAS DEDICATED IN HONOUR OF THE HOLY SPIRIT AND ST. MARY BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY HUTCHINSON MONTGOMERY, D.D., PRELATE OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE, SOMETIME BISHOP OF TASMANIA ON THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY 1917. LET IT SERVE TO COMMEMORATE THE COLLEGE OF PRIESTS AND CHORISTERS FORMED WITHIN THESE HALLOWED PRECINCTS FIVE CENTURIES AGO BY SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON, ILLUSTRIOUS CITIZEN, A MUNIFICENT SON OF THE HOLY CHURCH, AND DEDICATED BY HIM TO ST. SPIRIT AND ST. MARY."



## XL

**St. Mildred's, Bread Street****United with St. Margaret Moses**

**S**T. MILDRED'S is situated in Bread Street which in the year 1302 was the only place where bakers were permitted to sell their bread, and from that cause gained its name.

At first sight our attention is arrested by the handsome oak carving and old-fashioned high-backed pews, and as we wander round, one subject after another recurs to our minds.

St. Mildred was a Saxon princess, a niece of Penda, King of Mercia, who, on her return from the convent in France where she had been educated, brought with her seventy virgins, and settling in Kent became Abbess of a Priory there, dying in 676.

St. Mildred's must have been founded before the year 1300, for at that time Lord Trenchard, one of its greatest benefactors, was buried.

St. Margaret Moses together with St. Mildred's was destroyed in the Great Fire, but the latter church only was rebuilt (1683), and so the two parishes were united.

St. Margaret's took its name of Moses from a Priest

named Moses who lived in the twelfth century and probably founded it.

St. Mildred's as it now stands is sixty-two feet long and thirty-six broad, and is almost exactly as Wren erected it. The reredos of carved oak, the pulpit and canopy (said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons) are extremely handsome. The floor is paved with marble, a sum of money having been left for the adornment of the interior which the authorities evidently deemed quite unnecessary, yet being compelled to expend the legacy in some way, laid it all out on the least important part.

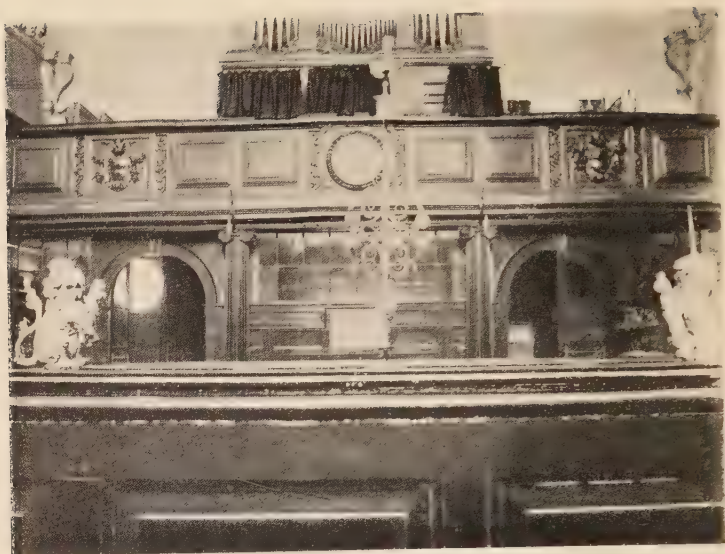
Upon the corporation pew are figures of the Lion and the Unicorn, and upon the north wall the royal arms. This last appears to have been the one symbol not objected to by the civil powers in the days of Henry VIII, and is still retained in most City churches.

Cranmer who was primate at the time of its introduction allowed it to be placed over the chancel arch, where the cross upon the rood-screen had been wont to stand.

Martin, the Proctor for the Crown, 1558, gives his opinion of the innovation in very forcible language, addressing the Archbishop he says :

" If you mark the devil's language well, it agrees with your proceedings most truly for 'Mitte te deorsum, Cast thyself downwards,' said he, and so taught you to cast all things downwards. Down with the Sacraments, down with the Mass, down with the Altar, down with the arms of Christ, and up with the Lion and the Dog; Christ's arms being the Cross, the





St. Mildred's, Bread Street:  
Lion and Unicorn at the West End



St. Mildred's, Bread Street:  
A Tablet of the Lion and Unicorn

Lion and the Dog being a golden Lion and white greyhound, placed by Henry among the supporters to the Royal arms."—(Tyack).

In 1401, Sir John Shadworth following in the footsteps of St. Cuthbert gave a churchyard to the parish. In very ancient days people were buried outside the walls of the City, usually in a field, for before Christ it was against the law for interments to take place in a town.

In the sixth century an idol temple which had been used by King Ethelbert before he became a Christian was converted by St. Augustine into a burial place, but it was St. Cuthbert who entreated permission from the Pope to make yards to the churches in which to lay the dead.

As we glance at the font there is one historical personage of whom we are reminded, and whose loyalty and devotion we cannot but admire. Sir Nicholas Crispe was a staunch adherent of Charles I and proved his devotion by every means in his power. One writer speaks of him as "a man of loyalty that deserves perpetual remembrance." He not only collected a large sum of money and raised and commanded an army, but also disguised himself in various ways and went about the country obtaining information useful to his sovereign.

On one occasion he dressed as a market woman, and mounting a horse seated himself between two panniers and rode to Oxford. On another he attired himself as a porter, and with a load upon his head



stood hour after hour by the river side, listening to and watching those who passed.

It has been said that "all the succours that the King obtained both by land and sea" came through him. He shared the exile of Charles II, and, after the Restoration when he returned to England, ordered a monument surmounted by a bust of Charles I to be erected in a church in Hammersmith to the memory of the master he loved so well, leaving directions that when he died his own heart should be placed in an urn and buried beneath, though his body was to lie here in St. Mildred's. The inscription is as follows :

"THIS EFFIGY WAS ERECTED BY THE SPECIAL APPOINTMENT OF SIR NICHOLAS CRISPE BARONET AS A GRATEFUL COMMEMORATION OF THAT GLORIOUS MARTYR KING CHARLES I. OF BLESSED MEMORY."

And also,

"WITHIN THIS URN IS ENCLOSED THE HEART OF SIR NICHOLAS CRISPE KNIGHT, AND BARONET, A SHARER IN THE SUFFERINGS OF HIS LATE, AND PRESENT MAJESTY."

During her trial, 1820, Queen Caroline lived in the house formerly occupied by Sir Nicholas. The Baronet was a liberal benefactor to St. Mildred's. In 1628 he erected a window, the subjects of which were the Spanish Armada, Queen Elizabeth, the Gunpowder Plot, the Plague of 1625, the figures of himself, wife and children. This was destroyed, but the Altar vessels—also his gift—as well as the font have been preserved.

In the south wall is a tablet in memory of Sir Thomas Crispe, the son of Sir Nicholas, and on the north wall are two slabs commemorating Sir John Shadworth and Lord Trenchaunt. There is one also to the memory of John Balsworth. The poet Shelley was married here.

## XLI.

**St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Queen Victoria Street**

**United with the Parishes of St. Nicholas Olave,  
St. Mary Somerset, St. Mary Montbaw,  
St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, and  
St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf**

**S**T. NICHOLAS is situated in Queen Victoria Street and Knightrider Street, why it has been called Cole is a matter of uncertainty, but it is possible that it gained its name says at least one authority from its bleak situation. (Coleby.)

Knightrider Street was so called Stow tells us "as is supposed by knights riding from thence through the street west to Creed Lane, and so out to Ludgate towards Smithfield, when they went there to tourney, joust or otherwise to show activities before the king and states of the realm."

There was a time when this street was famous for its fish dinners, and the church as the last resting-place of fishmongers, for Henry III had commanded that all fish was to be landed at Queenhithe, consequently the chief fish market was here. Edward I, however,

removed the restriction, then the fishmongers took up their abode in Bridge Street (New Fish Street).

"This church," says Stow, "was very ancient, for the ground was so raised round it that men had to descend into the building."

It was, however, entirely destroyed in the Great Fire, with eighty-eight others, four hundred and sixty streets, and over thirteen thousand houses, and was the first sacred edifice which Wren afterwards completed.

A tablet on the wall bears the following inscription :

"THIS CHURCH WAS REBUILT BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT AFTER THE DREADFUL FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666. SIR CHRISTOPHER WAS THE ARCHITECT. IT COST £5500."

St. Nicholas Olave having been demolished at the same time and not re-erected, the parish was united with this. In 1871 the greater part of St. Mary Somerset (or Summerset) was destroyed, and as the parish of St. Mary Mounthaw had after the Fire been made one with it, both were now added to St. Nicholas. The parish of St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, had at one time been joined with St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, but as this little church has ceased to be a parish church because it is used by the Welsh community, these two parishes have also been united with St. Nicholas' which now comprises six parishes.

The building as it at present stands measures sixty-three feet by forty-three. It has no aisle and is entirely composed of stone, the walls being panelled to the height of seven or eight feet. The carving on doors,

gallery, pulpit and font are very beautiful. One of the panels of the pulpit contains a painting of St. Nicholas, the Patron of Fishermen, and the words "A chosen vessel."

The south wall contains only one small window, but in the north there are five large ones, by means of which the church is well lighted. Over the Altar there is a small window in which Our Lord is represented surrounded by cherubims, while to right and left are large ones containing figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Paul, St. Benet and the patron saint, St. Nicholas.

This Saint, who was born in the Swiss Canton of Unterwalde, was a soldier and a magistrate, and the special lesson we may learn from his life is that no matter what our position we can be true servants of God.

The side chapel is in memory of a late vicar, and over the Altar is a picture of the Madonna, 1530, which was brought from the Palace of the Savoy in Italy. It had been badly burnt, one hand having disappeared altogether, but has now been beautifully repaired. Near the chapel is a bronze relief of Alfred the Great, presented by a member of the congregation in memory of Queen Victoria who passed away on the 100th anniversary of the death of Alfred.

There are a few interesting monuments, one to the memory of an Organist who died in the Great War. It consists of a picture.

Another bears the following quaint inscription :



"LEONARD SMITH FISHMONGER ENDED HIS DAYS,  
HE FEARED THE LORD AND WALKED IN HIS WAYS,  
HIS BODY HERE IN EARTH DOTH REST,  
HIS SOUL WITH CHRIST IN HEAVEN IS BLESSED."

On the South wall is a memorial to an assistant priest, Rev. Hancock, a painting of The Adoration of the Shepherds. The face of the shepherd on the right being a portrait of Mr. Hancock himself, the artist's wife and child being models for the Blessed Virgin and the Saviour. There is also a memorial to Mary Douglas, a painting by Vandycke. The frame is of oak inlaid with mother of pearl.

There are some interesting notices in the parish books with regard to persons who were "touched" by James II for the "King's Evil." This curious custom was frequently resorted to at one time. The first king to perform the ceremony in our country being Edward the Confessor. The origin of the practice so far as we can learn is as follows : a young woman who was suffering from scrofula was told in a dream that she would recover if the king could be persuaded to wash the diseased part. She gained admission to him, and he acceded to her request. She was perfectly cured.

Henry VII was the first English king to present a piece of money at the "Touching" as it came to be called, but it was not till the time of the Stuarts that the practice attained its height. On one occasion as many as 600 were touched by Charles II, and during the four years after the Restoration he touched nearly 2400. The custom ceased after the reign of Queen Anne.

Samuel Johnson was one of those taken to her to be cured, by the advice of a well-known physician, and the piece of money she presented to him at the time may be seen in the British Museum.

“April 10th, 1661,” writes Pepys, “I went to the Banquet House, and there saw the king heal, the first time that ever I saw him do it, which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one.”

In the “London Gazette” for October 7th, 1686, there was a notice setting forth that His Majesty would heal on Fridays.

The cases were first examined by the King’s physicians that they might be proved to be what they professed to be.

As late as the year 1709 there was a form of prayer to be used at “the touching” in our Book of Common Prayer. Physicians at various ages testified to the efficacy of the cure.

In France the custom was very common. Louis XIV, says Gemilli, touched 1600 persons on Easter Day, 1686, using the words “Le Roi te touch, Dieu te geurisse.”

An account of the ceremony may not be out of place here. When Cardinal Wolsey was on an embassy to the court of Francis I in 1527 this is what took place says Chalmers, in his Book of Days :

“And at the king’s coming into the bishop’s palace at Amiens where he intended to dine with the Lord Cardinal, there sat within a cloister about two hundred persons diseased with the ‘King’s Evil’ upon their knees, and the king or ever he went to dinner provided every one of them with rubbing

and blessing with his bare hands, being bareheaded all the while. After, followed his almoner distributing money to the diseased, and that done he said certain prayers over them, and then washed his hands, and came up into his chamber to dine where my Lord dined with him."

When we remember that the living of St. Nicholas' was at one time in the hands of the Hacker family, a sad and terrible scene is brought before us, one of the most grievous in the annals of English History.

It is the 30th of January, 1649. A vast crowd is assembled outside the Banqueting House, Whitehall in the midst of which is a scaffold. We can hear the workmen breaking through the wall of the building to construct a passage to the place of execution, and at the same moment we may witness Cromwell signing the death warrant of his king.

In the Cabinet Chamber near-by the monarch is taking part in the morning service, and as the Bishop reads the lesson, the 27th chapter of St. Matthew which recounts Our Lord's Death, Charles inquires if the chapter has been chosen as specially appropriate for the occasion, and as he is answered that it is the one appointed by the Church, we may see a flicker of light cross his face. The service ends, and as the king rises to his feet and stretches out his hands to the Bishop and Howard, who falling on their knees kiss them, a knock sounds upon the door, and Colonel Hacker, the Commander of the Guard, enters. The monarch having himself assisted the aged Juxon to rise, turns and accompanies the Colonel to the scaffold.

As he does so Archbishop Usher who has been brought to have a last look in this world at his beloved master falls forward in a dead faint.

And now we catch sight of the two masked men, and hear the King's voice, as first he prays like his Divine Master for forgiveness for his enemies and murderers, while the prayers and groans of the weeping multitude beneath ascend to the Throne of God. Then turning to the bishop says, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown," and with that final word, "Remember," he lays his head upon the block. In a second the executioner holds it aloft exclaiming "Behold the head of a traitor!" Even as he does so a groan breaks "as from one voice from that vast assemblage."

It has never been ascertained who actually performed the office of headsman, but after the Restoration Hacker was hanged.

The reason a wall was broken through the Banqueting House says an authority, was this: if the King passed out of one of the lower windows the scaffold would have been on a level with the heads of the people, therefore too low, if, he had passed out of an upper window, it would have been so high no one could have seen him.

The font removed from the centre aisle now stands near the south door on a handsome marble base; it was so erected in memory of a late rector, Rev. Napier Kelly. Behind it is a small mother-o'-pearl medallion of the Nativity which this rector held in his hand when he was dying.

In the vestry are one or two interesting pictures. One is by Hogarth—a wedding. There is another mounted on tapestry of St. Anthony of Padua. There are also two engravings; one of the interior of the church, bought by a member of the congregation from an old stall for twopence.

The War Memorial takes the form of a large Crucifix near the gateway. Over the gateway itself is a figure of St. Nicholas.



## XLII.

## St. Olave, Hart Street

United with All Hallows, Staining

**S**T. OLAVE'S situated in Hart Street is one of the few churches which entirely escaped the Great Fire, and though of extreme antiquity we can discover no record of any kind about it till the year 1319, when we obtain the meagre information that a yearly sum of money was paid to the rector by the Brethren of the Holy Cross.

It has been repaired many times. Stow specially mentions two fellmongers, Robert and Richard Cely, as its principal builders and benefactors, and then again in the reign of Charles I the parishioners undertook what was necessary and at subsequent periods first one part and then another was restored. It is in the Perpendicular style and not very large. The nave is separated from the side aisles by clustered columns of Purbeck marble and pointed arches. A beautiful reredos of Caen stone and alabaster rises at the back of the Altar which is confined by a low screen, there being no chancel. In a gallery to the west upon which





St. Olave,  
Hart Street ;  
The  
Chancel



St. Olave,  
Hart Street :  
The Pulpit-like  
Tomb

are the royal arms stands the organ. The pulpit said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons was brought from the church of St. Benet, Gracechurch Street in 1868 when that building was demolished.

The vestry is particularly worthy of notice, being a beautiful little room with a painting on wood over the mantel-piece of Faith, Hope and Charity, and moulded upon the ceiling is the figure of an angel with outspread wings.

The warrior saint to whom this church is dedicated is St. Olave or St. Olaf, King of Norway, son of the King Olaf mentioned by Longfellow. When he returned to his own country after having assisted Ethelred in his battles with the Danes, he was accompanied by an English bishop, for it was his great desire that his subjects should be converted to Christianity. All his influence was used to that end. He openly confessed that the Faith of Christ was more precious to him than either his life or his country. The result was perpetual warfare and his own death by violence about 1029. When more than five hundred years later (1541), the Lutherans plundered his shrine at Drontheim in order to obtain the jewels buried with him, they found his body still free from corruption.

As we enter the low door of this ancient edifice, so full of memorials worthy of notice, doubtless our first thought will be of Samuel Pepys who week by week worshipped here. But in vain shall we look for his seat, for the small gallery in which it was, together with many other relics has passed away. In its place,

against the north wall is a medallion of the Diarist and beneath it the inscription erected by public subscription :

" SAMUEL PEPYS BORN FEB 23RD 1632, DIED MAY 26TH 1703."

Till 1884 when the American minister, James Russell Lovell, unveiled it instead of Lord Northbrook who was prevented from being present, there had been no commemoration of him to whom we owe something for his diary of vivid and lifelike pictures describing so minutely the times in which he lived.

He was the son of a military tailor, a personal friend of James II, president of the Royal Society and secretary to the Admiralty in 1673. He lived in the house in Seething Lane afterwards inhabited by Etty. He died in 1703 and was buried beside his wife and brother at nine o'clock at night. His diary which he bequeathed to Magdalene College where he was educated covers a period of nearly ten years from 1660 to 1669.

As we stand contemplating his memorial, scene after scene passes before our minds of incidents which this church has witnessed and which he himself so graphically described.

We hear the sigh of relief that surges through the building, and see faces light upon that memorable Sunday as the word passes from lip to lip that Monk has gained the victory over De Ruyter. We are at one with that congregation in its joy, and we can understand something of the deep thankfulness that falls upon it as Mr. Mills the rector, having once again taken up the service of the Prayer Book, the almost forgotten



words strike upon the ears of the people "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost" and we can sympathise too with the anxiety and perplexity with which one member glances at another uncertain whether to respond or not. For Charles II has taken possession of his kingdom, and once again the Church in England begins to rise like a Phoenix from her ashes, restored and strengthened by the persecutions through which she has passed.

We see Pepys on the sad occasion of his dearly loved wife's death coming to examine the handsome monument he has erected to her memory. Even in his diary he writes of her as if in his eyes at any rate she had no equal. "Of all the beauties my wife was thought the greatest." She was the daughter of Alexander Marchant Siuer de St. Michael who came over with Henrietta Maria.

The description of his brother's funeral we will record in his own quaint words which are a curious mixture of tenderness and levity :

"1664 to the church, and with the gravedigger chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombs are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would as his own words were, 'I will justle them together, but I will make room for him,' speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle where he was to lie, and that he would for my father's sake do my brother that is dead all the civility that he can, which was to disturb other corpses that are not quite rotten to make room for him, and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. I dressed myself and so did my servant Besse, and so to my

brother's again, whither though invited as the custom is at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five, and my reckoning that I bid was a hundred and twenty, but I believe there were nearer one hundred and fifty.

"There service was six biscuits apiece and what they pleased of burnt claret. Anon to Church, walking out into the street, to the conduit, and so across the street, and had a very good company along with the corpse, and being come to the grave as above Dr Pierson the minister of the parish did read the service of burial, and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave and so all broke up, and I and my wife and Madame Turner and her family to her brother's and by and by fell to a barrel of oysters, cake and cheese of Mr Honiwood's with him in his chamber, and below being too merry for so late a sad work but to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man an hour after he is dead."

And now to pass on to the monuments. One of the most imposing is that of Sir Andrew Riccard. It consists of a full-length figure in white marble, beneath which is a tablet bearing the following inscription :

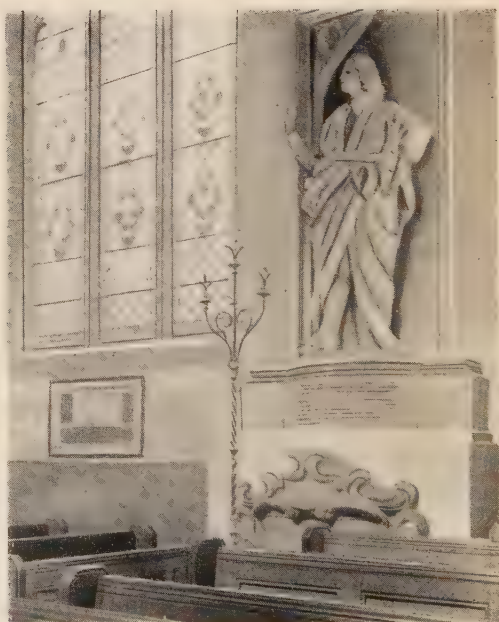
"SACRED BE THE STATUE HERE RAISED BY GRATITUDE AND RESPECT TO ETERNIZE THE MEMORY OF SIR ANDREW RICCARD, KNIGHT AND CITIZEN AND OPULENT MERCHANT OF LONDON WHOSE ACTIVE PIETY, INFLEXIBLE INTEGRITY AND EXTREME ABILITIES ALIKE DISTINGUISHED AND EXALTED HIM IN THE OPINION OF THE WISE AND GOOD. ADVERSE TO HIS WISH HE WAS FREQUENTLY CHOSEN CHAIRMAN OF THE HONOURABLE EAST INDIAN COMPANY, AND FILLED WITH EQUAL CREDIT FOR FIFTEEN YEARS THAT SAME EMINENT STATION IN THE TURKEY COMPANY. AMONG MANY INSTANCES OF HIS LOVE TO GOD AND LIBERAL SPIRIT TOWARDS MAN, ONE, AS IT DEMANDS PECULIAR PRAISE, DESERVES TO BE DISTINCTLY RECORDED, HE NOBLY LEFT THE PERPETUAL ADVOWSON OF THIS PARISH IN TRUST TO FIVE OF HIS SENIOR INHABITANTS. HE DIED 6TH OF SEPTEMBER IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1672 OF HIS AGE 68. MANET POST FUNERA VIRTUS."

Another eminent person who flourished about the same time and is commemorated by a tablet south of the Altar was Sir John Mennis, a Rear Admiral of





St. Olave,  
Hart Street:  
The  
Memorial  
to Pepys



St. Olave,  
Hart Street:  
An  
Unusual Kind  
of Window

Charles I, and after the Restoration, Governor of Dover Castle and Controller of the Navy. He was the author of "The Muses' Recreation" in which occur the well-known lines :

"For he who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day."

In the north part of the church is a kneeling figure clad in armour representing a certain Peter Chapone, a native of Florence who died here in 1582.

A curious monument bearing a quaint inscription is that in memory of the brothers Bayning who are represented kneeling one behind the other clad in their aldermen's gowns :

"IF ALL GREAT CITIES PROSPEROUSLY CONFESS  
THAT HE BY WHOM THEIR TRAFFIC DOTH INCREASE  
DESERVES WELL OF THEM THEN THE ADVENTURES WORTH  
OF THESE TWO MEN WERE BROTHERS BOTH BY BIRTH  
AND OFFICE PROVE THAT THAY HAVE THANKFUL BIN  
FOR THE HONOURS WHICH THIS CITY PLAC'D THEM IN,  
AND DYING OLD THEY BY A BLEST CONSENT  
THIS LEGACY BEQUEATHED THEIR MONUMENT  
THE HAPPY SUM AND END OF THEIR AFFAIRS  
PROVIDED WELL BOTH FOR THEIR SOULS AND HEIRS."

The Altar tomb of Sir John Radcliffe, the son of a former Earl of Essex, has disappeared, but a portion of his effigy still remains.

The first great English herbalist, Sir William Turner, is commemorated on the south wall. He was a Doctor of Medicine and chaplain to Somerset the Pretender, a friend of Ridley, and for a time imprisoned by Gardiner. When he was released he went abroad and remained there till the accession of Elizabeth.



Beneath his monument there is a quaint inscription in memory of John Orgede and his wife, it runs :

" AS I WAS SO BE YE,  
AS I AM YOU SHALL BE,  
WHAT I GAVE THAT I HAVE,  
WHAT I SPENT THAT I HAD,  
THUS I COUNT ALL MY COST,  
WHAT I LEFT THAT I LOST. 1584."

The most ancient of all the monuments, however, is the one in memory of Sir Richard Hadden who was Lord Mayor in 1506 and 1512. It is near the vestry, and consists of figures of himself, his two wives and his two sons.

There are several other memorials brought from All Hallows Staining, but they are of no particular interest, the most important having in all probability been wilfully destroyed, for Stow tells us that in one particular year the churchwardens were compelled to make a large account—twelve shillings—for brooms, besides the carrying away of stones and brasses at their own charge.

Before leaving St. Olave's we must cast a glance at the little churchyard which was one of those specially used during the Plague as the skulls over the gate testify (Hare), and of which Pepys appears to write somewhat nervously.

" This is the first time that I have been in the church since I left London for the Plague, and it frightened me indeed to go through the churchyard more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the Plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

The churchyard is interesting, too, on account of its having been mentioned by Dickens in "The Uncommercial Traveller," when he wrote :

" One of my best beloved churchyards, I call it the churchyard of ghastly grin, it lies at the heart of the City, and the Blackwall Railway shrieks at it daily. It is a small, small churchyard with a ferocious strong spiked gate like a gaol. This gate is ornamented with skulls and cross bones larger than life which grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spikes."

## XLIII

## St. Peter's, Cornhill

THIS church must be deeply interesting to English people on account of the tradition attached to it, which may or may not be true, that it stands upon the site of the first Christian Temple in our land. Certainly Christianity was preached here before the time of St. Augustine. The Venerable Bede tells us that in the year 170 A.D. a certain King of Britain named Lucius wishing to know more of Christ sent to Rome requesting that teachers might be allowed to come and instruct them. In the vestry here there hangs a tablet which was saved from the Great Fire and used to be chained against one of the pillars. It bears the following inscription :

"BEE IT KNOWN TO ALL MEN THAT THE YEAR OF OUR LORD GOD 179 LUCIUS, THE FIRST CHRISTIAN KING OF OUR LAND, THEN CALLED BRIT-AINE, FOUNDED THE FIRST CHURCH IN LONDON, THAT IS TO SAY, THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER UPON CORNHILL. AND HE FOUNDED THEN AN ARCHBISHOP'S SEE AND MADE THE CHURCH THE METROPOLITAN AND CHIEF CHURCH OF THE KINGDOM, AND SO ENDURED THE SPACE OF 400 YEARS UNTO THE COMING OF ST. AUSTIN, THE APOSTLE OF ENGLAND, THE WHICH WAS SENT INTO THIS LAND BY ST. GREGORIE, THE DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH IN THE TIME OF KING ETHELBERT. AND THEN WAS THE ARCHBISHOP'S SEE AND PALL REMOVED FROM THE FORESAID CHURCH OF ST. PETER UPON CORNHILL, UNTO DOROVERNIA THAT NOW IS CALLED CANTERBURIE AND THERE IT REMAINETH TO THIS DAY. AND MILLET

A MONK WHICH CAME INTO THIS LAND WITH ST. AUSTIN HEE WAS MADE THE FIRST BISHOP OF LONDON, AND HIS SEE WAS MADE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH. AND HE REIGNED IN THIS LAND AFTER BRUTE 1245 YEARS. AND THIS LUCIUS KING WAS THE FIRST FOUNDER OF ST. PETER'S UPON CORNHILL. AND IN THE YEARE OF OUR LORD GOD 124 LUCIUS WAS CROWNED KING, AND THE YEARES OF HIS REIGNE WERE 77 AND HEE WAS BURIED AFTER SOME CHRONICLES AT LONDON, AND AFTER SOME CHRONICLES AT GLOUCESTER, WHERE THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS STANDETH NOW."

This church was certainly, in earlier times, considered one of the most important in England, and was probably a cathedral, for in the year 1179 it was ordained that all cathedral churches should have a school attached, and later we read of four parochial schools being directed by Parliament to be maintained in London, one of which was St. Peter's, 1447. When founding Eton, Henry VI took into council the rector of this church.

In 1417 the mayor and aldermen "ordained that the rector of St. Peter's for the time being should in future take precedence over the rectors of all other City churches on the ground that St. Peter's was the first church founded in the City of London, having been built by King Lucius in the year 179, and for four hundred years and more held the Metropolitan Chair."

In 1879 St. Peter's celebrated its seventeen hundredth anniversary. Almost entirely destroyed in the Great Fire, it was re-erected by Wren, 1680-1681, and by some is regarded as his best work.

As it now stands, it is eighty feet long by forty-seven wide. The Corinthian columns which separate the nave from the aisles stand on panelled bases. On either

side of the chancel which is divided from the church by a rood screen is a chapel minus the altars, though formerly St. Peter's contained seven altars. The organ, the work of Father Smith (1681) is in a gallery at the west end. Flowers and short texts are carved on several of the pews. "Ask in faith," "Learn to do well," "Watch and pray," "Hope thou in God," "God is love," "Honour the King."

The font, the cover of which was saved from the Great Fire, stands in front of the organ gallery, and was the gift of Samuel Purchase (1681).

The symbols of the Evangelists, the four living creatures seen by Ezekiel, are in mosaic pictures on the reredos. The Lion representing what is Kingly, has been ascribed to St. Mark, whose Gospel especially sets forth our Lord's kingly office; the Man, that which is human to St. Matthew, who especially shows forth Our Lord's human nature; the Ox or Calf that which is sacerdotal to St. Luke, for his Gospel shows forth the sacrificial or priestly character of Christ; and the Eagle to St. John, for his Gospel is the one which more particularly sets forth Our Lord as God—"the Word of God."

The handsomely carved rood screen was designed by Sir Christopher Wren's daughter, and erected at the request of Bishop Beveridge, rector at the time, whose portrait hangs in the vestry. At the opening of the church after the Great Fire (Nov. 27th, 1681) he preached a sermon of which the following is an extract :



"THE CHANCEL REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST PART OF THE CHURCH, IT WAS THEREFORE SEPARATED OFF BY A SCREEN OF NETWORK—IN LATI 'CANCILLI' FROM THAT THE PLACE IS CALLED THE CHANCEL . . . . THIS WAS USUALLY FOUND IN ALL CHURCHES. I MENTION IT BECAUSE SOME MAY WONDER WHY THE SCREEN SHOULD BE SO OBSERVED IN OUR CHURCH; RATHER THAN IN ALL THE OTHER CHURCHES; WHEREAS THEY SHOULD RATHER WONDER WHY IT IS NOT OBSERVED IN ALL THE OTHER CHURCHES; AS WELL AS IN THIS . . . . THE CHANCEL IN CHRISTIAN CHURCHES CORRESPONDS TO THE HOLY OF HOLIES."

There is in the vestry a picture of Bishop Waugh, a former rector, and in a glass case the autograph of Mendlessohn, together with the old keyboard and stops upon which he on one occasion played in this church.

Stow mentions a library in connection with St. Peter's which he says was established by Elvanus, second Archbishop of London.

There are no particularly interesting historical monuments here though there are one or two others worth noting. That in memory of Richard Gibbs, a slab surmounted by a bust, bears the following inscription in memory of a good man :

"TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF A LIFE SPENT IN THE EXERCISE OF EVERY CHRISTIAN VIRTUE IN THE SERVICE ALIKE OF GOD AND MAN, A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS REVERING HIS CHARACTER AND DESIRING THAT SO NOBLE AN EXAMPLE SHOULD NOT PASS INTO OBLIVION HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT, 1709. HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

There is a tablet on the south wall which is extremely touching. It consists of an oval slab upon which are sculptured the heads of seven little children all burnt to death at the same time. The inscription is as follows :

"THE WHOLE OFFSPRING OF JAMES AND MARY WOODMASON IN THE SAME AWFUL MOMENT ON THE 28TH OF JAN 1782 TRANSLATED BY SUDDEN

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AND IRRESISTIBLE FLAMES IN THE LATE MANSION OF THEIR SORROWING PARENTS, FROM THE SLEEP OF INNOCENCE TO ETERNAL BLISS, THEIR REMAINS COLLECTED FROM THE RUINS, ARE HERE COMBINED. A SYMPATHISING FRIEND OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS, THEIR COMPANION THROUGH THE NIGHT OF THE 28TH OF JAN, IN A SCENE OF DISTRESS BEYOND THE POWER OF LANGUAGE, PERHAPS OF IMAGINATION, DEVOTES THIS SPONTANEOUS TRIBUTE OF THE FEELINGS OF HIS MIND TO THE MEMORY OF INNOCENCE."

In former days it was customary on Whitmonday for the mayor, aldermen and sheriffs dressed in special suits to assemble here and be met by the rectors of London who, heading them all, went in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral.

On one occasion, John Sely, alderman of Walbrook, appeared in a coat that was "single without a lining." This breech of rules caused great indignation amongst his fellow citizens till the mayor and aldermen upon due consultation decided that "the said mayor and other aldermen should dine with the said John at his house at the proper costs of the said John on the Thursday following, and further that the said John was to line his cloak with taffeta or satin."

In the vestry books of St. Michael's is a rather curious entry to the effect that leave should be granted to the parson of St. Peter's to walk in the churchyard.

St. Peter's was one of the sanctuary churches where people accused of crime took refuge. Amongst others we read of a man named Russel coming here for protection. He happened unfortunately to be passing near the place where a certain Ralph Wayvefuntaines was stabbed, and fearing to be accounted the criminal rushed to this church. He was proved innocent, however.





St. Peter's, Cornhill :  
The Rood Screen Designed by Wren's Daughter



St. Stephen Coleman ;  
The Unusually Beautiful Altar

This custom of "taking Sanctuary" dates back to Old Testament days when certain cities were set apart as "Cities of Refuge." In England at a certain period if a person committed a crime, he had only to reach one of the churches specified, or even in some instances the churchyard, to be perfectly safe at any rate so far, as his life was concerned, and the worst then that could befall him would be expulsion from the country.

In some cases it was also necessary for the offender to send for the Coroner to meet him in the church, and, having clothed himself in sackcloth and put ashes on his head, to confess his crime. He might, by this means, escape all penalty, but, if compelled to become an exile, was allowed four days to make his preparations and leave. Sometimes he was accompanied by an official to the nearest port and seen on board the vessel. The formalities differed according to the parish.

In the course of years this custom became so abused that in 1623 it was abolished, though even after that date the privilege was claimed.

In Durham two men always slept in a little chamber over the porch of the cathedral to be at hand to admit anyone who at any hour of the day or night knocked to claim sanctuary.

A fraudulent debtor need only take his money to sacred ground and there wait with it till he tired out his creditor or could make his escape. This of course led to grave acts of dishonesty. For instance, a person would borrow a large sum of money from some City



merchant or other rich man, at once make it over to his friends, and then take sanctuary till the creditor was willing to accept a small portion of the debt and remit the rest rather than lose the whole.

The right of sanctuary was considered so sacred that heavy penalties were inflicted on any who broke it. On one occasion a creditor followed a man into the chapel of the Savoy, and demanded his money whereupon he was seized by the people, tarred and feathered, and tied to a pole in the Strand—a most terrible form of punishment.

Naturally this easy mode of escape from the consequences of a crime encouraged sin to such a fearful extent, and made it so easy to evade the law that the judges when they did catch an offender made an example of him and would hang a man for the most trivial faults. A boy was once executed for stealing sixpence.

The year 1671 saw the last public procession of the Drapers' Company to St. Peter's. They all came in rank, many of them carrying a pair of shoes, stockings and a suit of clothes for the poor of the company.

Over one of the entrance doors is a key, the emblem of the Patron. Dickens refers to St. Peter's as "the church with the key."

XLIV

**St. Sepulchre in the Bailey, Holborn Viaduct**

**S**T. SEPULCHRE'S, a long imposing building with its square tower surmounted by four pinnacles, stands at the east end of Holborn Viaduct not far from Pye Corner. The well kept garden or graveyard by which it is surrounded is the one bright spot on which we can rest our eyes in the midst of the long interminable streets.

Much interest, though it is in most instances of a distressing nature, gathers round this building. Its name of course reminds us of Our Lord's burial place, after which it is called, but alas it is of death in its most horrible form that we must think as we contemplate this church—but of that later.

St. Sepulchre's dates back to the reign of Henry VIII, and possibly further still. Stow tells us that it was re-erected in the time of Henry VI or Edward IV, and afterwards partly destroyed in the Great Fire which stopped its ravages at Pye Corner.

Whether Sir Christopher Wren was the architect or not is a matter of uncertainty, but it is said that the parishioners would not wait for him, his hands being

too full to undertake the work as quickly as they wished.

So much has been done since his time in the way of alterations and repairs, both inside and out, that the building is comparatively speaking quite modern with the exception of the porch, 750 years old which has stood through thirty-three reigns. Leading into the vestibule through which the church is entered it is curious and handsome being elaborately carved with angels' heads, fruit and flowers.

The edifice consists of a chancel, chapel, nave and two aisles. Tuscan columns connected by semi-circular arches separate the nave from the aisles. The organ, one of the oldest and finest in London, was built by Renatus Harris in 1670. It stands in what was formerly St. Stephen's Chapel—a recess which is cut off from the body of the building by a beautifully carved marble and stone screen. The east window contains pictures of the Crucifixion, the Entombment, the Resurrection and the Twelve Apostles.

As we wander up the aisles, stopping ever and anon to read an inscription on this pillar or that wall, we pause a moment on reaching the pulpit and reading desk. They are almost exactly alike, are richly carved with fruit and flowers and stand opposite to each other. It is then that our thoughts revert to the sister queens **Mary** and **Elizabeth** who were so different from each other in most ways, yet alike in that they were both persecutors of those who ventured to differ from them in religious opinions. John Rogers the helper of

Coverdale and Tyndale in translating the Bible was a former vicar here, and the first martyr of Mary's reign. The particular sermon for which he was apprehended, however, was not preached at St. Sepulchre's but at St. Paul's Cross.

He had left England some time before and was in safety abroad, when in obedience to his conscience he returned to proclaim his opinions publicly. He was burnt at Smithfield, and his last petition that he might speak to his wife was denied him. His wife, however, together with their eleven children, met him on his way to death.

There is a rather curious story told about Rogers which may or may not be true. When Joan Bocher was condemned to death, someone begged Rogers to intercede for her that she might at least have a more merciful death than that of burning. He is supposed to have replied : " No, burning alive is not a cruel death, but easy enough." His companion finding that she could not move him to pity answered : " Well it may so happen, perhaps, that you yourself shall have your hands full of this same burning."

The most noteworthy person to be buried here was without doubt Roger Aschem, at one time ambassador at the court of Charles V of Germany, Greek and Latin tutor to Elizabeth when her sister Mary was on the throne. He died in the year 1568 to the great grief of his royal pupil who is said to have remarked when she heard of it that she would rather have lost one thousand pounds than her old tutor. As she was not of a very



liberal temperament this for her meant much. Mary, too, had doubled his pension and allowed him to retain his post, though he was not a Roman Catholic.

On the south wall is inserted a brass which sets forth the exploits and adventures of Captain John Smith who lies here. He was a Governor of Virginia and died in 1631. He bears upon his shield three heads because on one occasion he conquered three Turks.

Being taken prisoner by some Indians while travelling through America, he induced them to send a letter for him to Jamestown. He nearly lost his life in consequence, for when they discovered that through this letter his wishes were known, they were filled with terror. They believed that through magical powers he had endowed the paper with intelligence. They would have killed him had not Pocahontas the Chief's daughter, a child of twelve, thrown her arms around his neck so that they could not strike the fatal blow without injuring her. Therefore they thought it wiser to make a friend of him, and when at length he induced them to set him at liberty, he parted from them with every mark of good-will.

General Sir Baden Powell of Mafeking fame evidently inherits the wonderful courage, adventurous spirit, and cleverness of his ancestor, for, through his mother, he is a descendant of the Governor.

The following is Captain Smith's inscription :

" HERE LIES ONE CONQUERED THAT HATH CONQUERED KINGS,  
SUBDUED LARGE TERRITORIES, AND DONE THINGS  
WHICH TO THE WORLD IMPOSSIBLE WOULD SEEM,  
BUT THAT THE TRUTH IS HELD IN MORE ESTEEM.



SHALL I REPORT HIS FORMER SERVICE, DONE  
IN HONOUR OF HIS GOD AND CHRISTENDOM ?  
HOW THAT HE DID DIVIDE FROM PAGANS THREE  
THEIR HEADS AND LIVES, TYPES OF HIS CHIVALRY,  
FOR WHICH GREAT SERVICE IN THAT CLIMATE DONE  
BRAVE SIGISMUNDUS, KING OF HUNGARION,  
DID GIVE HIM AS A COAT OF ARMS TO WEAR  
THESE CONQUERED HEADS GOT BY HIS SWORD AND SPEAR.  
OR SHALL I TELL OF HIS ADVENTURES SINCE,  
DONE IN VIRGINIA, THAT LARGE CONTINENT ?  
HOW THAT HE SUBDUED KINGS UNDER HIS YOKE,  
AND MADE THOSE HEATHENS FLEE AS WIND DOTH SMOKE,  
AND MADE THEIR LAND, BEING SO LARGE A STATION,  
AN HABITATION FOR OUR CHRISTIAN NATION  
WHERE GOD IS GLORIFIED, THEIR WANTS SUPPLIED,  
WHICH ELSE FOR NECESSARIES MUST HAVE DIED.  
BUT WHAT AVAILS HIS CONQUESTS, NOW HE LIES  
INTERRED IN EARTH, A PREY TO WORMS AND FLIES ?  
OH MAY HIS SOUL IN SWEET ELYSIUM SLEEP  
UNTIL THE KEEPER THAT ALL SOULS DOTH KEEP  
RETURN TO JUDGMENT, AND THAT AFTER THENCE  
WITH ANGELS HE MAY HAVE HIS RECOMPENCE."

The font, the cover of which bears the date 1670, is placed in the large vestibule. As we stand a moment beside it under the tower with its ten bells, we can almost hear the greatest of these toll out its solemn announcement that another soul is to be sent to eternity, and see the terrible procession leave the prison cell and approach the scaffold.

How many remember the original reason for which that bell was first tolled (for the last few years the practice has been discontinued) namely in order to entreat the prayers of all who heard it for one about to meet his Maker.

Stow tells us that a certain citizen, a Mr. Dowe, Merchant Taylor, left about fifty pounds to the vicar and churchwardens for the use of the parish provided

two exhortations were delivered to those under condemnation of death. The one on the night previous to the execution, on which occasion the sexton was to take a handbell and ring it under the cell window and the other when the condemned was on his way to the scaffold. The largest of St. Sepulchre's bells was tolled as a passing bell.

The words of the first exhortation were as follows :

“ You prisoners that are within  
Who for wickedness and sin,

after many mercies shown to you, are now appointed to die tomorrow in the forenoon, give ear and understand that tomorrow morning the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing bell as used to be tolled for those at the point of death; to the end that all godly people hearing that bell and knowing that it is for you going to your death may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow His grace and mercy on you while you live. I beseech you for Jesus Christ's sake to keep this night in watching and prayer to the salvation of your own soul while there is yet time and place for mercy, knowing that tomorrow you must appear before the Judgment Seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torment for your sins committed against Him unless upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance you find mercy through the Merits, Death and Passion of your only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ, Who now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return to Him.”

As the condemned passed St. Sepulchre's wall on their way to death the following was said :

“ All good people pray heartily to God for these poor sinners who are now going to their death, for whom this great bell doth toll.”

The second exhortation to the condemned was the following :

“ You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears, ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your souls, through the merits and Passion of Jesus Christ, Who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto Him.

Lord have mercy on you.  
Christ have mercy on you.  
Lord have mercy on you.  
Christ have mercy on you.

Another curious custom in connection with this church was that of presenting a nosegay from the steps of the church to the condemned as they were driven past in the cart on the way to Tyburn. The last time this ceremony took place was in 1774 when John Rane was hanged for robbery.

A painful circumstance to record in writing of St. Sepulchre is the suicide of William Dorrington, who threw himself from the tower after writing to beg forgiveness.

It is curious that though Sarah Malcombe, the murderess, was allowed to be buried here in the graveyard, the parishioners would not under any condition permit the body of Amfield being laid there too, and it had to be taken to Tyburn.

On leaving the vicinity of St. Sepulchre's as we give a parting glance to the tower with its four vanes, we are reminded of Howel's proverb, that “ Unreasonable people are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St.

Sepulchre's which never look all four upon one point of the heavens."

Upon the door of the tower leading into the clock is the following verse :

" HERE I AM BY DAY AND NIGHT,  
TO TELL THE HOURS TO THEE ARIGHT,  
AN EXAMPLE THEREFORE TAKE OF ME,  
AND SERVE THY GOD AS I SERVE THEE."

And in the bell tower there is the inscription :

" WHERE MERITS JUSTLY DUE,  
A LITTLE PRAISE THERE SERVETH,  
A GOOD PEAL NEEDS NO FRAME,  
A BAD ONE NONE DESERVETH."

## XLV

**St. Stephen Coleman, Coleman Street**

**T**HIS church which stands in Coleman Street is not very far from the Bank, and is so called after the man who built it. He is buried in St. Margaret's, Lothbury. It was at one time a synagogue, later became a parish church, then a chapel of St. Olave, and, finally, in the reign of Edward VI, a parish church once again.

We read of it as early as 1182. It was destroyed in the Great Fire (a part of the tower excepted) and rebuilt by Wren, and again rebuilt at a much later date. The Registers date back to the year 1539.

The interior of the building is plain, but the Altar which is of oak is very beautiful, and consists of a heavy slab supported on handsomely carved eagles' heads. Eagles' heads are also carved upon the arms and backs of the two chancel chairs. The carving is probably of Italian workmanship, but the pulpit is Jacobean. The building is long and rather narrow, and contains neither pillars nor arches, and has but one stained window in addition to the east window. It was presented in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee by John Farrant, "a parishioner of fifty years standing." The upper lights contain pictures of the



Martyrdom of the patron of this church, St. Stephen the Deacon, and a life-size representation of him, and the lower light, the special collect for his day.

This parish, it would seem, was the centre of Cromwell's adherents and the enemies of Charles I.

Godwin who was vicar at the time of the execution, although he was one of those to assent to his monarch's condemnation, offered to go and pray with him the day before his death. The king declined, however, preferring to have his own chaplain.

When Colonel Owen Rowe, one of the judges who signed the death warrant, had to face his own trial after the Restoration, he pleaded as an excuse that he acted in ignorance. He was, however, with Alderman Pennington, another of the judges, imprisoned in the Tower, but both died a natural death within a few days of each other.

The stipend of the vicar of St. Stephen's was not a very large one in former times, for we read that one of the clergy having offended certain parishioners they stopped the amount of fifty pounds, the extra which they had allowed him, reducing the income to eleven pounds a year.

John Hayward who was sexton here during the Plague was one of those who drove the carts containing the dead to the pit where they were buried, and entirely escaped this terrible disease from which 68,596 persons died though sometimes he had to fetch the bodies and carry them in his arms a considerable distance, as in many places the streets were so narrow that the dead

cart could not pass them.

It was customary, when possible, to place the bodies outside the houses on stalls provided. On one occasion a tipsy piper having fallen down in the street, was picked up apparently dead, and thrown on to one of these stalls. Hayward coming along and seeing him lying there tossed him with the others into the cart and drove him to the pit. Notwithstanding the jolting of the vehicle and the number of bodies under which he was lying, he did not wake till they were just about to bury him, when he roused himself and much to the alarm of the sexton asked if he were dead.

Curious as it may seem, there were some who had no fear of this terrible scourge, and would rob the bodies in all directions of every article even to the winding sheets. One thousand of these latter were once found on the premises of one man.

Of the few commemorated here one is John Taylor, Haberdasher, who left two hundred pounds to be lent to young Haberdashers, and two pounds to be distributed in bread to poor parishioners. The Keats both father and son, are buried here. In the old church there was a monument to Anthony Mundy the dramatist who arranged all the great City pageants and was buried there in 1633.

Over the gateway is a curious carving representing the " Last Judgment " ; this and the gate of St. Olave's, Hart Street, are the only two that bring before us the Great Plague. The Registers mention eight hundred deaths and burials from this awful disease.

## XLVI

**St. Stephen's, Walbrook.****United with St. Benet=Sherebog**

**A**T the back of the Mansion House stands the beautiful church of St. Stephen in Walbrook, so beautiful that it is impossible to describe it adequately in a few words. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Canova, the Italian sculptor, remarked that he would willingly visit England again, if only to see three things once more. One of them was this church. And another authority says that "compared with many other churches of nearly the same magnitude Italy cannot exhibit its equal; elsewhere its rival is not to be found."

It is thought that Wren built it as a model for St. Paul's Cathedral, for it is indeed like that edifice in miniature. That the parishioners were well pleased with the work we may rest assured, for in one of the parish books we read: "August 24th, 1679, for a present of £20 to be given to the Lady of Sir Christopher Wren as a testimony of the regard of the parish for all the skill and care bestowed upon it (St. Stephen's)





St. Stephen's,  
Walbrook :  
The  
Altar Banisters  
Ordered by  
Archbishop  
Laud



St. Stephen's  
Walbrook :  
The  
Chancel



by her husband." £20 was a large sum in those days.

Walbrook was so named on account of the stream, sufficiently wide for barges to be towed along it, which till the middle of the fourteenth century flowed through it. It was from this brook, together with the River Fleet and the wells outside the City, that London's water supply was once obtained.

The date of the original church of St. Stephen is not known, but as early as the reign of Henry I mention is made of it. In the time of Henry VI it was rebuilt on a piece of ground given by Robert Chicheley who was Lord Mayor in 1421. It was repaired at a later date, but was utterly destroyed in the Great Fire.

As it now stands, it is eighty-two feet long by fifty-nine feet broad, and contains a nave and four aisles separated from each other by rows of Corinthian columns, the four central pillars of which are omitted. Over this space rises a circular dome with an octagonal base which rests on eight arches. This was at one time a favourite style of roofing in the East, but Sir Christopher Wren was, we believe, the first to introduce it into England, or indeed into Europe.

The church is entered through a door to the west, outside which a long flight of steps leads to a porch where there hangs an old-fashioned lantern. The organ is in a gallery above. The door cases, pulpit and choir stalls are well carved, while the top of the font is the work of Grinling Gibbons. The Altar which is semi-circular is surrounded by a rail which Wren placed in accordance with what had always been the

wish of Archbishop Laud. The Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments are illuminated upon the reredos together with paintings of Moses and Aaron. All the windows with the exception of the clerestory are stained. The Grocers' Company presented the pews and also had the walls wainscotted to the height of several feet.

While some repairs were being carried out in 1850, four thousand coffins were discovered beneath the edifice. They are now completely covered over with concrete. By the door are two interesting old prints of the interior of the building as it was many years ago, and a tablet which records the fact that "in 1888 the old pews were removed, the interior restored, a new organ provided and a mosaic floor laid."

A large painting of the burial of St. Stephen which at one time hung over the Altar has now been removed to the north wall as it obscured the light from the east window. It is the work of Benjamin West, an American whose ancestors emigrated with William Penn, "of whose treaty with the Indians for a tract of land of the territory it is observed that it was the only Christian contract unaccompanied by an oath, and the only one never violated."—(Book of Days.)

West was wont to say that he attributed his great success as an artist to a kiss from his mother. His talent showed itself when he was quite a little child, and before he had even seen a print or a picture. He happened to notice one day a baby smiling in its sleep, and, pen and ink being near, he endeavoured to

delete the little one's features. After this he continued to draw with pen and ink, his parents not considering it worth while to provide him with better implements.

A party of Indians journeying past his home saw some of his sketches of birds and flowers, and, being interested in his work, showed him how to obtain colours with which to paint his drawings. Once he had obtained his colours, however, he was at a loss how to lay them on, sable and camel hair being unknown to him. It struck him that the fur off the cat's tail might be made into brushes and answer his purpose, and this idea he promptly put into execution. When, however, his father noticed the curious appearance of the cat and fearing it was ill, inquired into the matter, it was with some trepidation that Benjamin confessed what he had done, but was much relieved when instead of a reprimand he was commended for his ingenuity.

A little later, a box of paints and some engravings were sent to him as a present. The following morning he was up before light, hard at work. School, lessons, everything was forgotten but his self-imposed task which continued from day to day. The schoolmaster, wondering what had become of his little pupil, called to inquire. Benjamin's mother, who till then had known nothing of his absence from school, then remembered that she had seen him run upstairs that morning. She hastened to his room, and was so amazed at the beauty of his work that instead of punishing him for his truancy she stooped and kissed him. To that

kiss he attributed his great success as an artist, for he was wont to remark it made a painter of him.

In the north aisle are some old iron register boxes taken from St. Benet's Sherehog which was destroyed in the Great Fire. As this church was not rebuilt, the parish was united with St. Stephen's.

St. Benet's gained its curious name of "Sherehog" in the following manner. The church was formerly dedicated to St. Osyth, but having fallen into decay was repaired (possibly was rebuilt) by a fishmonger called Benedict Sherehog. It was then named St. Benedict's afterwards corrupted into St. Benet's, and later St. Benet's Sherehog.

There are not many interesting tablets in St. Stephen's, but upon the north wall there is one worth noting, which is in memory of a former rector—Rev. G. Croley, LL.D.—and is surmounted by a bust of the deceased with the following inscription :

"THANKFUL TO ALMIGHTY GOD FOR THE BEST BLESSINGS OF LIFE,  
HEALTH PROLONGED TO OLD AGE, COMPETENCE, A NOT INACTIVE MIND,  
A LOVED AND LOVING WIFE, KIND FRIENDS AND EXCELLENT SONS.  
DIED 1860 IN THE FULL FAITH OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY, AND IN THE  
UNSPEAKABLE HOPE OF A RESURRECTION THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS  
CHRIST."

The following notice is also attached :

"This bust, formerly given by his parishioners and friends, bequeathed by him to this church together with four larger and thirteen smaller painted windows, together with this monument inscribed with the epitaph written by himself, have been placed in this church in honour of his genius, in testimony of affection by his sorrowing friends and parishioners. All of him that was mortal rests within these walls."

Thomas Watson, one of the most noted preachers



of his day, and the author of the tract "Heaven taken by Storm," which led to the conversion of Colonel Gardiner, was rector here in 1646. He was a Presbyterian, and was appointed at a time when it was a penal offence to use the Book of Common Prayer. He was a Royalist in politics, protested against the execution of Charles I, and used his utmost endeavours to bring about the Restoration. For these efforts he was imprisoned in the Tower. Another of his books, one called "The Saints Delight," he dedicated to "his loving friends the Aldermen, the Esquires, and the rest of the inhabitants of Stephen Walbrook in the City of London." Rev. S. de C. Laffan notes the characteristic refusal to give Stephen the title of 'saint.'

St. Stephen's is not without its Roll of Martyrs. John Warn, an upholsterer of this parish, was brought before the Bishop of St. Paul's, tried, sent to Newgate and finally to Smithfield. There he laid down his life for Christ's sake.

It is well to remember sometimes that it is not always those who feel most confident of their love for Our Lord who are strongest in the time of temptation.

There was a certain rector here in the reign of Edward VI who was talking on one occasion with a friend named Lawrence Saunders on the subject of martyrdom. Lawrence remarked that he would not have courage enough to endure persecution for his faith. The rector answered: "I would see every drop of my fat and the last morsel of my flesh consumed to ashes ere I would swerve from the Faith." These



were strong words, yet when it came to action it was Saunders who died at Smithfield and Pendleton, the rector, who changed his opinions.

One of the clergy here, Thomas Bacon by name, was cast into prison for marrying.

Ere leaving this most beautiful church our thoughts turn for a moment to its builder. Sir Christopher Wren was born in 1632, and is mentioned by Evelyn in his diary as that "miracle of a youth": He was a reverent and earnest churchman, and must have suffered acutely in consequence of the troublous times through which the Church was then passing. His uncle, Matthew Wren, lay for many years in prison for his Faith.

The architect was probably one among the weeping, praying multitude which watched the seven Bishops on their way to the Tower for conscience sake. They had refused to publish the King's Declaration of Liberty of Conscience, and doubtless Wren joined in the cry that again and yet again resounded through the air: "God bless your Lordships." Even the soldiers in the Tower refused to drink any health but that of the Bishops (Archbishop Sancroft, Bishops Lloyd, Turner, Lake, Gen, Trelawny and White.) What must he have endured, he who was so reverent, having been brought up in the school of Laud and Andrews at the constantly increasing desecration of the churches!

In Elizabeth's time it had been grievous enough. St. Paul's was used as a common thoroughfare; costers

passed to and fro with their baskets and bundles, crying their wares as they went, and making many a bargain in the sacred edifice. And attached to the pillars were printed notices of goods for sale and upon one of them being carved the foot of Prebendary Algar, and utilized as a standard measure for land (Tyack).

Then later St. Paul's Walk became to the men of that day what the clubs and parks are to the men of this. Here strolled gaily dressed noblemen chatting and laughing as they went, there walked a gloomy Puritan in his sombre attire; here hurried busy merchants, there wandered idle loafers.

Under Cromwell and his followers, however, the irreverence increased forty-fold. Now no place was considered sacred; the holiest of all was not safe from sacrilegious hands. Altars were pulled down, crosses burned and vestments destroyed. It was forbidden to use the Prayer Book, and the Sacraments were prohibited.

Sorrowfully Evelyn writes in 1665: "There was now no more notice taken of Christmas Day in churches. That none of the Church should dare either to preach, or administer the Sacraments, so this was the mournfullest day that ever in my life I had seen, to the great rejoicing of both Papist and Presbyter." (For Laud and his school were as anti-Roman as they were anti-Puritan, and were disliked by both.) Later on he takes up a joyful strain: "This day His Majesty Charles II came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous sufferings both of the King and Church

. . . I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God." "And now do men begin to nibble at the Book of Common Prayer," says Pepys in his quaint way.

Wren is buried in the crypt beneath St. Paul's Cathedral. He was the first to be laid to rest within its sacred walls. Near the spot is an inscription written by his son which has been illuminated in letters of gold over the door of the north transept.

"BENEATH IS LAID THE BUILDER OF THIS CHURCH AND CITY, CHRISTOPHER WREN, WHO LIVED MORE THAN NINETY YEARS, NOT FOR HIMSELF BUT FOR THE GOOD OF THE STATE. READER IF THOU ASK FOR A MEMORIAL LOOK AROUND THEE."

We have heard that some Americans have been so struck with the beauty of St. Stephen's that they intend to build in Chicago a church exactly similar in every detail save one, whereas the pillars of our church are of stone, theirs will be of marble.

The most notable of all the rectors was Henry Chichele (1396). He was not only an ecclesiastic but a lawyer and statesman, and a protégé of William of Wykeham. He became Archdeacon of Salisbury, and and later Archbishop of Canterbury, and is buried in the choir of Canterbury Cathedral. His brother, Sir Robert Chichele, twice Lord Mayor, was a great benefactor to this church.

A person of considerable importance, John Dunstable, astronomer, mathematician and musician, was buried here in 1453. We know little of his life, but a great deal of his reputation as a musician. Johannes Tinctoris, a native of the Netherlands, records "that England was in his time the source of the development

of music which had made it appear almost a new art and that of the English musicians who originated it, Dunstable was the chief." In fact, his reputation was European, and his works are to be found all over Europe. In England they can be seen in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the British Museum, and in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. There has been a monument recently erected to his memory on the south wall of the church by the Incorporated Society of Musicians. The Rev. de Laffan describes it as "a very beautiful specimen of glass mosaic. The angel musicians in the upper panel, with its background of starry sky, symbolised the greatness of Dunstable as a musician and as an astronomer."

There are some curious entries in the parish books. In an inventory of goods and ornaments dated 1558 mention is made of "a fair sepulchre house carved." The Easter Sepulchre is fully described in another chapter. In another part mention is made of a little painted chest containing many relics. Amongst others are a piece of the Holy Cross, a cup of silver containing relics of St. George and St. Thomas, a relic of the head of St. Stephen, a relic of the rock where the Lord spoke to Moses, a relic of the stone whereon Jesus was layed when He was taken from the Cross, and a relic of the stone whereon Christ set His right foot when He ascended into heaven.

The following entry is in the Coroners' Roll for 1278 :

"On Friday before the Feast of the Apostles Philip and James (May 1) in the fifth year of the reign of King Edward I,

the Chamberlain and Sheriffs were given to understand that William le Clerke was then lying dead by another death than his rightful death in the Church of St. Stephen on Walebrocke."

Whereupon inquisition was made and it appeared that :

" The said William on the Sunday preceding, about midday, ascended the belfry of that church to search for a pigeon's nest there, whereupon as he was climbing from beam to beam, he fell by mischance upon one of the said beams, so that by that fall his whole body was ruptured and crushed, and he died as soon as he came to the ground."



XLVII

**St. Swithin's-by-London Stone, Cannon Street**

**United with St. Mary's Botbaw**

**B**EFORE we enter St. Swithin's we must take notice of the Great Stone built into the south wall and protected by an iron grating from which the church derives its curious name of "By London Stone." It is supposed to be the central milestone, or Roman Millarium, from which all distances were measured. Formerly it was on the south side of Cannon Street.

Stow mentions a book given to Christ Church, Canterbury, by Athelstane, King of the West Saxons, in which a piece of land is described as being near London Stone. This record alone proves its great antiquity. The same authority tells us that in his time it was so firmly set in the ground "that if carts do run against it, the wheels are broken but the stone unhurt." He also remarks: "The same to be set for the making of payments by debtors to their creditors at the appointed days and times, till of late these payments were most usually made at the font in Fonts church. Some again think it was set up by one John, or Thomas Londonstone, dwelling there against it,

but more likely men have taken names of the Stone, than the Stone of them, as did Thomas at Style-William Atwell."

It was this stone that was struck by Jack Cade, when, having led the men of Kent through London, he exclaimed: "Now is Mortimer Lord of the City." The scene is described by Shakespeare in Henry VI.

Above the Stone is the following inscription:

"LONDON STONE  
COMMONLY BELIEVED TO BE A ROMAN WORK  
LONG PLACED ABOUT 35 FEET HENCE  
TOWARDS THE SOUTH WEST  
AND AFTERWARDS BUILT INTO THE WALL OF THIS CHURCH.  
WAS FOR MORE CAREFUL PROTECTION  
AND TRANSMISSION TO FUTURE AGES  
BETTER SECURED BY THE CHURCHWARDENS  
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1869  
EDWARD ALLFREES, M.A., RECTOR.  
HENRY EDWARD MURRELL. JOHN LAMB.  
CHARLES CANN. CHARLES CURTOYS.  
CHURCHWARDENS. CHURCHWARDENS.  
ST. SWITHENS. ST. MARY BOTHAW."

Cannon Street or Candlewick Street in which St. Swithin's stands takes its name from the makers of candles who at one time dwelt there. This church was in existence in 1312, but was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1678. St. Mary's Bothaw, or Boat-hatch, was burnt down at the same time, and not being re-erected the two parishes were united.

St. Swithin's as it now stands is sixty-one feet long by forty-two broad, and is surmounted by an octagonal cupola, tinted blue and ornamented with stars. It is

illuminated by four lights between which are four paintings. The organ is to the north, and there is a gallery at the west end. The oaken Altar and pulpit are both adorned with angels.

The Saint to whom the church is dedicated was at one time a monk of Winchester and later Bishop. He became chaplain to King Egbert and tutor to Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred the Great. Though of noble birth he was extremely humble-minded. When about to consecrate a church, no matter how great the distance, he always made the journey on foot and, in order to avoid remark, at night. He left word that he wished his body to be laid at the door of the church, that the rain might fall upon it and passers-by trample over it.

The monks, however, thinking such a place unsuitable for the bishop, determined to remove his remains, but were according to tradition compelled to postpone their plans because in answer to the saint's prayer it rained without ceasing for forty days.

The monumental tablet of the greatest interest here is that of Michael Godfrey, the first Deputy Governor of the Bank (1694). In 1695 he was with King William at the Siege of Namur, and, while in the act of speaking to him, was shot dead by a cannon ball though the King remained unhurt.

Thinking of his violent death causes our thoughts to revert to his uncle, Sir Edmund Berrie Godfrey, whose mysterious fate has remained to this day an unsolved problem. He was a Justice of the Peace and a most zealous and earnest man in the performance

of his duties, more particularly during the time of the Great Plague.

He apparently had a premonition that he would be murdered, for he remarked to a friend that he was sure some day he would be knocked on the head. His presentiment was realized, for some time later his dead body was discovered in a ditch near Primrose Hill with the neck broken and other injuries. His remains were taken to Bridewell, where he lay in state for some time before he was buried. Large numbers of people assisted at his funeral, and among them were seventy-two priests and eight knights and all the aldermen of the City. The last place where he was seen alive was St. Martin's Church.

It was certainly not for robbery that the crime was committed, for money was found in his pockets. Some drops of white wax which were discovered on his clothes would go far to prove that it was to some member or members of the upper classes that he owed his death, as only "people of quality" in those days used wax lights. For some time after this Primrose Hill gained the appellation of Green-Bury-Hill from the names of those hanged for the crime, though all three to the very last protested their innocence so to this day his death remains in the minds of most people an unsolved mystery. Some medals were struck to commemorate his death. On one side of them Sir Edmund was represented walking with a broken neck, and on the reverse St. Denis carrying his head in his hand. Beneath the latter the following words were inscribed :

"GODFREY WALKS UP HILL AFTER HE IS DEAD,  
DENIS WALKS DOWN HILL CARRYING HIS HEAD."

Near the Godfrey tablet is another in memory of William Stubbs and family. It bears the following inscription :

LIFE IS THE ROAD TO DEATH,  
DEATH HEAVEN'S GATE MUST BE,  
HEAVEN IS THE THRONE OF CHRIST  
AND CHRIST IS LIFE TO ME."

The Lord Mayors buried here are Sir John Hart (1589) and his son-in-law, Sir John Boller.

In the old edifice the poet Dryden was married to Lady Elizabeth Howard.

There is a memorial on the west wall erected by a member of the Worshipful Company of Founders. It consists of a slab upon which is a coat of arms, a flagon and a candlestick, and the words: "God the only Founder, 1914."



## XLVIII

**The Church of the Temple**

**A**T the end of a narrow alley off the Strand almost opposite where Temple Bar formerly stood are a number of buildings, the most prominent of which, a round edifice, is the Temple Church originally a church of the Knights Templars, and, as we note its unusual form, part of which is quite round, and part rectangular, we wonder why it was so built, and who were the Knights Templars, its founders.

The Order of Knights Templars was one of the three Great Military Orders which came into being about the eleventh century. This society, "The Templars," owes its origin to the piety of a man called Hugh de Paynne (Bellot) who with his friend Godfrey de St. Omar and seven others devoted their lives to guarding the principal roads leading to Jerusalem. By so doing they were able to protect persons who were going upon pilgrimages to the Holy Places.

Baldwin II, King of Jerusalem, gave the Knights apartments in the Royal Palace, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem enrolled them as regular Canons, and they took the three vows of Chastity, Obedience and Self-denial.

The Palace had at one time been part of a Mosque built on the site of Solomon's Temple. For this reason they called themselves the "Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon."

St. Bernard was deeply interested in them and in 1128 the Order was re-constituted under his patronage and confirmed by the Pope at the Council of Troyes. From that time it greatly increased both in numbers and riches, for men of all nationalities throughout Europe joined its ranks.

The Order was divided into three classes—clergy, nobility, and lay brethren. St. Bernard, speaking of their piety and goodness says "they lived without anything they could call their own even their wills."

Their headquarters was in the first instance at Jerusalem, and remained until the capture of the Holy City by Saladin in 1187, when it was removed to Acre.

They arrived in Europe—England—about the year 1128 with Hugo de Paynne as the First Master. The preacher of the Temple is still called "The Master," and the title remains to the present day and is the oldest office existing.

Encouraged by Henry I, they made their home in London, and at the accession of Henry II Richard de Hastings was the Master (1153). Privileges of various kinds were granted to them; they received valuable gifts, and much wealth was entrusted to their care till they became, in fact, a band of bankers, and were one of the wealthiest Societies in existence. They were able to entertain kings, foreign ambassadors and the

noblest in the land. Amongst others, King John frequently lodged there, and did so on the night before his meeting with his Barons at Runnymede.

In 1232, Hubert de Burgh who was a prisoner in the Tower asked the Knights to take charge of certain property of his. As soon as the king heard of this, he ordered the Master to relinquish his charge, but he refused and argued that anything entrusted to the Templars could only be given up by permission of the owner.

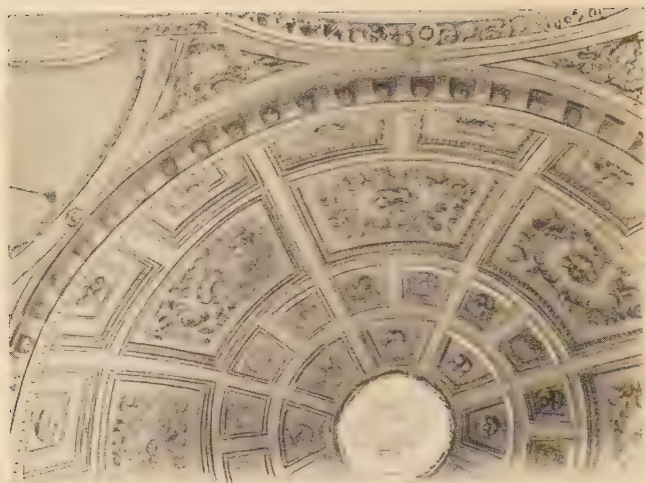
The Round Church was built in 1185 in memory of the Holy Sepulchre, and takes its name from that in Jerusalem. It was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, Henry II being present.

It has been proved that previous to 1240 a chancel attached to the Round Church existed which possibly dated to Saxon times. There are only four other Round Churches in England. The other three are at Northampton, Little Maplestead and Cambridge.

In the year 1240 a second dedication took place in the presence of Henry III and his Barons, the rectangular portion of the building being added. These two churches, says an authority, "form one of the most interesting examples of the transition from the Norman to the early English Architecture."

During the Great Fire, a considerable part of the Temple was destroyed, the church just escaping. Though hardly any of the ancient edifice remains, the building was entirely restored in 1839.





St. Stephen's, Walbrook;  
The Ceiling



St. Swithin's;  
The Interior

*Facing p. 327*



The present church is entered through a handsome porch. Beneath the capitols of the columns of the arch are half-length figures—one of Henry II holding in his hand the roll containing permission to the Templars to build their church. Near the King are three Knights; one of them is to be seen clasping another roll which proves possession of the royal grant. On the opposite side are figures of Queen Eleanor, Heraclius and priests with their hands raised in prayer.

The building is eighty-two feet long and thirty-seven high, and consists of a middle and two side-aisles, the arch being Early English clustered columns of Purbeck marble. Pointed arches support the roof.

Beneath the Altar is an old oak chest which contains charters and deeds. Near-by are a double pesonia of Purbeck marble and an aumbry. All the glass in the windows is modern. Those in the East contain figures of the Knights Templars with the banners of the "Beauceant," the Red Cross and the Cross Triumphant over the Crescent. Upon the walls are frescoes of Henry I bearing the Banner Beauceant, black and white—black because "the Templars showed themselves wholly white and fair towards the Christians, but black and terrible towards those who were miscreants." (Tawyne.)

There are other frescoes; Stephen with the device of St. George; Henry II with a model of the Round Church; John and others. In the north-west corner is a small door leading to a staircase in the thickness of the walls. It leads to a door through which the

Penitent's Cell is entered. This is so built that it is impossible for a man to lie down in it; he could, however, hear the service through an aperture.

Near the entrance to the choir are a bust of Richard Hooker, Master of the Temple in the sixteenth century, and a handsome effigy of Bishop Sylvester de Evenden, Bishop of Carlisle from 1247 to 1255. The latter was at one time Chancellor of England. There are many other tablets and monuments. There is also a Triforium.

On the pavement of the Round Church lie groups of mail-clad figures. They do not, as might be supposed, represent Knights Templars, for the latter lie in another part, clad in the habit of their Order—a long white mantle with a red cross over the left breast and a cape or hood reaching to the feet. The mail-clad figures are simply representatives of associates of the Temple—"men who gave part of their wealth and offered their bodies for the protection of the Knights' property."

Among these effigies is one of William Marshall the younger, who married Eleanor, the sister of Richard I and John. William was one of the most important of King John's antagonistic Barons. In the following reign, he conquered Llewellyn and eight hundred of his followers. Near him lies his father, William Marshall, the great Earl of Pembroke who was Protector during the minority of Henry III.

Another tomb is that of Gilbert Marshall, another son of Pembroke who lost his life in a tournament in 1241. He was married to Princess Margaret of

Scotland, and at his death that line became extinct, and so was brought about the fulfilment of a curse according to Matthew Paris, for he the protector, had taken possession of lands belonging to the Abbot of Fernes. "He came with great awe, and, as he stood by this tomb, promised that if restitution of the lands were made he would give him absolution, but the dead made no sign and so the curse fell."

Another of the effigies represents Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex and Constable of the Tower. He rebelled against Stephen, plundered Ramsey Abbey, and was excommunicated; and for this reason was refused burial when in 1144 he was shot by an arrow from a cross-bow having taken off his helmet to get air while besieging the Castle of Burwell.

The Knights Templars to whose aid he had come on more than one occasion fastened up his body in lead and hung it in their orchard. It remained there until it was proved that at the last moment he had repented. It was then brought to the Temple and interred.

Robert de Ros, Governor of Carlisle in the time of King John, was one of the barons who compelled him to sign Magna Carta.

The fifth son of Henry III, Henry Plantagenet, also lies here.

It was in the Round Church that lawyers were in the habit of meeting their clients, and, according to Shakespeare, the quarrels which took place in the gardens between Yorkists and Lancastrians culminated in the Wars of the Roses.

In a past age, on fine summer evenings, fashionable people used to walk here, clad in small clothes, cocked hats, ruffles and silk stockings.

## XLIX

**St. Vedast (or St. Fauster), Cheapside**

**United with St. Michael le Querne, St. Matthew,  
Friday Street, and St. Peter's, Westcheap**

**T**HIS church of which we first read in 1308 when Walter de London was rector, is situated in Foster Lane out of Cheapside and was at one time called St. Fauster's.

It was much injured in the Great Fire but not entirely destroyed. Wren rebuilt it in 1697. It is sixty-nine feet long by fifty-one broad, and contains one aisle to the south which is separated from the nave by Tuscan columns. It is well lighted notwithstanding all the windows being stained. Some of the carving is extremely handsome. The reredos in particular, which is said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons, and displays angels, palms, mitres, grapes and corn as well as a pelican—the emblem so universal in city churches amongst Gibbons' work. The pulpit and canopy are also well worth examining.

The chancel is enclosed by a low screen, and the Altar which consists of a slab of oak resting on angels' heads is surrounded by close rails. The wainscot



banisters date from the time of Bishop Andrews. On the north wall is a board surmounted by the royal arms containing an account of the rebuilding of the church.

The Saint to whom the edifice is dedicated was Bishop of Arras in the reign of Clovis, and many miracles are attributed to him. In art he is usually represented with a bear because on one occasion finding a bear prowling in the vicinity of a Christian church, he ordered it to depart and it obeyed.

St. Michael's le Querne, so called because "in place thereof was some time a corn market stretching by west to the shambler," was destroyed in the Fire, and not being rebuilt the parish was united with St. Vedast's.

John Leyland, Chaplain and Librarian to Henry VIII and author of the Itinerary, was buried there.

St. Peter's, Westcheap, so called because near it stood one of those crosses erected by Edward I in memory of his wife, was destroyed in the Fire, and the parish was united with that of St. Matthew's, Friday Street. When the latter was demolished in 1881 both parishes were also joined to that of St. Vedast.

In 1831 some men who were at work in Cheapside found a number of stone coffins some ten feet below the ground level. One of them was about fifteen inches thick, and contained a skeleton, which was supposed to be either of Anglo-Saxon or Norman date. The bones are now laid within St. Vedast's.

Thomas Rotherham at one time rector here became

Lord Chancellor in the reign of Edward IV, but was deprived of his office by Richard III and was for a short time imprisoned.

There is at least one of St. Vedast's rectors whose memory must make this church specially interesting to those who rejoice at the restoration of Catholic worship and ritual. He was the Rev. Pelham Dale, and was one of those to suffer for the Truth's sake in Queen Victoria's reign. He was imprisoned for conscience sake, and we owe much to his courage and example, for though at one time the Altar here was bare, and lacked even the Sign of the Redemption upon it, it has again been replaced and the church is open daily. In London, at any rate this is now the rule and not the exception.

In these days when we see an ever-growing desire to show Our Lord outward reverence and honour, we find it impossible to believe that there was a time when the Parliament tried to pass a law prohibiting people from bowing at the Sacred Name, and as we think of Mr. Dale's reply to those who used all their endeavours to compel him to renounce what he knew to be right, we are reminded of Sir Edward Dering's answer to the Puritans so many, many years ago, with regard to the Name of Jesus.

"This is a name above every name. This is the sweetest and fullest of comfort of all names and attributes of God—God my Saviour. If Christ were not our Jesus, Heaven were then our envy which is now our blessed hope. And must I, sir, hereafter do no exterior reverence—none at all to God my Saviour. At the mention of His saving name Jesus, why,

sir, not to do it, to omit it, and to leave it undone it is questionable, it is controvertible, it is at least a moot point in divinity : but to deny it, to forbid it to be done—take heed, sir, God **will** never own you if you forbid His honour. Truly, sir, it horrors me to think of this. For my part I do humbly ask pardon of this house, and therefore I take leave and liberty to give you my resolute resolution. I may, I must, I will do bodily reverence unto my Saviour, and therefore upon occasion taken at the mention of His saving name Jesus, if Christ be Jesus, if Jesus be God, all reverence exterior as well as interior **is** too little for Him. There are corporal bowings and my Saviour shall have them at His name Jesus.”

In the centre of the North Wall is a War Memorial.

## Appendix 1

*A detailed list in alphabetical order of the old churches of the City of London, with dates of the first Incumbents and the year of the erection of the present edifices.*

Name of Church	Date of first Incumbent	Date of Present Building
ST. ALBAN'S	1244	1685
ALL HALLOWS, BARKING	1269	—
ALL HALLOWS, LOMBARD STREET	1279	1694
ALL HALLOWS ON THE WALL	1335	1767
ST. ALPHAGE'S	1137	—
ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN	—	1686
ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT	1361	1520
ST. ANDREW-BY-THE-WARDROBE	1261	1692
ST. ANN AND ST. AGNES	1322	1681
ST. AUGUSTINE'S	1148	1682
ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT	1123	—
ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE LESS (Custodian)	1223	1823
ST. BENET	1150	1683
ST. BOTOLPH, ALDERSGATE	1333	1790
ST. BOTOLPH, ALDGATE	1362	1741
ST. BOTOLPH, BISHOPSGATE	1323	1723
ST. BRIDE'S	1306	1680
CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE	1225	1687
ST. CLEMENT'S, EASTCHEAP	1309	1686
ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE EAST	1312	1671
ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST	1318	1831-3
ST. EDMUND KING AND MARTYR	1150	1690
ST. ETHELBURGA'S	1304	1671
ST. GILES', CRIPPLEGATE	1181	1546
ST. HELEN'S THE GREAT	1541	1841-93
ST. JAMES GARLICKHITHE	1259	1670-83
ST. KATHERINE COLEMAN	1346	1734
ST. KATHERINE CREE	1436	1631

Name of Church	Date of first Incumbent	Date of Present Building
ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY	1321	1671-80
ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR	1247	1676
ST. MARGARET, LOTHBURY	1181	1690
ST. MARGARET PATTENS	1305	1687
ST. MARTIN, LUDGATE	1322	1684
ST. MARY ABCHURCH	1323	1688
ST. MARY ALDERMANBURY	1200	1676
ST. MARY ALDERMARY	1233	1681-2
ST. MARY-LE-BOW	1242	1671-80
ST. MARY-AT-HILL	1337	1672-7
ST. MARY WOOLNOTH OF THE NATIVITY	1252	1727
ST. MICHAEL'S, CORNHILL	1287	1672
ST. MICHAEL, PATERNOSTER ROYAL	1282	1694
ST. MILDRED'S	1170	1683
ST. NICHOLAS COLE ABBEY	1319	1677
ST. OLAVE, HART STREET	1314	Circa 15th Cent.
ST. PETER'S, CORNHILL	1263	1680
ST. SEPULCHRE IN THE BAILEY	1249	1670
ST. STEPHEN COLEMAN	1311	1676
ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK	1315	1672-9
ST. SWITHIN'S	1331	1678
TEMPLE, THE CHURCH OF THE	(Consecrated) 1185	—
ST. VEDAST	1291	1695



## Appendix 2

*Notes on London Churches no longer extant.*

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- |                               |                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ALL HALLOWS,<br>BREAD STREET. | Built by Wren. Corner of Watling Street. Milton baptized here in 1608. United with St. Mary-le-Bow.                                                             |
| ALL HALLOWS,<br>HONEY LANE.   | North side of Cheapside. Burnt down in Great Fire and parish annexed to St. Mary-le-Bow. Earliest date 1327.                                                    |
| ALL HALLOWS THE GREAT.        | Wren. Upper Thames Street. Burnt down in the Great Fire. Rebuilt in 1683. Taken down in 1898. Earliest date 1279.                                               |
| ALL HALLOWS THE LESS.         | Opposite Suffolk Lane, Thames Street. One of Wren's churches. Churchyard only remaining. Burnt down in Great Fire. Parish annexed to above. Earliest date 1242. |
| ST. ANDREW HUBBARD.           | Love Lane. Burnt down in Great Fire. Not rebuilt. Parish annexed to St. Mary-at-Hill. Earliest date 1366.                                                       |
| ST. ANN,<br>BLACKFRIARS.      | Destroyed in Great Fire. Not rebuilt. Parish united with St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe. Earliest date 1597.                                                        |
| ALL HALLOWS,<br>STAINING.     | No. 5 Mark Lane. First mentioned 1335. Removed except tower in 1870. In James II's reign Declaration of Indulgence was read here and in three other churches.   |

ST. BARTHOLOMEW BY THE EXCHANGE.	Royal Exchange Buildings. Rebuilt by Wren after Fire. Demolished 1841. Miles Coverdale buried on site.
ST. BENETFINK.	Royal Exchange. Rebuilt by Wren 1679. Demolished 1844. Cardinal Newman baptized here 1801. United with St. Michael's, Cornhill.
ST. BENET'S, GRACECHURCH STREET.	Pulpit in St. Olave's, Hart Street.
ST. BENET SHEREHOG.	So called after one Benedict Sherehog in reign of Edward II. Destroyed in Fire and not rebuilt. Parish united with St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Earliest date 1285.
ST. BOTOLPH, BILLINGSGATE.	Burnt down in Fire. Not rebuilt. Parish united to St. George, Botolph Lane. Earliest date 1343.
ST. DIONIS, BACKCHURCH.	Site in Lime Street. First church to be rebuilt after Great Fire. Demolished 1878.
ST. FAITH UNDER ST. PAUL'S.	The Crypt under St. Paul's. Some remains left. Destroyed in Great Fire.
ST. GABRIEL, FENCHURCH.	Between Rood Lane and Mincing Lane. Burnt down in Great Fire. Not rebuilt, but parish annexed to St. Margaret Pattens.
ST. GEORGE, BOTOLPH LANE,	Burnt in Great Fire. Rebuilt by Wren 1674. In 1895 building became dilapidated and was closed.
ST. GREGORY BY ST. PAUL'S.	Site in St. Paul's Churchyard by the statue of Queen Anne.

GUILDHALL CHAPEL.	Tablet on site of present Art Gallery commemorates the Chapel. 1598-1822.
ST. JAMES', DUKE'S PLACE.	Demolished within recent times. Built 1622. Called Trinity Christ's Church. Afterwards St. James', Duke's Place, after King James I.
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, WALBROOK STREET.	Dowgate Hill, Cloak Lane. First mentioned in 1181. Destroyed in Fire, and parish annexed to St. Antholin, Watling Street.
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, FRIDAY STREET.	Burnt down in the Great Fire and not rebuilt. Parish annexed to All Hallows, Bread Street. In 1876 both united with St. Mary-le-Bow.
ST. JOHN ZACHARY, MAIDEN LANE.	Founded by a monk named Zachary. Earliest known date 1217-1243. Burnt in Great Fire and parish annexed to St. Ann and St. Agnes.
ST. LEONARD, EASTCHEAP.	Earliest document connected with it, 1348. Destroyed in Great Fire, and parish united with St. Benet, Gracechurch Street.
ST. LAWRENCE, POULTNEY	Burnt down in 1666 and not rebuilt. Latimer once rector here.
ST LEONARD, FOSTER LANE.	United with Christ Church, Greyfriars. Burnt down in Great Fire. Earliest date 1291.
ST. MARGARET MOSES.	Founded by one Moses. Burnt down in Great Fire and united with St. Mildred, Bread Street. Earliest date, 1300.

ST. MARGARET, NEW FISH STREET.	Near the Monument. Destroyed in Great Fire and parish annexed to St. Magnus the Martyr.
ST. MARTIN ONGAR, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.	Near Candlewich Street. Ongarus, founder. Burnt down in Great Fire and parish united with St. Clement's, Eastcheap. Earliest date, 1348.
ST. MARTIN'S, ANTWICH.	East end of Threadneedle Street. Founded by four brothers—Oteswich or Outwich. Escaped Fire. Rebuilt 1796 by Merchant Taylors' Company. Pulled down in 1893. Parish united with St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.
ST. MARTIN POMARY, CHURCH COURT.	Ironmonger Lane. Destroyed in Great Fire.
ST. MARTIN'S VINTRY, QUEEN STREET.	Upper Thames Street. Formerly quarters of Bordeaux Wine Merchants. Burnt down in Great Fire. Parish annexed to St. Michael, Paternoster Royal.
ST. MARY COLECHURCH, CHEAPSIDE.	Corner of Old Jewry. Burnt down in Great Fire and not rebuilt. Architect or founder of Old London Bridge was Peter of Colechurch—a parish priest here.
ST. MARY MOUNTHEAD, OLD FISH STREET.	United to St. Nicholas Cole abbey. Took its name from the Monhalt family. Destroyed in Fire. Annexed to St. Mary Somerset.
ST. MARY SOMERSET.	Rebuilt by Wren. All, save tower, taken down in 1870. United to St. Nicholas Cole Abbey.
ST. MARY STAINING, OAT LANE.	Repaired in 1630. Burnt down in Great Fire and not rebuilt. Parish

- annexed to St. Michael's, Wood Street. Earliest known date, 1270.
- ST. MARY, WOOLCHURCH HAW.** Site of present Mansion House. Destroyed in Great Fire and not rebuilt, the parish being annexed to St. Mary Woolnoth. Date of earliest incumbent, 1349.
- ST. MARY MAGDALEN, MILK STREET.** Burnt down in Great Fire. Not rebuilt and parish annexed to St. Lawrence Jewry. Date of earliest incumbent, 1162.
- ST. MARY MAGDALEN, OLD FISH STREET.** Burnt down in Great Fire. Rebuilt and then burnt down again in 1886. Not rebuilt. Date of earliest incumbent, 1162.
- ST. MATHEW, FRIDAY STREET.** Burnt down in Great Fire. Rebuilt by Wren in 1685. Earliest known date, 1322.
- ST. MICHAEL BASSIESHAW, BASINGHALL STREET.** Burnt in Great Fire. Rebuilt by Wren 1679. Closed down in 1895. Earliest date, 1286.
- ST. MICHAEL, CROOKED LANE.** Burnt down in Great Fire. Rebuilt by Wren. Demolished 1831. Parish united with St. Magnus. Earliest date, 1280.
- ST. MICHAEL LE QUERNE, PATERNOSTER ROW.** Destroyed in 1666 and not rebuilt. Sir Thomas Browne of 'Urn Burial' baptized here. Parish united with St. Vedast. Earliest date, 1274.
- ST. MICHAEL, QUEENHITHE.** Burnt down in Great Fire. Rebuilt by Wren 1677. Demolished 1876. Earliest date of incumbent 1150.



- |                                       |                                                                                                                                        |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ST. MICHAEL'S,<br>WOOD STREET.        | Corner of Haggin Lane. Destroyed in Fire. Rebuilt by Wren 1677. Demolished between 1880-90. Earliest known date of Incumbent, 1150.    |
| ST. MILDRED,<br>POULTRY.              | Destroyed in 1666. Rebuilt by Wren 1676. Taken down 1872. Date of earliest incumbent, 1247.                                            |
| ST. NICHOLAS ACON,<br>LOMBARD STREET. | Burnt down in Great Fire. Not rebuilt and parish annexed to St. Edmund King and Martyr. Earliest date of incumbent, 1250.              |
| ST. NICHOLAS OLAVE,<br>BREAD STREET.  | Destroyed in Fire. Not rebuilt and parish annexed to St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. Date of earliest incumbent, 1327.                        |
| ST. OLAVE JEWRY,<br>IRONMONGER LANE.  | The tower still a part of the Rectory of St. Margaret Lothbury. Rebuilt 1673. Afterwards demolished. Date of earliest incumbent, 1252. |
| ST. OLAVE,<br>SILVER STREET.          | United with St. Alban's, Wood Street. Destroyed in Fire. Not rebuilt. Earliest date of incumbent, 1343.                                |
| ST. PANCRAS,<br>SOPER LANE.           | Now united with St. Mary le Bow. Destroyed in Great Fire. Earliest date of incumbent, 1312.                                            |
| ST. PETER-LE-PEOR.                    | United with St. Michael's, Cornhill. Escaped Fire. Rebuilt 1791. Demolished 1907. Earliest date of incumbent, 1356.                    |

ST. PETER, PAUL'S, WHARF.	Destroyed in 1666. Parish annexed to St. Benet's. Not rebuilt. Earliest date of incumbent, 1315.
ST. PETER'S, EASTCHEAP.	Destroyed in Fire. Parish annexed to St. Matthew, Friday Street. Earliest date of incumbent, 1302.
ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE, GREAT TRINITY LANE.	Destroyed in Fire. Parish united to St. Mary Aldermary. Earliest date of incumbent, 1365.
HOLY TRINITY THE LESS, KNIGHTRIDER STREET.	Destroyed in Fire. Parish annexed to St. Michael, Queenhithe. Earliest date of incumbent, 1323.
HOLY TRINITY, MINORIES.	Escaped the Fire. Rebuilt in 1706. Earliest date of incumbent, 1595.

## Appendix 3

*Times when the City Churches are open : together with hours of Services.*

ST. ALBAN'S,  
WOOD STREET.

Open from 12 noon to 3 p.m., except on Saturdays. Sunday services from 11 a.m. and at 6 p.m. On the third Sunday of the month there is a service at 8.45 a.m. Weekday services are only occasional.

ALL HALLOWS,  
BARKING-BY-THE-TOWER.

Open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays : Holy Communion 8.30, services 10.30, 11 a.m., and 3 (children's) and 6.30 p.m. Weekdays : Holy Communion on Tuesday and Thursday at 7 a.m.; other days at 8.20 a.m. Daily services at 8 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Short service and address at 1.5 p.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Organ recital on Mondays from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m.

ALL HALLOWS,  
LOMBARD STREET.

Open from 11.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., except on Saturdays. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; also at 8.45 p.m., on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month. Weekdays : daily at 1.15 p.m.

ALL HALLOWS ON THE WALL.

Open from 10.30 a.m. to 3 p.m. Sundays : Holy Communion 10.45 a.m.; Mattins 11 a.m. Festivals : Holy Communion 7.45 a.m. Occasional services on weekdays at 8 a.m.

- ST. ALPHAGE'S,  
LONDON WALL. Open from 11 a.m. to 2.15 p.m. For services *cf.* St. Mary, Aldermanbury.
- ST. ANDREW'S,  
HOLBORN. Services on Sundays at 8.30, 11, and 11.45 a.m., and at 3 and 6.30 p.m.; Mondays and Fridays 1.15 p.m.; Wednesdays at 1 p.m., when an organ recital is included.
- ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT,  
LEADENHALL STREET. Sundays: Holy Communion at 8.30 a.m.; service 11 a.m.; sermon at 8.30 p.m. Services on Wednesdays and Fridays at 1.15 p.m.
- ST. ANDREW-BY-THE-WARD-  
ROBE, QUEEN VICTORIA ST. Open daily from 12 noon till 2 p.m., and also on Fridays from 5.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. Sunday services: 7.15, 8 and 11 a.m., and at 7 p.m. Weekdays: Holy Communion 7.45 a.m. daily, and also on Thursdays at 12.15 p.m. Services: Wednesdays at 1.15 p.m., Fridays at 7 p.m., Holy days at 12.15 p.m. Organ recitals occasionally.
- ST. ANN AND ST. AGNES,  
GRESHAM STREET. Open from 12 noon till 2 p.m., except on Saturdays. A daily address by some prominent preacher at 1.15 p.m.
- ST. AUGUSTINE'S,  
WATLING STREET. Open from 11 a.m. till 2 p.m., except on Saturdays. Daily service at 1 p.m. Organ recital on Fridays at 1.15 p.m.
- ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE  
GREAT, SMITHFIELD. Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday services at 8.45 and 11 a.m. Weekday services at 12.30 and 1.15 p.m.
- ST. BOTOLPH'S,  
ALDERSGATE. Open from 12 noon to 4 p.m., except Saturdays, when it closes at 2 p.m. Sunday services at 7.30 and 11 a.m., and at 6.30 p.m. Weekday service daily at 1.20 p.m.

ST. BOTOLPH'S,  
ALDGATE.

Open from 1 p.m. daily. Sunday services at 8.30 and 11 a.m., and also at 6.30 p.m. There is a daily weekday service at 1 p.m.

ST. BOTOLPH'S,  
BISHOPSGATE.

Open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it closes at 2 p.m. Sundays: Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Weekday services: daily at 1.15 p.m., except Saturdays. Addresses on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

ST. BRIDE'S,  
FLEET STREET.

Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Daily weekday service at 1.15 p.m., except on Tuesdays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays there is an organ recital from 1 till 2 p.m.

CHRIST CHURCH,  
GREYFRIARS, NEWGATE.

Open from 12 noon to 4 p.m. Sundays: Holy Communion 8.30 a.m. and also (choral, 1st and 3rd Sundays of the month) at 11 a.m. Morning Prayer and sermon (2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays) at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 3.30 p.m. Evening Prayer and sermon at 7 p.m.

ST. CLEMENT'S,  
EASTCHEAP.

Open from 8 to 10 a.m., and from 12 noon to 4 p.m., except on Saturdays. Sunday services at 10.30 and 11 a.m., and at 6.30 p.m.; also at 9 a.m. on the first Sunday of the month. Weekdays: Holy Communion on Wednesdays and Fridays, and Holy Days at 8.15 or 9 a.m. Services on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.15 p.m.



- ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE EAST,**  
LUDGATE HILL. Open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. There are no Sunday services. Holy Communion at 12.15 p.m. on Wednesdays, and an organ recital and address at 1.10 p.m.
- ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST,**  
FLEET STREET. Open from 12 noon to 3 p.m. daily. Sundays : Holy Communion (1st and 5th Sundays of the month) 12 noon ; (2nd and 4th) 8.45 a.m. ; (3rd Sunday) 8.15 a.m. Services : 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., and (1st Sunday) children's service at 3.15 p.m. Weekdays : Service with address at 1.25 p.m. on Tuesdays, and also on Fridays at 2 p.m. Litany on Fridays at 1.30 p.m. Holy Communion at 12.15 p.m. on Saturdays.
- ST. EDMUND, KING AND**  
MARTYR, LOMBARD ST. Open daily from 11 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. Sundays : Holy Communion at 11 a.m. ; Evensong at 6.30 p.m. Daily weekday service at 1.15 p.m.
- ST. ETHELBURGA'S,**  
BISHOPSGATE. Open daily from 12 noon to 4 p.m., except on Saturdays. Sunday services at 10.30 and 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m. Saints' Days : Service at 12 noon. Weekday services at 1.15 p.m. on Wednesdays and Fridays.
- ST. GILES',**  
CRIPPLEGATE. Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday services at 8, 10 and 11 a.m., and at 5.30 and 6.30 p.m. Weekdays : Daily at 10 a.m. ; Wednesdays at 1.15 p.m. ; Thursdays at 1.15 and 7.30 p.m. ; and Fridays at 1.15 and 7 p.m.
- ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.** Sunday services at 11 and 11.30 a.m.

- and at 6.15 p.m., and also at 8.30 a.m. on the 1st Sunday of the month. Holy Days 12.15 p.m. Wednesdays and Fridays at 1.5 p.m.
- ST. JAMES GARLICKHITHE. Open from 11.30 a.m. to 3 p.m. Sunday services at 11.15 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Weekday services according to notice.
- ST. KATHERINE COLEMAN. There are no services here now. The parish has been united to that of St. Olave, Hart Street (*q.v.*).
- ST. KATHERINE CREE. Open from 12 noon till 2 p.m. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. Tuesdays at 1.5 p.m. On Thursdays there are alternately an organ recital and a performance by the Gladys Chester String Quartet.
- ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY,  
GRESHAM STREET. Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., except on Saturdays. Sundays: Holy Communion at 9.15 (1st Sunday of the month), 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m. Musical recital every Tuesday with short address at 1 p.m., and the same on Wednesdays in Lent and Advent at 6.30 p.m.
- ST. MAGNUS,  
LONDON BRIDGE. Holy Communion daily at 8 a.m. Choral service on Festivals and other days at 12.15 p.m.
- ST. MARGARET LOTHBURY. Open from 9.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. in Autumn and Winter, and till 6 p.m. in Summer. Sundays: Services at 8 and 11 a.m., and at 6.30 p.m.; Children's service at 3.30 p.m. Daily weekday service at 9.30 a.m. and also at 1.15 p.m. in Lent and Advent.

**ST. MARGARET PATTENS.**

Open from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Sunday services at 8 and 11 a.m., and at 6.30 p.m. Weekday services on Tuesday and Wednesday at 1 p.m., Thursday at 12.30 p.m., and on Friday at 12.15 p.m. On Saints' Days there is a service at 12.30 p.m.

**ST. MARY ABCHURCH,  
CANNON STREET.**

Open from 8 to 10 a.m. and from noon to 3 p.m. There are no Sunday services. Weekday services: Mondays, Prayers at 8.15 a.m. and a lecture at 5.45 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays: Prayers at 8.15 a.m. and a short service and sermon at 1.15 p.m. Wednesdays: Prayers at 8.15 a.m., and an organ recital at 1.15 p.m.; and on Thursday: Prayers at 8.15 a.m. and Holy Communion at 12.15 p.m.

**ST. MARY,  
ALDERMANBURY.**

Open from 11 a.m. till 2 p.m., except on Saturdays. Sundays: Morning Prayers and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Evening Prayers and sermon at 6.30 p.m. Saints' Days: Holy Communion at 12.15 p.m. Dinner Hour Service and organ recital on Fridays at 1.15 p.m.

**ST. MARY ALDERMARY,  
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.**

Open from 1 to 3 p.m. Sunday service at 11 a.m. and at 8.30 a.m. on the first Sunday of the month. Daily weekday service at 1.15 p.m.

**ST. MARY-LE-BOW,  
CHEAPSIDE.**

Open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it closes at 1 p.m. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Weekday services at 12 noon and 1.30 p.m., except on

ST. MARY WOOLNOTH,  
LOMBARD STREET.

Saturdays. Addresses on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and also on the Thursdays and Fridays of Lent and Advent.

Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it closes at 2 p.m. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Weekdays: Holy Communion on Thursday at 12.30 p.m. Service on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1.5 p.m. There are no services in July, August and September.

ST. MICHAEL'S,  
CORNHILL.

Open from 12 noon to 3.45 p.m. daily. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. There is Holy Communion on Wednesdays at 12.15 p.m., and a short Choral Service at 1.25 p.m. On Mondays there is an organ recital and a short service between 1 and 2 p.m.

ST. MICHAEL,  
PATERNOSTER ROYAL,  
COLLEGE HILL.

Open on weekdays from 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it closes at 1 p.m. Sundays: Holy Communion at 9 a.m. (1st Sunday of the month). Services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Holy Days and Wednesdays; service at 12.15 and at 1.15 p.m. on Fridays and Holy Days.

ST. MILDRED'S,  
BREAD STREET.

Open from 12 noon till 2 p.m., except on Saturdays. Sunday services: 11 a.m. and 12 noon. Holy Days: 12 noon. Wednesdays: 1.15 p.m. Occasional organ recitals.

ST. NICHOLAS COLE ABBEY, Open from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday  
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, services: 8 a.m. on the first Sunday

- of the month, 8.15, 11.15 a.m., and at 7 p.m. Daily weekday service 8.10 a.m.; Wednesdays at 12.15 p.m. Organ recitals on Tuesdays from 1 to 2 p.m.
- ST. OLAVE'S,**  
HART STREET.
- Open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it closes at 2 p.m. Sunday services at 9, 11 a.m. and at 6.15 p.m. Weekday service at 1 p.m. on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and on Friday at 1.10 p.m.
- ST. PETER'S,**  
CORNHILL.
- Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., except on Wednesdays and Fridays, when it closes at 2 p.m. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Weekday services: Mondays at 1.30, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1 p.m., and on Wednesdays at 12 noon and 1 p.m. There is an extra service on Festivals at 9 a.m.
- ST. SEPULCHRE'S,**  
HOLBORN VIADUCT.
- Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sundays: Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; Service at 11 a.m.; Saints' Days at 10.30 a.m. Daily weekday service at 7 p.m.
- ST. STEPHEN COLEMAN,**  
COLEMAN STREET.
- Open from 12 noon till 2 p.m., except on Saturdays. Sunday service at 11 a.m.; Wednesdays at 12 noon, and Thursdays at 1.15 p.m.
- ST. SWITHIN'S,**  
LONDON STONE.
- Open from 12 noon to 3 p.m. daily. Sunday services at 11.15 a.m. and at 6.30 p.m. There are services on the Fridays of Lent and Advent, and also on the great Festivals and other special occasions.



**TEMPLE CHURCH.**

Open from 10.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. The church is closed during August and September and the first week of October. Sundays : Holy Communion at 8.30 a.m. on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of the month, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. There are daily services at 5 p.m. during Lent and Advent.

**ST. VEDAST'S,  
CHEAPSIDE.**

Open daily from 12 noon to 3 p.m. On the first Sunday of the month, Holy Communion at 8.45 a.m., Matins, Litany and sermon at 11 a.m. Other Sundays : Matins, Holy Communion and Sermon at 11 a.m. Weekday services are occasional.





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